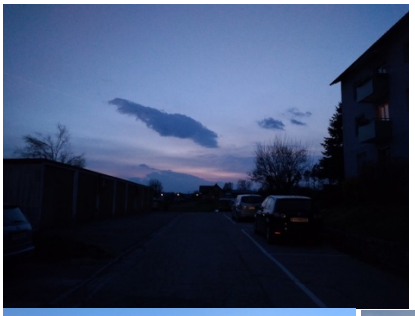
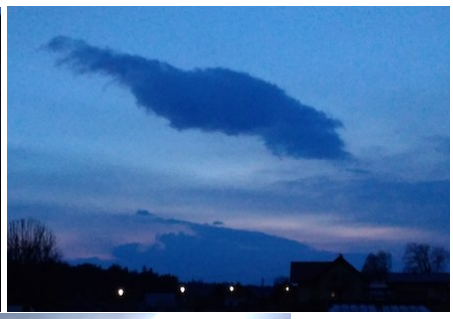
CONTACT DIARY PART 8

April 7, 2022 – August 16, 2022

Original writing with pictures inserted. – © Jo Danieli, 2022

April 7, 2022

Just a strange changing cloud … strange enough for me to photograph it. *(**Note**: Of course, it would have relevance later.)*

Plus a weird field view I saw when walking in ***Rosegg*** with my mother, on April 5 … Plus a view of the Wörthersee lake, also during a walk with my mother, on April 6, with a dreary evening mood the same day (I just don't feel at easy living here, may have to do with my new acquaintance CH, who I don't feel comfortable about even though she seems nice enough) …

Along with the strange evening mood, shortly before that, a sky event that I can only call "sky dance" .. it fascinated me. I wonder if Bob could watch it with me … or if he pointed me at it? It seemed to be significant, like pointing at interactions between people … a hint, a warning? (***Note**: The latter, it turned out. Looking back now, April 24, it was me, squirming and not admitting it fully, being afraid for my freedom and ease of mind … being entangled in someone else's drug related personality hell that could only harm me, but I was to get burned just a bit, in time to get out. The middle picture shows the drama even right above the house where CH, the center of my distress, lives. I'm writing this whole entry weeks later, couldn't make myself, having been emotionally very*

exhausted … until I realized, that my health is at risk heavily, and I took the turn, said out straight how I felt and what I thought, and that caused CH to show her real ugly junkie-face and brutal disrespect and ignorance for me … oh geez, I had been there with Sigi! Mahalo for the heads-up, literally. No coincident, that I ran in to Sigi's sister A. on one of these days, don't remember when, I didn't take note, but it was maybe around April 15? And it was ***Sigi's face*** *looking at me when I saw her, they are so similar, even the slight lisp when speaking, and she went right into the Sigi-theme of him having cut off contact with his whole family to keep his past a secret from his new partner … oh no shit, he never acknowledged my struggle for his ass over more than a decade … and I felt like in a weird dream … but how fucking suiting, as I was getting involved emotionally with the heavy longtime drug-addict CH … The sky patterns even express my own inner turmoil.)*

April 9, 2022, Saturday **– Dreams … and stuff**

Oh I should have written about stuff.

It's just that I've been **dreaming** about Bob and mainly about being separated and losing him in so many ways … that I felt exhausted. I even dreamed about a dream that I used to have about looking for Bob (and his den-like red velvet plus home on Maui, far away from me and our relationship), *and while dreaming I was aware that I was dreaming and that I was recalling the events of not only one other dream of that kind but several … it was a* ***multiple-levels dream*** *event* … and waking up I felt Bob's loss so hard … I have been so sad. Couldn't make myself check private emails, including from Oliver Lazar, for weeks now.

I came across that newly built low **wall** that Bob "showed" me in real life, not only as a TV-scene with an actual editor and another man in front of it … in Selpritsch, where I live now … and CH and I were walking with our dogs … but I didn't flip the switch, so to speak, when I walked by that wall being built right next to me …

*(**Note**: The very interesting part of it – I had to learn a few weeks later that I was supposed to actually "build a wall" between CH and me, she is way different than I thought back then … Did Bob warn me?)*

I mean … what are the odds to come by a brick wall like I had received from Bob and like it had manifested in a TV-program along with an editor, like Bob was one …? Right. There are no such odds. This is not a coincidence.

There war so many fascinating occurrences of "**910**" and "**808**" license plate numbers in succession, that it took my breath away but I couldn't make myself write it down … they appeared at very special times when I needed to see them. But seeing them even kind of exhausted me.

It's snowing now … and I like it. I'm dreading the warm, nice summer days … when it gets warm I'm flashing back to Maui so hard.

I have been feeling so sore in my belly area … that I thought for sure something is growing in there, and one of these days the growth(s) will affect my other functions gravely, and I will know … and yes, I've been taking Boswellia serrata and drinking Cistus and Ribwort Plantain tea and eating healthy … but I don't really know where my heart is. I began to learn some Ukrainian language to distract myself. Yes, my dog is so very important to me, and so is my mother. She eats pretty much only when I eat, except for sweets and yogurts, and she beings to enjoy being outside and playing games like Memory or board games. I have bouts of self-confidence, and then I seem to sink way down into … I don't even know where. What am I supposed to do?

What about the film projects? What about my strength, my resources, when the fucking disca can't even help me win in the lottery even when I ask them to do so with my free will in full awareness of the consequences?

Oh, geez …

Yesterday, I was resting on my sofa, and I didn't think of anything in particular … when I suddenly saw Bob's left eye look at me, like from a jackal's face, peeing through some kind of window in a big old building … and it was uncanny. It had nothing to do with my other thoughts … it was like Bob snuck a brief greeting into my regular me-thoughts … but I noticed it immediately.

Something similar happened this morning, when I was half asleep … an image of Bob looking directly at me sneaking into my other thoughts … I know exactly how "my" thoughts and inner images feel, those weren't "mine". They were inserted … they were greetings or messages.

I still am confused on a deep level. Has also to do with my father. I feel so sorry for him, being so alone and sick in his head in his narcissist-psychopath ways … but I keep thinking that the cards that life dealt him just fucking sucked. I think of that a lot … knowing that also my mother never had the safety with a real partner who was there for her … never in her life did she have what I had, and by that I mean what I had briefly, in between the many phases of Bob rejecting me. Which was a kind of practice of being without him and yet focused on him and close to him, by choice, like now.

I know it all makes sense. But as a mortal woman, I'm so torn … and I don't even know between what.

April 10, 2022, Sunday **– The White Paper-Flower-Shape & The Chimney (Sweeper)**

Oh wow.

A manifestation of a new kind.

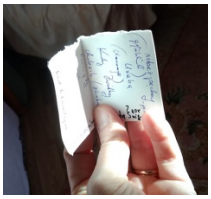
This morning I took Jacqui to the meadow with the view, through the wet forest, up into the sunshine. Amazing panoramic view …

… and I talked to Bob kind of quietly, I felt so sad and abandoned and lonely … after a very weird **dream** about me accomplishing a task in an ingenious way (had to do with a *boat* and some kind of *calendar* that I turned into a much better calendar, I thing about *teddy bears*) with the result that my services were no longer needed …

So on that bench, talking quietly I put my hand out and asked Bob to put something into it … and I really really didn't feel I would be able to see anything, but just as I looked away, an impression shoved itself into my inner imagery … of the ***German word "Kamin"*** which means "chimney" and right underneath something like a *kitchen sponge, for dish washing,* maybe yellow ...

I found that so strange and garbled, that I asked for another image, and right away, something like a white paper figure *in the white shape of a flower appeared, but only the shape, not a real flower,* more like a paper cutout, with pointed edges, … I only said out loud "A lotos flower?" But the shape was really more of a Crocus flower.

Well. It just felt like nothing. *(**Note**: Oh it would manifest, shit yeah it would.)*



I walked back through the forest – and I chose a different path than I had intended. Close to the bridge in the pond a *woman sat on a bench*, with bright yellow rubber boots, the same woman I had met last year when I had been in communication with that Michaela bird woman, and who looked so much like her … and we chatted a bit about how there were no frogs in the pond because of the aquarium fish that some idiot hat put in there … and when I already left, she called me back and asked if I had heard the cuckoo already this year, but I had not. And she said that I must have change in my pocket when I hear the cuckoo in the forest, and that means wealth. Not having change means not going to among to much financially in the coming year. That was odd.

So I walked on … and was startled: I found a ***folded piece of paper*** that I had apparently lost out of my pocket, with a few words of the Ukrainian language on it, to be studied on the way. I immediately realizes that this was the ***folded white paper*** I had seen!

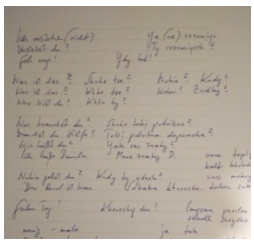
(Later)

Cooked noodles with sauce for my mom and me, and even brought some marinated lettuce for her. And even though she usually refuses to eat greens, she enjoyed the salad. She wouldn't say a word about the food and whether or not it was good, but she ate it all up. And I was very happy. I quickly *did the dishes*, which I normally don't, because she likes to do them herself. I thought she'd be right into TV-watching, but to my surprise, she agreed to play a board game after the meal! That was lovely. Then, when I had thought now she would surely want to watch TV, she also wanted to play "Schwarzer Peter", ***"Black Peter", a card game*** … so we played a few rounds, and she enjoyed them.

Only when I was driving home, I realized: That's what I had received from Bob this morning, the card game after me doing the dishes with the ***kitchen sponge!*** Because the character on the main card of that card game called ***"Black Peter" is – a chimney sweeper*** with a black face! There, was the word "***Kamin***" equals "***chimney***" that I had found so strange as it had sat there ***on top of a kitchen sponge!*** Wow, this was so direct. It's just more than baffling. It's nothing short of … I was gonna say magical. But it's advanced inter-realm communication.

I even managed to check my emails today … nothing bad, nothing stressful, all okay. Poldi wrote about his great successful children, so that I lost all interest in telling him about me … and the man from Lisa Film had been sick and will connect with me soon. Oliver Lazar had answered with a "canned" response that everyone gets … so all good. I did email to CH for her to not expect me to be available too much, as I am a hermit of sorts. There is so much turmoil inside of me about that woman, I don't feel comfortable in so many ways, I don't feel I can trust her, I can't tell how much of the substitution drugs she is taking, I only know that her way of speaking and being often pisses me off, and then I feel bad.

Well, let the new week come.



(That's me, being exhausted and trying to study some Ukranian, for relaxation, but knowing that I should work on screenplays, this c. d., my testament …)

April 11, 2022 **– Warning? "222 IO" & the White Cars**

Oh geezaz, the license plate numbers! At least 5 with "**250**" at the beginning, Bob's phone number in the last days. Today, I took my mom for a short walk after shopping, to the *Wernberg reservoir beach*. First we had a small quarrel because she keeps giving me shitty answers. Then she did enjoy the walk …

… and two things happened:

Just when my mother, Jacqui and I began to walk down a path where dogs aren't allowed in summer, a **black car** came driving onto the parking lot in kind of high speed, so that I looked over, and I was baffled, first by the license plate number, which was "**222 IO**", which has triple meaning regarding to Bob, Hawaii, Maui and me …and then, the car did not stop! It weirdly drove a curve and took off quickly! I didn't have the time to get my phone out to photograph the license plate number. I was aware that this was strange … but I did not react to the warning until now, that I'm thinking about it.

Because what happened was that on the way back up the other track that ends at the main road down the hill I was so involved in getting a normal conversation with my reluctant mother going, that I didn't watch Jacqui for a minute … looking back at my mother and being entirely focused on her. And when I looked back in front of me, **I saw Jacqui standing on the side of the street – and in that moment, a white small van drove by him at rather high speed.**

Had Jacqui not stopped on his own to wait for me instead of walking on to sniff out the area … the car would have hit him. I don't even want to think about it. The fact that he stood there and the view of him standing there, panting and looking down towards me … I won't ever forget this. My face is getting burning hot just writing this and the heat is spreading all over me, and I have the chills at the same time.

I think we were fucking lucky today or guided.

I feel nauseous thinking about it actually. It was pure luck or zumbuddy stopping Jacqui from walking further that probably saved his live.

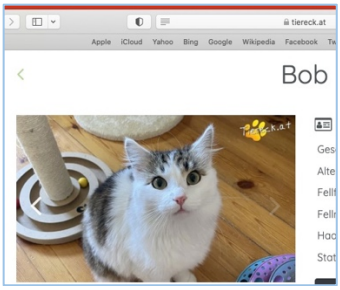
And I had risked it by being focused on my mother at a time when she was fine, and I should have been aware what my dog was doing.

The thing was – j*ust like in the case of* Kimba's death – it was a winding road where pretty much nobody ever drives in winter or spring. In summer it's the main road down to the artificial swimming lake. The fact that a white car came at high speed just at the moment when Jacqui was standing alone on the side of the street – that's just a fucking horrible reminder of Kimba's death. And a total warning for me.

And now remember: On the way down to the lake there was ***that other speeding car with "222 IO" a***s a license plate number. And "Io" is a Hawaiian term that can mean "*hawk*" – and my mother and I did watch a *bird of prey circle* above us just before the white car appeared! – and it can mean the highest spiritual authority in existence. Plus Bob's and my home number.

So. There.

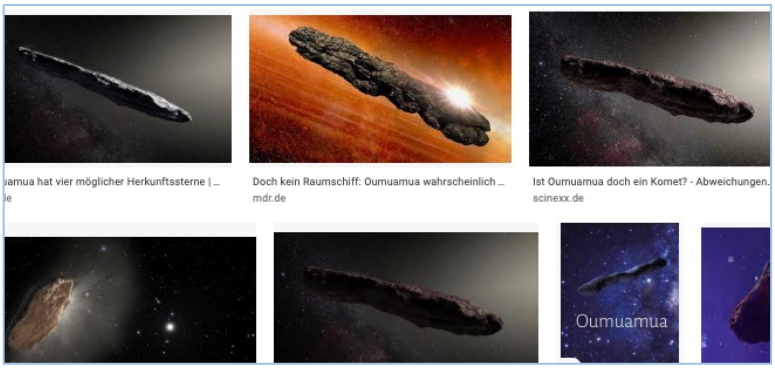
Funny, a cat named Bob at the animal help place where I brought Kiko and Ivana back in the day.



April 12, 2022 – **Oumuamua**

Took a walk with mom and J around the fields in Rosegg, and apparently it was opening day of the animal park, so a gazillion cars there … and three license plate numbers within a few meters from each other: **"808 EI", "808 BY"** and **"808 HL"** … and a little later, **"808 EZ**", parked somewhere. Very strange.

Later I watched TV at my mom's and we found a program about UFO, and there was a shot of Maui and the observatory, and the feature was about a never identified object by the name of "**Oumuamua"** that was seen flying through the atmosphere, a long piece of rock, yes, penis shaped with no apparent way or method of propulsion but flying purposefully. Oh shit, that was when Bob's problem started, when the wart appeared on his penis. I found it odd to see that information today, while I had not even intended to stay that long.



… really reminds me of the odd cloud of April 7 – and now I know why I had to photograph it! Also there are two chairs standing on the side of the street close to where I live, for the garbage truck to pick them up … they speak to me so strangely. So often Bob and I were sitting next to each other. No more … at least not both of us in the flesh … *(**Note**: Later the owner of the garden in the back took the chairs and put them under the trees, they were not disposed of!)*

April 13, 2022– A fucking **chem-trail!**

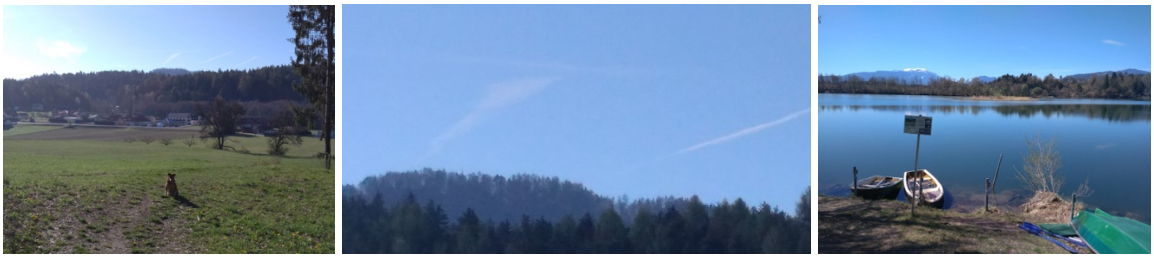
Oh I remember looking at the chem-trails on Maui, with Bob … I wonder what he says to that now, seeing it from the other side …? I pointed it out to CH, who was totally baffled, had never heard of that nor seen it, geez, how ignorant.

Even my mom said that she had noticed the strange pattern. And when I showed her the remnants, she was very interested:

April 14, 2022

The usual morning walk with J to a meadow close to where I live, with a strange ***T-shaped*** sky patter caused by airplanes … and then to Drau river close to the village of Gottestal with mom. She couldn't refuse to go for the walk, as I simply took her down there to the parking lot after shopping, and she had the choice to wait in the car. But she always enjoys walking. And she walks so much better.

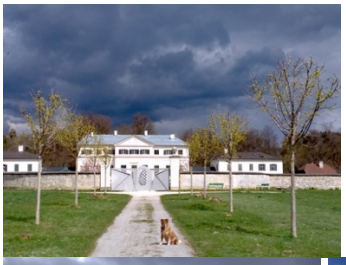
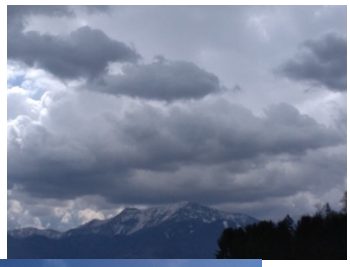
I keep finding very strange very heavy metal pieces on that path towards the Drau river bent where there is a natural biotope with birds and fish … what are those heavy *metal pieces*?

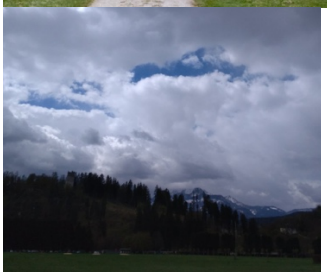
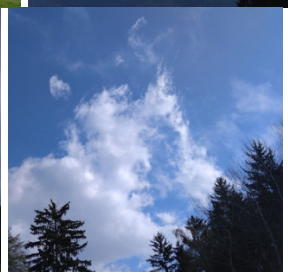


April 16, 2022, Easter Saturday – **The Sky-Bob-Rabbit & the Hyacinths**

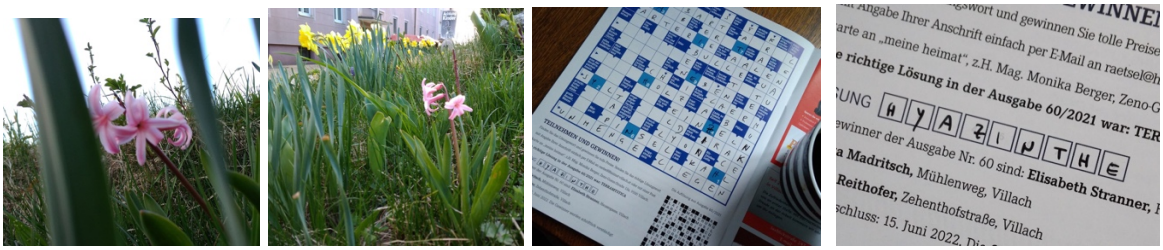
Took a morning walk with J, thinking of Bob, feeling really truly horribly sad, looked at the sky … and there was Bob, doing the ***rabbit*** for me … like he had done sometimes, making figures and shapes with his hands and fingers that he used to hold in certain ways. So I thought. I was very deep in thoughts about how CH really isn't anyone I could see through, as I can't take anything for granted that she tells me, she keeps changing her stories, and she is on meds, and what's totally dramatic for her one day doesn't even count anymore next day. Big learning for me. She changes her priorities and stories … Also I won't contact my father for Easter. I got to learn from my mistakes.

Later, during another walk in ***Rosegg*** with Jacqui, with an amazing thunder sky view and more interesting nature impressions including a sky shark cutout …

… I also asked Bob to put something into my hand to prove that he is still with me, walking between the fields of Rosegg … and there was a ***pastry*** like a "Stanitzel" with anise on it … then again *something round and tied on top, something transparent* … and I felt like dismissing it because I have received this kind of thing several times, and I thought it was a memory. So I asked for another thing, on the other hand, and there was a ***colorful ball***, maybe leather, maybe just plastic, but with *some kind of "marble" pattern*, that *swirling* pattern … but it looked very clear like sewed together. I also had seen something similar like that before so …

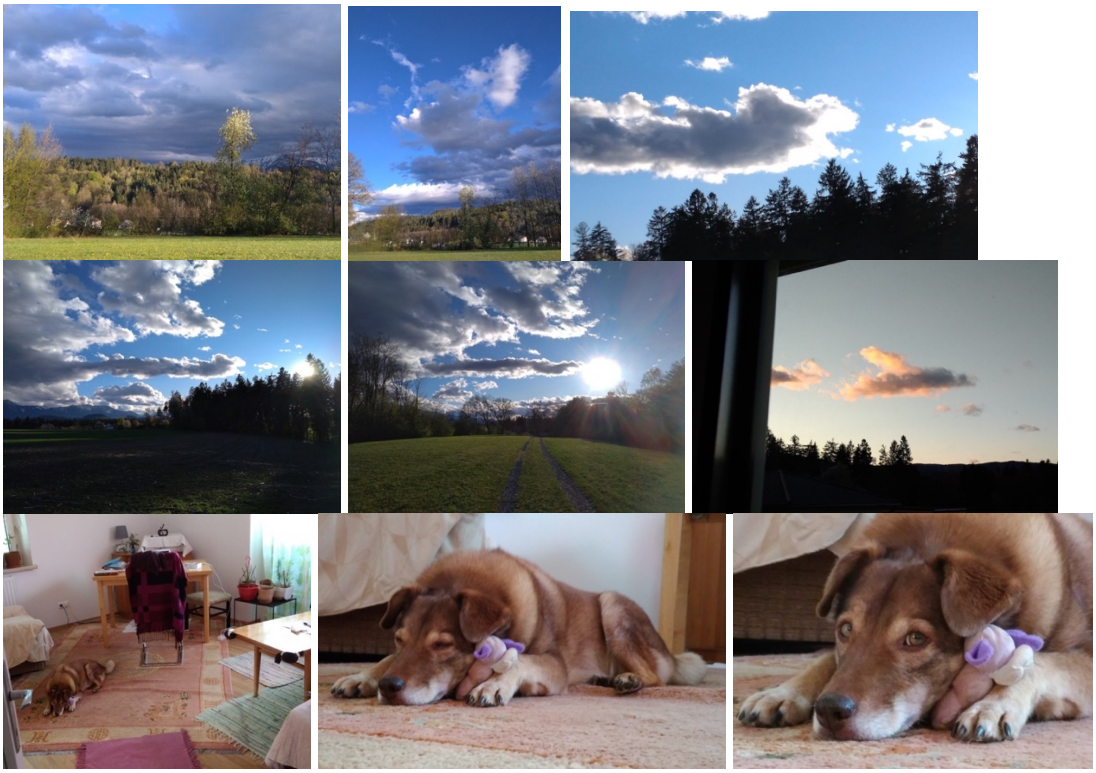


And then: I've been sniffing at **Hyacinths** many times in the last days, as they grow now, and I love the smell. I've also been thinking of Hyacinth, the sister of the long dead Lance Lumsden, my former boss, who both really liked me and I them, … and this morning with my hot black, I didn't feel like treading the news online, but I took the membership magazine of the community company from which I rent – and I did the crossword puzzle! At first, I didn't even think of figuring out the "winning word", I only felt drawn to filling in the boxes … but then I stopped and did find the ambition to figure out that word – and I was surprised to find it was – **HYACINTH!**

Wow.

Easter snack with my mother later today … good. She was fine last night when I brought her spinach which she tried to refuse but then ate a whole plate!

Later, a walk with J in our area … also very interesting views, like ***interlocking*** and ***pointing out clouds*** … and even a cloud bank as some kind of ***borderline*** between realms …



… and back home: my sweetheart! It's not "home", though. I appreciate the apartment and the way it is, but we are not at home there at all.

<u>April 17, 2022, Easter Sunday</u> **– The Fish under the Wooden Hut!**

Oh wow, what a manifestation!

Drove with Jacqui to lake Saissersee in the late morning for a lovely walk around, even though it was very cold. As we walked by the spot where we usually swim, I began to talk with Bob about how I don't feel we are in communication anymore, and that I haven't felt compelled to directly connect with him – except that I had been sniffing at fragrant bush flowers on the paths and sharing

the scent with Bob – but I had had just so very intense dreams, but had felt exhausted in some way and unable to write them down … but one more dramatic than the other …

So I said, well, Bob maybe I can't communicate with him anymore or can't receive communication anymore … I don't know if he is here still, I said, and maybe he is gone further away … So as soon as I had said that I totally slipped on the moor ground and almost fell. That got my attention. I walked on, thinking questions to Bob again, and stumbled over a root and almost fell again.

"Okay," I said, "I got it, I must be in the here and now, that's the important thing, right?"

I was about to take the less wet path up through the higher part of the forest, but still stayed at the lower path right next to the lake.

And then it happened – and I stood gazing baffled shitless ….

I had written a first rough draft in German language of a satire pilot film for a TV-series called "Ein Floß am Wörthersee", ***"A Raft on the Lake Wörthersee",*** and idea I had come up with just a few days ago … a spoof on the famous "Ein Schloss am Wörthersee" films of the 1960s. And I had written a scene about a person *diving under the raft* on which the new "Tiki-Pub" – a wooden hut on a raft! –was being opened that night – and ***meeting a huge gray and white fish***, actually a "Wels", catfish. But what I saw in the water was likely a carp, but still! A huge fish!

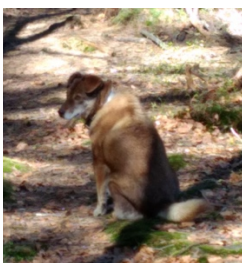
So as I walked by the *wooden fishing* hut next to which J and I often bathe in summer, ***there was a huge gray and white fish right "under it"!*** Dead! Swimming head down!

See for yourself! <u>What are the odds?</u>

I felt so so so connected with Bob again … I had followed my urge to walk along that lake path and I had understood the hint to be aware of the here and now … and that's ***why I got reflected to me right back what I had written about just the night before!***

Okay. Good one.

But what does it really mean? Also interesting: For some reason I felt compelled to google the owner of a pub close to the lake, my long-time-ago ex Wolfgang … and as I looked at the logo on his website, it's a "Kakadu bird"! And I had just named the boat of a swimming-toilet-entrepreneur in "Ein Floß am Wörthersee" – "Kakadu"! It's a play on words, because "kaka" means "poop" or shit, and "du" means "you", so "you poop"! Oh I really should write this screenplay.



… also, Jacqui, always watching out.

April 18, 2022, Easter Monday – **Pastry & See-Through-Tied-Close-Thing & Colorful Ball & The Chihuahuas!**

Oh geezuz! I just had the realization during my early morning walk, that the pastry and the round see-through-thing tied on top had manifested yesterday:

CH had gifted me with a marcipain easter egg in plastic, tied on top on both sides, and tied itself to another ***see-through-wrapping of a wonderful shower gel and made into a gift-form – in a see through overall plastic tied on top!***

And when I got home from a walk with her, ***I found a plate with pastry from my neighbor Gabi*** in front of my door! Wow! Not "Stanitzel", but sweet and – ***pastry***! And a teal colored ***egg***!

*(**Note**: Oh shit, I didn't photograph it, I ate it and brought some to my mother, but it was "Reindling", like depicted here …)*

Wow!!!

Must make a priority today to write to the Gemeinde about the deadly dangerous street with new markings that make it impossible for two cars to drive next to each other.

(Later)

Oh geez, even the **colorful ball** with the strange "marble" pattern showed up! Coming back from a late afternoon walk with CH, I suddenly spotted it right along the street!

It works every time.

And more of that:

CH and I and our dogs took an *afternoon walk* too, and something strange happened: I had looked at lots of pictures of ***female Chihuahua dogs*** from Hungarian and other foreign shelters where they live after having been freed from reckless dog breeders who used them as birthing machines. And I became a food sponsor of one of them, and kind of fell in love with others … like described in my April 2 entry …

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that I felt so attracted to. But it's not possible to adopt another dog for me … if I would live somewhere with a garden, yes. And there were another ***two chihuahuas*** that I liked (went back just now to find the images to show you) …

… but there is no way for me to adopt another dog … and on the meadow with the view, we met aa woman named Paula, a former work colleague of CH's, ***with five female Chihuahua dogs*** – rescues of exactly the kind I had looked up, abused as breeding bodies, from shelters! Wow! So I got to ***touch*** exactly such a dog!

That woman was Italian and had worked with CH at the old-aged home L. at Selpritsch … they talked a bit about their former work at an old aged people's home, and Paula said towards me that CH had been "an angel" with the people she had to take care of, … and CH later shared that it was so stressful for her that she only could go work there under heavy sedation … wow, what bullshit. How unfair towards the elderly living there. I was so disgusted hearing this … but I am still stunned about the Chihuahua girls encounter! It really manifested what had been on my mind so much! Wow! The sunset was pretty cool, too, after that.

April 19, 2022

The weirdest dream … and even got to share it with CH, as I met her this morning when I took J for his first walk. CH came from the pharmacy where she had received her substitution pills, and when she said that she had been so off and frustrated before getting the pills, and now she feels fine, and she looked so cheerful – I realized how fucking fake and phony that is. I hate it.

So in my **dream**, I met a kind of petite and maybe **Latina woman**, in some outdoor setting, and I was busy with something, and she was someone like a celebrity. She wore a purple or violet **dress** in a kind of 50s-dance-party-style with some kind of stiff looking skirt and with Tüll and veils, and for some reason she showed it to me, and I had to admire it. Her name was "**Kamala Harris**", and I kept saying this in my dream all the time, and I knew in my dream that this was a name of a real life person – and that I must be dreaming. So that woman with black curly hair, but not afro, also showed me her **sandals, high heels, in some kind of dark blue leather**, really nice, and she said that she had them from a *Tyrolean* shoe company. And then she said something like she had to leave now because **she was about to meet Bob Stone**! And I thought in my dream how odd that was because Bob was dead. But she didn't seem to know that, she said *she was about to travel to meet him,* and I thought – as my dream persona – that she maybe had been mistaken, or that there was someone else with that name but not Bob. Yet, the perspective of getting to meet with Bob, my Bob, was so clear and relevant and direct …

Then it was the *next day,* and I talked with some people and kind of expected Kamala Harris to retour and chat with me. And then I saw a newspaper page that stated that Kamala Harris had **passed on peacefully in her sleep, at the age of 80,** and I thought, wow, I would have never guessed her age, she really looked more like mid 50s! I think there was even a picture in the newspaper of her wearing those blue sandals. And I talked with that person who had shown me that news that this wasn't possible because I had just talked with her, yesterday, *and she had been totally fine!*

For some reason right now I'm thinking of my mom's elderly neighbor and former friend Relly T., who I had talked to yesterday. Coming from my mom's I had spontaneously walked up to her and asked her how she was, because she had been suffering from vertigo for a while, and nothing really helped. I promised to figure something out to help her …

This noon, when I picked my mom up for shopping, I saw Relly from behind, walking across her yard.

Will give her the same anti-break-down med that's also against vertigo to try out, it's homeopathic. Nothing else worked for her, so many this will?

But so strange about that woman Kamala Harris … in that kind of 50s-dance dress with the blue sandals that didn't actually match the dress, not in style or in color.

And then the woman died!

Of course she would meet Bob … because Bob was in fact dead, in the dream, too, and she was about to be, too. So had she foreseen her death?

What a weird dream.

During a walk today I was attracted to a ***stone with a very distinct pattern***, and I photographed it, just in case … and as I looked up and walked just a few meters further, there was the same pattern again. So the "Stone" had nudged me …?

<u>April 22, 2022</u>

Mom was nice, ate a whole plate of my veggie soup, and then the pastry I had brought her. She is entirely clear, and I mean entirely, only sometimes a bit forgetful, but not much. Just she loves to watch TV and doesn't want to play games, but she said today, she will. Hairdresser's tomorrow … and today she explained to me that it may not be necessary, but she likes the feeling of new hair … very nice. I just can't stay long with her, because I get my intense feverish flashes again a lot these days, and also when I sit watching TV that is kind of not that interesting to me for too long …

Then***: Intense forest walk experience*** … such a longing for Bob, so I stood in the dripping forest after the rain and thought about him and imagined him with me … I felt my kind of tight fingers of my right hand tingle and relax, as if he was holding on to my hand. Then I said to him "I'm now

gonna fart in your honor, as I can because I'm still mortal", and I did a small fart. I had to grin about that …

I asked "***Can you fart in the beyond?"*** And right then, a ***woodpecker*** close to me began his machine-gun pecking, and it sounded muffled in the forest – like a looooong fart!

That was funny. I also thought about how Alf Luechow, a friend of mine on Maui, had early on told me to "Always ask the right question", and I had not done that, even thought I had entirely understood what that meant. Had I asked the right questions, Bob's and my story would have played out so differently …

I miss Bob and Maui so much these days.

I received a ***small brown baked item*** – a Gugelhupf in German – in my hand, when I asked for confirmation, then a *small square red box* with some small closure item like a clasp on a small piece of string or cloth, and then …

Then I suddenly had the thought of Lucia Luechow, Alf's wife, who I had befriended. I learned later, when the family had moved away from Maui, that Lucia had cancer. I will never forget how Alf mistreated her emotionally and verbally, and he was a psychiatrist. He was a big big fucking asshole. So I thought intensely of Lucia – and I received a *pastry roller* when I asked for a message.

Yesterday, April 21, I had received a ***crown*** from Bob … And Jacqui … attentive as always. He looked odd at me after I had connected with Bob in a "play me" way so intensely … as if he felt that I was not just myself when I did that. That's why he is on the leash, because I was standing there kind of in my own space …

(J goes like "Who the fuck are you now?")

Later I walked on the path home and thought about how Bob's and my story played out, how my longing for him was set in motion by him and his withdrawal from me and beyond that by his malfunctioning brain. Already when I met Bob in 2002 his cabinet was full with brain-function and cognitive enhancing supplements … So then I said out loud about how this story was necessary for me to then keep holding on to him after his death, and I said "Maybe I even concocted all this", and I was surprised about that word and repeated it, "*concocted*" … and immediately I had the feeling of Bob smirking about the play on words, as it was his cock that was the final patient …

It was such a Bob-and-me-moment … but I was so sad. I asked him what he was doing in the beyond and had the feeling that I was really answering myself, but the conversation in my head seemed so clear …

I've been hesitating to write down tonight's **dream**, and it's already 11 p.m. again … but just earlier I took a nap on the sofa and woke up three hours later, after yet another **dream** …

It was about a ***black*** (African American) man who was at some time of ***meeting***, but it seemed on a ship, and it had to do with some dangerous situation or even natural disaster, and there were many other people. There was an element of crime, and I was involved witnessing all of it but somehow I was invisible. There was a situation where African people in traditional outfits were walking around, and then a blond woman, but at the same time she seemed black, too, was with that African man in a literal closet with all dark blue suits and shirts. The man, who was already wearing a dark blue shirt with a dark blue jacket was begging that woman to give him one of those suits, as if he didn't wear one already, but she said she knew something that would be so much better, and that he should trust her. And suddenly, I was that black man, as I found myself looking down myself, my chest and belly, and I was that man and wearing an "African" frock of sorts, like a caftan, and it was bright yellow from the collar to about the rib area and then orange the other part down. I was very surprised … and in the dream I thought that it was strange that it was such a reveal, it was like a "cut" in a movie … and now I was that man and I watched that man from some sideline at the same time, and at the same time it was as if I was only narrating the story, because I was not clear to the end how long that outfit was, and if it had sleeves or not. So I saw that man in front of myself like some mannequin, but at the same time I looked down my own sleeves at time, and I think he wore a white or light blue regular suit shirt under that caftan and pants, and he was admired by everyone. He began to be happy about his outfit, that gave him an edge … and he got more and more confident.

Then I woke up on the sofa, kind of head-achy and hot … I ate some chocolate and sat down to write this.

So tonight's **dream** was so odd that I couldn't make myself write it down, and it's garbled already … it's about me at some kind of tourist resort, where I wasn't really a tourist, but also not really a local or a worker, I was just there … as I was visiting a woman, who did show up and who did work there. And the strange thing, the place were I was waiting to meet with her, was under water! But I was not swimming or diving, I only knew that this was under the sea, and that I was kind of trapped or could at least not get out. But that woman came down to where I was to discuss something with me. She was a bit like my niece Julia, very heavy set and kind of colorful clothed. And I was jealous because she was so established as she worked there, and I was such an outsider. And people were already waiting for her to return to her work, as outside of that ocean where we were, was a lot going on.

I had the feeling, just earlier, when I wrote down the last part of the evening dream, that the situation with the black man joining some kind of group being admired for his outfit was a continuation of tonight's dream!

So I knew I had to get out from under water – but there was no real water, I breathed air, still, it was a submerged situation –, but I could not. The woman left at some point, and I tried to stick my head above the surface, like a hole in an ice cover, but there was something like a layer of cream, even ice cream, and there were actually three big batches of ice cream with three different colored sweet frosting on them, I think pink, yellow and bright blue, and I had to eat that off, which I did. So I had my mouth full with those sweets, but I couldn't get out from underwater. (Checking my notes now.)

Okay, now I remember … I was, in fact, out of that underwater setting at times and running around in some kind of tourist resort or hotel setting, because I had a brown-white dog, like a Jack-Russel-terrier, who had run away, and I was looking for him all over and asking people if they had seen him. But nobody had.

At some point I talked to that Julia-resembling-woman about Bob … as it was suddenly clear that we were in Hawaii … and I kept saying that my time with Bob was just incomparably wonderful, and nothing would compare to it ever. And that the way things were now was just so sad and empty

and strange, without Bob … and I tried to explain that I had in fact experienced those wonderful times, and that I missed Bob so much. He was not there, though. But in my dream I did know that he was dead.

And then I was back under water, somehow … and I woke up with that deep deep longing for Bob.

The way I had it in the forest. ***Forgot to mention that I walked all the way up to the bench under the tree … and the cuckoo was calling, and I had change in my pocket which means, according to local lore, that I will be rich soon.*** Ha. I did chat up Bob and the disca again how they don't help me at all, and that I need them too. I was thinking about how long my body still will function, as I do feel strange things in my heart area at times, and the hot flashes are back like before my breakdown. I do feel fine, though, mostly. Just so tired in the last days.

I picked some dandelion and ribwort plantain on the meadow and later ate it with the veggies from my soup. That was good.

I meant to do stuff, like work on a screenplay or something … but like I told Bob during my walk, I really don't know what to focus on right now.

I had a very painful exchange with CH this morning, where she behaved – via text message – like a typical person on drugs does. I flashed back to the time with Sigi, and I felt so repulsed, that I couldn't help but self-talk all the time for hours to clarify the situation. In those self-talks I speak to the person, mostly in English, and say everything I can't or wouldn't but also what I should say in reality. There is no point to talk much with CH, as I have finally gotten it that she is on her substitution drugs so heavily, that just lowering the dose a bit makes her get on turkey, withdrawal, which shows me that she is really never herself. I cannot have to do with such a person. And I realized today how serious the situation is with her not being herself.

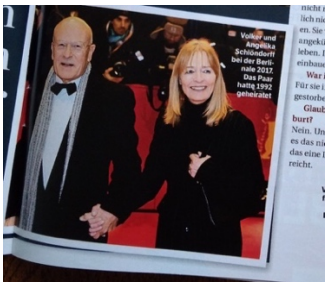
Walking through the forest and talking with Bob this afternoon I realized that I must react properly now, because I must "sharpen" my spiritual "prowess". The words came to my mind like that, and I repeated them in some kind of wonder mode, but then I said to Bob, "Well, if you want to call it prowess, fine with me."

So there.

April 23, 2022 – **The White Crocus Flower! The Brown Pastry!**

Oh wow, last night, the strangely ***unreal white folded Crocus flower shape*** manifested! It may have done that earlier, because it's the logo image of a new ***yoghurt brand*** in an ad in a magazine that I got from my mother … and I had meant to read it many times in the last days! I had thought it was the white paper I found, that I had lost myself in the forest … so it was real again, the image I had seen, exactly that flower on the yogurt!!!

Related to that magazine: I read an article about a politician having lost his wife to cancer when she was in her sixties, and asked if he believed in life after death he said no, and *that he hopes there is no such thing as life after death because he had enough with this life.* Oh motherfucker. You're in for a surprise, and I'm sure your wife isn't happy about his idiot attitude …



Für sie in jedem Fall. Mein Brude
gestorben. Dazu gesellen sich lei
Glauben Sie an ein Leben nac
burt?
Nein. Und ich hoffe, dass
es das nicht gibt. Mir hat
das eine Leben bisher ge-
reicht.

Of course you're alive and well, Angelika! I see you.

(Later)

Nice hair dresser's and chicken dinner day with mom … she gave me a very sweet compliment: I said that the hairdresser had done a really good job on my mom, who responded by saying "Of course she is good, her name is Daniela." And that is my name.

My mother never has said something that nice to me. Or not in a very long time. She even greeted my dog nicely today when we went outside and he came running up to her. He knows that she doesn't want him too close, and he wags his tail at her and looks at her, but then stays at a few feet distance, but likes to be close to her. We even played a board game and a memory game. She won every time.

I'm very touched. I try not to think of the time we have wasted not having contact. Why in the world did I trust my "advisors" – among them psychologists – to leave her alone and accept that she rejected me? She was not in her right mind, and I should have known better. Nothing to be done about this now.

I am worried about my father, though.

I'll have to tell him exactly that.

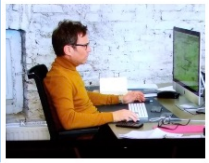
I had the most revealing text message exchange with CH today, while taking a walk with Jacqui in Gottestal, waiting for my mom who was at the hairdresser's …

CH revealed to me her full-on crazy ass junkie attitude and personality, and I will not go into details, just so much that she is reckless, disrespectful, completely beyond any insight, lying, making things up and ***being simply an asshole to me*** … wow, was I lucky to find out kind of in time how fucked up that person is. She is on substitution drugs, and she is addicted to them. I have never seen the real person, and I can't stand the attitude and the mere thought of having to do with a person who is not "real" anymore. Just can't and won't. I feel relieved, though. It's like the curtain has been lifted, and there is no obligation for me anymore, whatsoever.

I will pay attention to the creatures and people that need and want and deserve it.

The whole story with the wall from early April came right back to me – with a very clear meaning and message right now … I needed to shield myself from all that CH represents … namely my past with Sigi's drug addiction ruining my life … no wonder I met Sigi's sister Andrea just a few days ago while shopping with my mother … and I saw her last while I was on a walk with Sigi, decades ago. I remember picking up an injured mouse on the path – and then I dropped it on the

street! I was horrified! So strange … Sigi used to call me "Maus", and I called Bob "Mouse", sometimes.

Contact-Diary by Jo Danieli 2021/2022 _ PART 7 (Q, R)
only yesterday I discovered other ones, but I cannot make myself get them out to put here – in front of a white brick wall. I ran to grab my cell phone but could only photograph two glimpses of a whole long section of that young editor in front of the white brick wall I repeat: Bob, the cameraman and editor, gave me an image of him and a young man in front of a white brick wall last night. And had I not gone to my mom tonight, I wouldn't have seen the image of a young editor facing his computer, in front of a white brick wall. I don't own a TV. So this means, I'm in the right place.


(Later) **Immediate manifestation – the brown pastry Gugelhupf!**

The brown baked item manifested!

My dear neighbor Gabi brought me a **freshly made piece of Kuchen! Brown pastry!** And I had just received that kind of baked item, on my hand, this morning, in the forest … the "Gugelhupf" would have been the same dough like the one Gabi had made! I had just returned from visiting my mother when Gabi knocked and gave me the still warm Kuchen! Oh wow!

Bob had known that I was about to received a brown piece of Kuchen! *And maybe* ***Lucia*** *too – as I had received a pastry roller!*

*(**Note**: Truth be told – I did not realize this last night. I'm only putting the story to last night's entry, I'm writing this on Sunday, a day later as I'm putting in pictures … so when I looked at the forest images and read about the receiving of the Gugelhupf, I suddenly realizes that it was a direct immediate manifestation!)*

Plus … real „spaceship" clouds over the Gerlitzen mountain, seen from where my mother lives.

April 24, 2022 **– The Forgetmenot**

Oh so sweet … after a wild, wild dream about some artwork competition that took place at the era of my late school days, around 1983 and a professor and a lot of sex aspects, but I don't want to divulge ... I took J on an early morning round walk through the forests in the area. It was all wet after the rain, lovely sunshine, fresh air, nice. I saw the bunch of Forgetmetnot flowers again that I have seen several times. I had thought about Bob and that I wanted to get some for my mother, but because those were so few I didn't pick any.

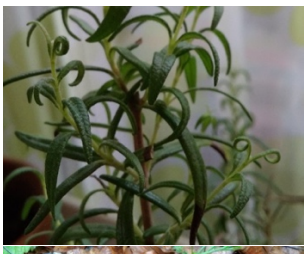
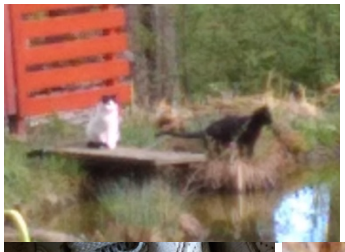
And today, just before reaching the buildings where I still live now, but not for much longer, I want to move and have my own house and garden, I found **a plastic Forgetmenot** on the street right in front of my feet! What are the odds?!

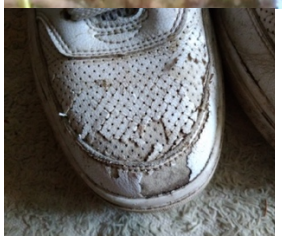
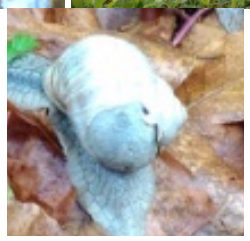
So, no, Stoneman, I won't ever forget you, of course not. I see the greeting, I really like it. I do want a

partner for this mortal realm though. That's what was my main thought this morning, walking, weirdly.

A younger man with black hair and beard came jogging through the forest. I found him interesting. So maybe I will attract the right partner for the remainder of my mortal phase? I hope Bob will help with that.

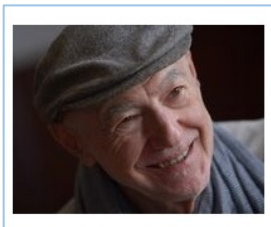
Also … during this morning's walk … and before … I had photographed the curled Rosemary leaves … then I encountered a ***snail*** with a broken house, two cats that reminded me so much of Kiko and Ivana from back in Griffen, and a meadow, with the Dandelions blooming now … standing there, spread out, the individuals they are … just like us humans. Later I noticed that my broken shoe resembled the broken snail house ….

It's interesting right now … **Bruce Willis**, the actor is in the news now, a lot, because he was officially diagnosed with "***Aphasia***", the inability to express himself properly anymore, probably due to a stroke … just like Bob … who suddenly couldn't speak anymore, … and on the phone I got him to say "Aloha" as the response to my question if he could understand everything just couldn't speak properly and was aware of is. So yes, he was. He had aphasia, too. He did recover, though, my Bob, in that sense. Joyce said it was so wonderful to hear Bob speak in his own voice clearly again. I did talk to him on the phone again after that, but he was very weak … so it's touching to hear about Bruce Willis. I love this picture of him, as he is so goofy on it like Bob used to be.

(Later)
Willi Resetarits, a famous Austrian musician died at 73 today. Nobody knows what happened, officially "an accident at home". Strange, I watched a video of him performing just a few days ago – and never before!

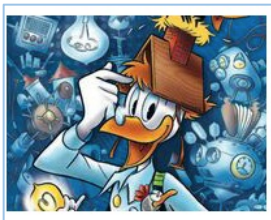


KULTUR

"Ostbahn-Kurti" Willi Resetarits 73-jährig verstorben

Der österreichische Sänger Willi Resetarits, bekannt unter seinem Künstlernamen "Ostbahn-Kurti", ist tot. Er verunglückte heute, Sonntag, im Alter von 73 Jahren, wie seine Familie gegenüber der APA bekannt gab.

Also … I had told CH a few days ago that my brother Peter had called me "***Daniel Düsentrieb***", a Mickey Mouse series character … and just now, as I read up on Resetarits, I saw an article about DD being 70 years old!



KULTUR

Enthausens Starwissenschafter Daniel Düsentrieb wird 70

Er ist der geniale Wissenschafter aus Entenhausen, der Experte für eigentlich eh alles: Daniel Düsentrieb. Nun feiert der Intellektuelle der Vogelfamilie 70. Geburtstag. Im Mai 1952 tauchte der ...

(Later)

I happened to look out of the kitchen window this evening ... and wow, something like a ***"rising phoenix"*** in the sky! This was special! What was that? ***A bird ... rising and then connecting with an even bigger bird!?***

Just look at <u>tomorrow's</u> entry – what I would realize then! ***The clouds were expressing what was in front of my nose as I was looking outside of this window! Another <u>bird image</u>!***

(Later)

Oh no! I felt so drawn to the dog help website I visit often, and I had seen the fate of little "***Cooper***", a puppy, who had just found his family and was running happily for days … and he did tonight! For no reason! Just died. Oh shit.

April 25, 2022 – **Fabian & the Bird & the Crown**

Oh Jesus.

The mother of my upstairs techno-freak neighbor **Fabian** told me this morning that Fabian is at the hospital, fighting for his life, as one of his ***lungs collapsed*** while he was at a friend's on Saturday. Luckily that friend had insisted that he stay a little longer, otherwise this could have happened while Fabian would have been walking home in the middle of the night alone. I know he didn´t want a Corona-vaccination but his mom had begged him to "do it for his father" who is fragile, and they wanted to avoid infection. Well, every idiot knows already that the "anti"-Corona shots people are given don´t prevent infection or passing on the virus or anything. So Fabian got vaccinated. He was entirely healthy, and the collapsing lung came out of nowhere, he doesn´t smoke or anything … Such a shit!

I also just saw that the **wrapping of the cheese** that I keep in a container on my window will seems to show what I saw in the sky last night … that amazing **bird** … and I really wondered if it showed someone who had just died and is moving "up" …

See that? ***The sky is reflecting what was resting on my window sill inside my apartment, a bird with a pronounced beak with spread wings!***

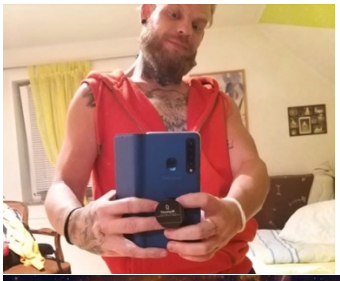
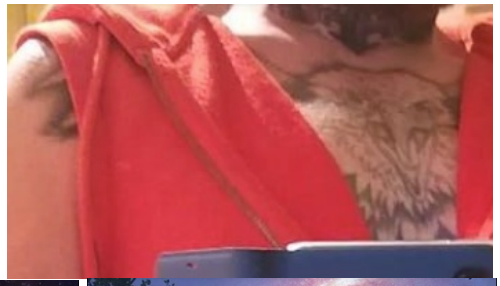
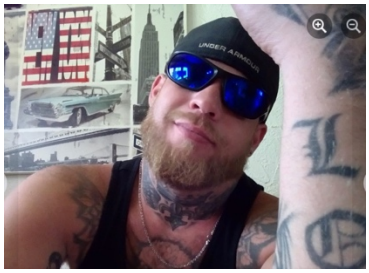
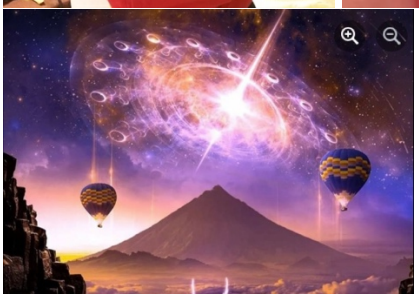
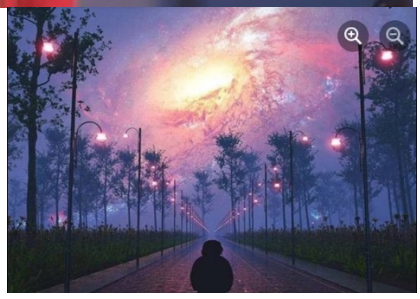
I hope Fabian will make it, but his mom said something scary: He is saying the same things over and over, and because he was a long time without sufficient oxygen, there are "three dark spots" in his brain.

Fuck.

(Later, a few moments only)

Oh geez! I just googled **Fabian** – and found him on Facebook, and there is that **big bird tattoo on his chest! The bird!** In the sky! And on the **cheese wrapping**!

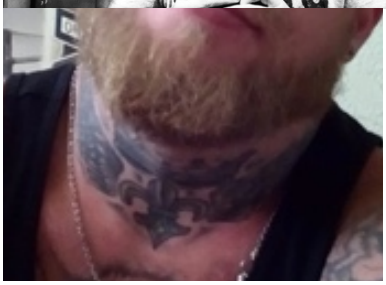
I screenshot a few of his psychedelic images too … as he is a goa fan like me. This really gets to me what happened to him … it does. I miss his gentle dark voice. I hope he´ll recover?!

(End of the world?)

Oh – the **crown!**

Bob showed me a crown on April 21 – and there is a ***crown tattoo on Fabian´s throat!*** And more of a ***wing***! And there is one image of himself on his Facebook page, that really seems to point at ***what I saw in the sky yesterday*** … and on the cheese wrapping, too.



So it works everytime. ***The crown that Bob showed me.*** And I doubted … thinking, how in the world am I supposed to get to see a crown now? And well – there. On Fabian. The crown showed up

on a person who I got to really like and who is in life danger now. Who nearly passed over. Who is in the hospital. And as I looked at the images of him … what a gentle person. I don't know what to think right now.

April 26, 2022

Diffuse pain in the liver-stomach-area on the right side under the rib …

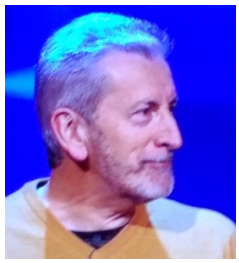
Found something strange on a walk with J, some **electronic part** … which fascinated me because it looked like two creatures with heads entangled … and right after that I found a **painted stone** with "Light" and "Peace" written on it.

Looking at the images … I realize right now that the strange diffuse ***"square red box"*** of April 22 seems to be reflected in the strange square "boxes" towering above the stone … they are not red entirely, but in part …?

Plus got myself a kitchen tool …

April 27, 2022 **– Johann-Bob & The Round Kuchen with the Hole**

Last night … I thought I don't see right: I watched the gameshow "Quizmaster" on TV at my mom's, and I've been saying for days that it's about time that the reigning Q named "Guenther" be dethroned. Well, when I saw last night's candidate "Johann", I knew he'd win. It was a very close result – but Johann is the new **Quizmaster**! And: He could be a brother of Bob! A twin! There are very few people with such strange features like Bob had especially regarding his nose … but this man has it all! And he is tall and heavy … I thought, oh wow, how often have I said to Bob recently that I "want to see him" … and there! **Johann-Bob manifested! Bob's lookalike. S**o closely … like a twin brother. Johann has a weird **skin**, and Bob had his *psoriasis* all over his body, at times including his face … so even the strangely worn looking skin of Johann seemed to be a stunning, baffling "greeting".



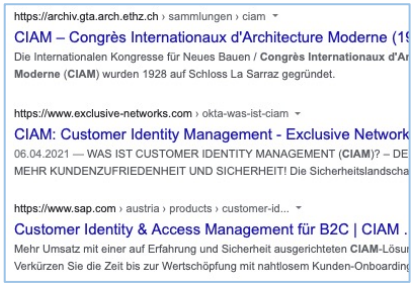
And then:

Oh geez … walking Jacqui this morning and asking Bob to prove that he was with me and could feel my longing for him, he put a ***"round brown Kuchen"***, some brown bakery item in a round form with a hole in the middle on my hand. But the things was so big, much bigger than the palm of my hand, so that it was kind of only hovering over my hand. I thought, "oh well, bakery stuff again …

It was not some donut, it was a real "ring cake" …

Then, later, I ended up at the Hofer store, although it had not been on my agenda for today, at all, because my mom needed to ask about her hairspray that hadn't been on stock for a while. And there it was: Right at the entrance*, in a specials section*, were **round brown "Kuchen" bakery items with holes in the middle** – like I had never seen before! Bob had! And I had received just that on my hand! I had seen what I saw there. (I actually dropped my mom off and then returned to the store to take a picture, completely ignoring what people may have thought.)

Going through the images, I just realized something amazing: I have dealt with the term "**CIAM**" *today* ***in my editing job***! And the name of the ring cake is "**CIAM**BELLA"!


https://archiv.gta.arch.ethz.ch › sammlungen › ciam
CIAM – Congrès Internationaux d'Architecture Moderne (19
Die Internationalen Kongresse für Neues Bauen / Congrès Internationaux d'Ar
Moderne (CIAM) wurden 1928 auf Schloss La Sarraz gegründet.
https://www.exclusive-networks.com › okta-was-ist-ciam
CIAM: Customer Identity Management - Exclusive Network
06.04.2021 — WAS IST CUSTOMER IDENTITY MANAGEMENT (CIAM)? – DE
MEHR KUNDENZUFRIEDENHEIT UND SICHERHEIT! Die Sicherheitslandscha
https://www.sap.com › austria › products › customer-id...
Customer Identity & Access Management für B2C | CIAM .
Mehr Umsatz mit einer auf Erfahrung und Sicherheit ausgerichteten CIAM-Lösu
Verkürzen Sie die Zeit bis zur Wertschöpfung mit nahtlosem Kunden-Onboardin

Wow.

Just got back from an afternoon forest walk. I felt compelled to write to C. briefly (not CH, but C from back in the early days of this contact diary) about the crown-incident … wow. I had asked Bob what he was doing and he showed me the crown … and then I learned that F. had almost died just a day later, and that there is a crown on his throat … and he almost suffocated from a collapsed lung. Not sure how he is.

I myself have been feeling very strange sharp sizzling kind of stinging sensation on my right abdomen side under then last rib … next to the stomach, as it seems. For a few days that kind of prickling sizzling stinging had occurred, just out of the blue, not related to food.

Today, there was outright pain at times. Walking in the forest, too.

So I sucked some magical "green" healing energy in me …

Visited the bridge at the pond … and was fascinated by a little striped *frog* …

And then a piece of very light bark fell in front of me – out of nowhere. Yes, in the forest, but see for yourself! Nothing above me or closeby where the bark piece could have come from! It fell right in front of my feet as if it was heavy and not some **paper-type bark**!

So I said "Okay, **bark**!" And right afterwards I said "Woof!" and I barked … as it may have been some joke by Bob to tell me not to worry. About that pain thing. As I am writing this, I feel it, too. It's a pressing, stinging feeling, and sometimes I feel that it gets me to breathe harder, and right now I feel it radiate into the right side of my back.

But I've started a regiment of Boswellia Serrata and Cat's Claw today. Whatever it is … I'll get rid of it. As today I also felt the old pain in my bladder or ovary area again. Haven't in a along time. But I feel healthy, normal pee, all.

I still wrote down a quick testament in my red note book with the writing "Vienna Film Commission" on it, that I want Michael Kraiger from Lisa Film to get my screenplays and films and do the right thing with them, and for C to do the right thing with this contact diary, and for Inge and Seppi to take Jacqui, and for Sabine Dietrich to take care of my mother and father.

But of course, this is only "just in case", and there won't be a case any time soon.

I'm just not used to feeling something in my body – except for my breakdown on March 14 – that seems drastic. But my free will is the servant of my consciousness, and I know what I want.

(Later) **<u>The Worms!</u>**

Wow … a worm story!

Based on something I had read online I spent the last hour reading up on *heart worms*. Disgusted but glad, that my dog has been eating coconut oil regularly, I decided that I have to do some more picture editing work today … and opened the last folder I had made … only to find a picture with the title "***Worm with head cloud***"! Yes, I had taken the picture the day before yesterday at Rosegg – because the cloud had seemed to look like a worm!

What are the odds? (I will not show pictures of heart worms here, you are welcome.)

Plus … amazing penis cloud this morning!

April 28, 2022 **– The Black Cat & The Stones & The Handful of Gold**

Oh wow … it was miraculous today. It was. I have barely the patience to write this down, because I know that there is no way for me to share or make understood my deep fascination and gratitude for what happened this evening.

First, I met CH who walked along the street with her dog Pauli, and I stopped and chatted a few words with her. She looked horrible, pale with her freckles and with totally round wide eyes like a total junkie. But she was so happy to see me. Later she sent me a text telling me that … but she didn't have time for a walk – thank God, because …

First, after shopping with my mom and a short walk with her in the forest and between the horse meadows and after working a bunch, I took for a late afternoon walk to ***the pond with the bridge***. It was lovely there, warm and windy … and I was thinking about the person who is my "**father**". I received a letter from him today, as response to my card telling him that I accept that he chose Picej, and of course it was all about me being the wrongdoer and bad person, and I am full of hatred and yada yada, but he still told me if I wanted to come visit I could ask for that in writing. He also wrote to me that Picej was only meant to be the heir and power of attorney if nobody else was around … So I have an interesting statement in my father's handwriting.

So I walked through the forest thinking about how there is no way to treat my father as a normal paternal figure, because he is not. So I started talking with Edith, asking her to listen and let me know what I should do. I walked along the path and thought and expressed out loud how I think I must "play" my father and that right now it's all only about getting what I want. There is no way and will never be a way for me to be on normal terms with my father or that he'd ever think like a normal person about me or treat me right and nicely. He is a hateful, crazy, old, sick person. And I asked Edith if I was right in my assessment.

I put my hand out and *asked **Edith** to put something into it* … and right away, ***something roundish totally black*** appeared, and I thought it was ***a small chocolate covered round cake with the very dark chocolate frosting running down the side.*** So I thought, "Okay, a black cake".

That black cake-like thing with the "dripping" impression was kind of *"high up",* I didn't really see it on top of the palm of my hand but *above the hand like hovering* … And one side was kind of broken or not there, there was *some white part* of it, and that *dripping impression* … at least, it looked like it. Edith was an avid baker, so I thought maybe I imagined it. But the image was there right away and gone just as fast. And it did not change. That's an important part: Those images that are messages, appear and remain intact, no changing features ever.

So I walked on, continuing to think about Edith and my father and what to do … and just where I was about to turn right up the hill – a new path that I have only used a few times – towards the pond, I looked to my left, and a black cat with a few white spots and her tail dangling sat on a tree branch and looked at Jacqui and me. Right then, I didn't think of anything, but I did take pictures, because it looked so cute. And I was already on my way up the steep path, when I stopped short: And I called out loud – "**That's it, Edith! That's what you gave me! It's not a black cake with a dripping frosting hovering, it's a black cat on a branch!"**

Jesus Christ!

It was so clear, and so immediate! Wow! From what I could see, the black color was kind of making ”dripping” patterns, and on the side away from where I was, the black tail was dangling, like “dripping”, too! I had see that! Not a cake with dripping chocolate …

I kept *walking in awe* … and like usual, somehow numb because of the grandness of this communication, and still, my heart was pounding.

Edith had responded, right away. And of course, doubtful me, I asked her again to put something into my hand if it was really her communicating with me! And immediately I “saw” a bunch of small gold jewelry items in my hand, no clear separate things, maybe rings and bracelets, it was just a small bunch of gold in my hand.

I thought about that Edith had a lot of jewelry, and I was wondering what my father planned to do with it … so I thought maybe this was truly my subconscious playing now …

I walked on to the pond.

I sat there for a while, thinking about the black cat image and also the gold in my hand.

Then I was about to walk back the same path, but I then felt compelled to walk to the opposite side, up a little street where I could see a little bench from a distance. I thought that I wanted to get to that bench with my mom one day and wanted to see how to get there from the other side.

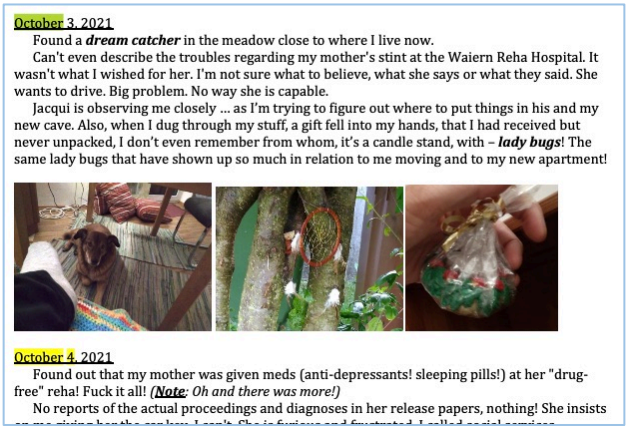
So even though I was a bit late for dinner with my mother, I walked up there to the bench.

On the way … I came across the most wondrous **patch of golden butterflowers** in a meadow. I photographed them because I thought for sure those was the gold I had seen!

Turned out there was not just a bench but a table with some wondrous stuff on it … including ***a bone, a paint brush and and two stones!***

I was baffled shitless when I saw how wonderful one of the **stones was painted!** The teal and the violet … Bob’s favorite colors! The ***heart, the ocean waves and at the same time symbolizing frequencies*** … wow … I was so enthralled by the pattern, a definite message I couldn’t really read right there …

The second stone has the date “October 4, 2021” on it … had to look it up in this c. d. what the entry was on that day … it was a very frustrating day, my mom had just come back from rehab and I found out that she had been given drugs there against her will … and she insisted on driving … and I had just moved to my new place … the *psycho-drugs* are a big subject now for me because of CH, too.



October 3, 2021

Found a ***dream catcher*** in the meadow close to where I live now.

Can't even describe the troubles regarding my mother's stint at the Waiern Reha Hospital. It wasn't what I wished for her. I'm not sure what to believe, what she says or what they said. She wants to drive. Big problem. No way she is capable.

Jacqui is observing me closely … as I'm trying to figure out where to put things in his and my new cave. Also, when I dug through my stuff, a gift fell into my hands, that I had received but never unpacked, I don't even remember from whom, it's a candle stand, with – ***lady bugs***! The same lady bugs that have shown up so much in relation to me moving and to my new apartment!

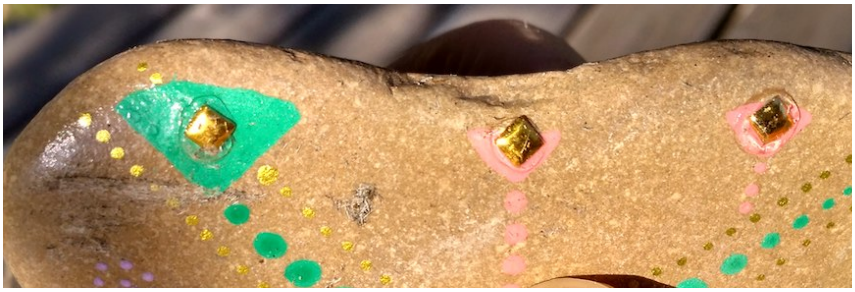
October 4, 2021

Found out that my mother was given meds (anti-depressants! sleeping pills!) at her "drug-free" reha! Fuck it all! (***Note***: *Oh and there was more!)*

No reports of the actual proceedings and diagnoses in her release papers, nothing! She insists

So I was just about to turn back, when I saw another table with a bench to my right, hidden under trees. And the mood was so magical right there, the views stunning, that I thought “Okay, I’ll take the time” … and I walked up there.

At first, I only saw a small woven basked underneath a bund of dried plants and an old bone fragment … but then, I noticed that there was a stone stuck in the gap between the wooden planks of the table. And then … I held a **bund of gold in my hand.** Because it was **a painted stone with golden ornaments and a pearl on it.**



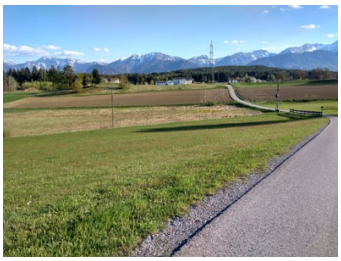
See. I can't even express how it was finding this. And Edith had shown me "**gold in my hand**" just a little while before that. And **that gold was on a stone**. *And I had asked Edith if she was communicating with me via Bob.*

So that was the answer.

As I turned back, I felt compelled to sit down on the ground and "be Edith" and project my experiences of the wind, the feeling of the earth and the grass and of Jacqui to her … and I really really hope it reached her. As I was getting up, I saw a beautiful little **Enzian flower** right there … a blue ***Gentian***, she would have loved it. Edith loved flowers and bird and just nature. I could kind of feel her personality, sitting there, her energy. I thought how she had suffered, but at the same time I knew that I should not focus on that. I must focus on what I have to still do in this life. To "imua" … in the ways described.

So I dedicated the Gentian flower to Edith. And I feel I have to stare at that stone to "get" it … I will. Somewhere in the forest I also saw a stump of a former tree trunk … cut down and mutilated by humans … and yet – ***sprouting***!

I will "play" my father. Edith told me so clearly today that there is no other way to "win" as he has a sick brain. I must see to getting what I want to get, and that's my home that's due to me to do with it as I please. Maybe he dies soon – but then he will know that I was right. If something happens to him and he needs help, I must be there for him and with him. Edith broke because of my father's narcissist psychopath cruel ways. I won't. I got so sad that she is dead walking back … and I know she knows.



So this was all "magical" … one could say. But I won't: It was all natural. I communicated with Edith. It worked. Bob was involved. We all have a great inter-realm relationship.

I have no pain in my abdomen or anywhere anymore today. Nothing.

I'm thinking of poor Goa-techno-freak Fabian … I hope so much that he will recover and be fine again. I must find out tomorrow how he is. Tomorrow I must also drive to Griffen to get my summer

tires put on my car. I won't take one step to many in Griffen, just go to the car shop, then leave for Völkermarkt to shop there and take J for a walk. Griffen doesn't feel good.

Chatted with Inge on the phone yesterday, they are renovating their house … so no visiting anyway. Which is great. I couldn't bear walking up that street even a step.

Not to forget it: During my walk, actually sitting at the pond for a few minutes, I thought about the storyline of "Ein Floß am Wörthersee", "A Raft on the Lake Wörthersee", and I came up with a SciFi-satire, with the big secret society of the "MO" (Menschen-Originale, original or genuine humans) having their headquarter under the castle of Velden, and under the raft is take off spot for diving there into a subterranean channel … and so much more.

April 29, 2022

Went to Griffen. Got my summer tires. Nostalgia! Oh how often did I drive along that exit seeing the castle on the big rock …

Big difficult feelings about the fuckers up Rakounig street. I managed to not think about Marshall too much. Took walks along our old paths … looking up to Rakounig where I had lived for two years, saw the stone of Poppendorf again … was kind of numb inside, like thinking about something someone else has told me … Went along the treehouse field path for a little while …

… saw some strange red fruits on branches on the ground … Also I saw a single cat-themed glove on a branch, reading "Sparkle" …

I called my mother, told her I was in Griffen to remind her to not wait for me. She said okay. I said that I'd come by later but first would go shopping in Völkermarkt. Which I didn't do for some reason but drove straight to my mom's … and she was waiting outside! Pacing along the street! Geez! Had I done the shopping I had intended to … she would have waited for hours!

So we went shopping, and then I took her for a walk along the river Drau. She complained, not wanting to go, like usual. But then she enjoyed it and liked to sit on a bench at the river in the sun for a while! There was an amazing **long cloud** spanning the entire area … it was my mother who pointed out to it!

Tried to meet Bob in the tunnels during the drive, not sure if it worked … will write about it tomorrow.

April 30, 2022

Woke up with ***the names of the four protagonists of my Hawaii-docu-Series "Native of Owhyhee" on my mind*** … I didn't even consciously remember them, and I had not thought about Hawaii … the names were simply there, starting with William **Kanui**, and my memory of his burial site next to Kawaiahao Church (oh, geez, this word just slid out of me like I was still on Maui working on this documentary …), then Thomas **Hopu**, John **Honoli'i** and then George … and it took me a while until his second name appeared in my mind, **Humehume**.

Wow. I'm still kind of baffled, and also curious why this happened today.

It's such a throwback to my years on Maui. What am I supposed to do or think? I have not written or thought those names for so many years … it is painful in a way and makes me nauseous, because it makes me drift back into the time when Bob was alive, and just the fact that I have just now written "was alive", is surreal and very strangely painful today.

Something is going on. I also thought towards them, lying in my bed, that I am only now aware that they are "there", too … I must say, now that I think about it, that during my Griffen-trip yesterday I did sing Hawaiian songs, or tried to, as my voice wasn't good. **And I tried to meet Bob in the tunnels …** but it was strange. There was even some resistance of me going back into housie, it's just too painful, and very painful thinking about it, indeed … but I got there, was there … and there was Bob … once in a long blue Arabic looking dress, a caftan, holding a tray with little tea glasses with dark brown tea, peppermint I thought, at me … but I assumed I had just imagined that. Then I saw him presenting a ***chicken***, first it was a raw ready-to-grill chicken, then it was a grilled chicken a whole one … I also saw ***bright red glass balls or bulbs*** … But also, now I remember, at the beginning, the most interesting thing happened: I saw Bob come towards me, and I stretched out my right hand – in real life! While driving! – and put it on his invisible, imaginary shoulder! Then we touched foreheads! Wow!

We did the traditional Hawaiian "Ha"-greeting! And it happened from his side, it hadn't been on my mind at all, like, ever! And it felt so normal and clear as if it really happened.

Yet, there is no more Maui housie and no more Bob and no more anything of it …

May 1, 2022 – **The Dream-Reality-Connection-Event, The Lamp & The Dead Men**

Already May. Sometime mid May, twenty years ago, I met Bob for the first time.

Took a walk to the bridge pond yesterday afternoon with CH. As much as she tries to appear "normal", she is "off" in what she says and how she says it, and me sensing that she is some kind of "patient" makes me slightly aggressive. Even though I feel for her. I just so urgently need reliable

normal people around me. She is not one of them, she could be, maybe, if she was drug free. But she can only function on drugs, even though they are substitution meds, they still work the same way like the drugs she depended on for so long, and she says herself that without the pills she isn't able to face life. Not good. Not a friend for me. A patient. And I do NOT want patients.

Had a strange **dream** … it was winter, and Jacqui and I were in some kind of open wall house and looked out to a *very long winding cross-country skiing track.* I felt really drawn to it, and somehow I found a pair of skis for Nordic skiing, regular skies, and I left that house that was more like an open shack, but with real concrete walls, it was somehow like looking out of a garage, and I went by skis on that track and took a along and very satisfying ride along that track … it was only slightly downhill, and so the gliding at quite some speed was so *satisfying*. Jacqui ran with me in the snow and enjoyed it too. Strangely, I stopped at some distance from the end of the track because I saw that there would be a very steep downhill part in the end – which at the same time seemed to be a rising (!) slope, too, ending at a fence. And I thought, no, with my skis I can't make it. The stranger thing was that the Nordic skis were all of a sudden cross-country skis, and I was worried about going downhill at higher speeds with those skis in the tracks, but suddenly I was on Nordic skis again, and it worked. ***But I did stop before the dangerous segment began and turned around!*** This seems very significant right now … I turned around and skied the same track back! And I was surprised myself because it was again downhill, so that I could move easily, even though – and I did think about that as my dream persona! – it was practically impossible that both ways were easy to do, as one of them must be uphill. Jacqui and I ended up at the house-garage again, and just when I decided to do the track one more time, a ***man*** came behind us along that track. I felt a bit scared, but I greeted him friendly … and ***he gave me something. A gift.*** But I cannot remember what it was. I want to say it was something edible, but maybe not? It was in a beige or white bag that was closed with a strangely thin pull-string. I thought that the content was too heavy for carrying that bag with that pull-string using it like as shoulder-strap. I tried, and it felt uncomfortable. In that strange garage-like house-room was a chair, and I put the bag first on it, I think, then under it, to keep it safe there while Jacqui and I went for another trip down the track.

But then, from inside the house***, two people came with a dog*** and were on their way along the track too, *the same direction like I was heading*, and Jacqui immediately took a liking to that dog and wanted to run with her, I think it was brown. The other dog was more interested in following her owners along the track. There was some element of danger, but unclear, more a feeling, and I called Jacqui back …. And that man, who had given me that gift, was around, too, somehow, but he said his good-byes to me and took off, along the track, and so did the people with the dog … and Jacqui and I stayed behind. Suddenly ***I realized that I didn't even want to go down that path again,*** I had experienced it, and I kind of was satisfied. I think I turned towards that strange gift I had received from that man, uncertain what to do with it. But I did not enter that path or track again.

And then, strangely, the dream seemed to shift a level … it was still connected to that story, but I *was in some **other place**, maybe at an ocean*, in a different country. And there was a woman, and I had to do something for her, I think. That's how I had gotten to that cross-country skiing track in the first place. I only remember the immediacy of finding myself in that other place, knowing – and feeling it right now – that there was a whole big important, dense story behind it all, stuff I had to accomplish …

… and then I woke up.

I know that something is going on in my abdomen … but I think I can handle it.

Amazing dream-reality-connection:

I took a walk with Jacqui this morning, in the slight rain, which I love, and as we turned into the path I had intended to take, a young man came towards me holding a dog poop bag heading for the garbage bin on the side of the road. It was strange, because he was alone.

So J and I went on briefly in the direction where he had come from, *and behind the curve were two dogs and a young woman, and the bigger dog, an obviously old labrador dog, came running up to Jacqui,* trying to bark, but more huffing and crowing, and they sniffed at each other and liked each other … what a similarity to my dream! *Especially since I couldn't or didn't want to walk that path anymore – which is winding and uphill on that spot! – as the young man of course passed by me again*

and followed his friend, and they went ahead of me. Just like in my dream – I watched them move forward, but I stayed back. And **I ended up not going along that path**, but took Jacqui on a different path.

So that was a very interesting dream-manifestation in a very direct way, I think.

And it has a lot of meaning. I thought about CH during the walk and how I'm disappointed about realizing that she can not be a person I take serious for me and thus not a friend. (I have been finding myself talk out loud about things that I'm dealing with in real life in English in the last weeks, which astounds me, as I'm not speaking English with anyone normally.) The things she said and shared yesterday showed me that she is not moving forward but is very stuck in her ways and definitely heavily influenced by drugs. She cannot deal with reality without being on those pills she takes. It's very off-putting to me, very. She may be struggling and wanting to change her life, but she is very deep in her shit routines. We did talk about survival of consciousness, yesterday, when I told her about the experience with the "gold in my hand"; And when she shared how she could not help her dying partner when she was very young, and he was a heavy drunk who died of liver cirrhosis, I was tempted to remind her that that man, Mike, had given her a greeting once, as the strange *"Aladdin"-story-type lamp* that I had received in my hand. But I didn't mention it. It felt like it would not land with her … Maybe I can help her at times, but I cannot get invested or involved. This is not my job to "save" her. ***I must stand back, let them go and do what they must, and I choose the path that suits me and makes sense for me at the moment.***

She also told me yesterday about a man who lives upstairs from her who is dead-sick with liver cirrhosis and has a tumor in his bowels and a huge abdomen and can barely walk. He had asked her to get meds from the pharmacy for him, and she did. And she and I had discussed a bit how this man can stay at home alone anymore … he had lived with and cared for his mother for a while, and she is now in a home, and he is alone … I was wondering why I got to hear that story … must I take a step and tell authorities that the man is not capable of making the right decisions for himself anymore? We ended up talking about how the soul wants to get rid of the body at some point, and how the mortal mankind keeps inventing way of keeping our mortal machine functioning when it is naturally declining … but how every interaction is also a part of our stories and we must make the right decisions. What's right or wrong can, many times, only be determined by our "gut feeling" … how else? There are so many ways to think … "help stay alive", "help die", "just watch and learn" … what to do is so individual and really must feel "pono", "right", deep in one's gut. Then it's proper.

I've been thinking back how I have tried to deal with my father and did my best and yet kept losing my nerves when he was too much of an asshole … and I was upset with myself for not having been more disciplined. But yet … I did what I had to do. I couldn't pretend much longer in all those instances, couldn't hold back with what I had to express. So I am in the right spot now, I think. Even though I keep fretting about how I should have intervened in my mother's situation years ago. Well, maybe. But I did not. So now we are where we are. Sometimes it's hard to watch my mother do her unconscious strange and sometimes a little gross physical mannerisms that she displays at times. But I have learned to see the more important aspects at the same time, and I don't embarrass her anymore. It's a walk on a thin line of trying to keep her aware and help her back into her self-aware life and looking on and trying to realizes what kind of development in her I must "allow". I am the one making decisions here, for her and for me, that is a fact. And that I must do smartly.

From my gut, too. "Ka na'auao", the wisdom in the gut … oh, I know why I learned all that in Hawaii. I must get my documentary to people … must write letters, send DVD, it was so much work …

Anyway. It's Sunday. I feel a bit weak and shaky and also slightly dizzy today. Maybe I'm just "under the weather". Well, not only. I know that my brain and body are fighting something in my abdomen. I had an interesting thought this morning, thinking of my mother … and that she may be approaching, well, that she is approaching the "change to the other side", and so is my father. I thought that they are "closer to there than to here", and that I can't even imagine living in this mortal realm if they weren't here anymore … and then, I though, *"Well, I'm not that far away from there, either."* And I thought if I'd ever decide that I didn't want this mortal existence to last much longer, ***I only had to stop fighting*** or treating that stuff that's happening in my body. I know it could kill me. I don't let it.

Great dream-reality connection!

I just would like to know *what was in that* ***bag*** that the man in my dream gave me. I keep thinking "cheese", and maybe it was something to eat. But it is unclear.

Went shopping with mom to Villach today, and we took a stroll through a large flower dealer's yard and display rooms … I bought carnations and a tropical flower, will bring one of them to Edith's grave … and a tiny part of a Verbena, I found on the floor, I took with me.

(Later) ***The Dream Image in Real Life News?***

Well, something strange … Just after I had written the last paragraphs above, I opened a news-website … and the headline is about a mysterious death in front of an open garage! Wow! That's what I saw in my dream! That strange open-wall concrete garage-like house! (Reading on …)

Okay, a heavily injured man had been found on March 29 (!) in front of that garage, nobody knows how he got injured like that, and he died at the hospital. So strange!

Oh geez, it's getting more interesting. ***On the day that crime happened, on March 29, the oriental lamp had manifested – that I had received when asking CH's dead partner Mike for a message for her!*** And I had thought about it yesterday, and had been so close to reminding her of it, but had not done it, because I didn't think she would be up for talking about it … And somehow I just got reminded of it – ***in connection with a mysterious dead man who was found in front of a garage – while I had dreamed of that garage tonight!***

… and he was a heavy drunk who died of liver cirrhosis, I was tempted to remind her that that man, Mike, had given her a greeting once, as the strange *"Aladdin"-story-type lamp* that I had received in my hand. But I didn't mention it. It felt like it would not land with her …

March 29, 2022 – **THE LAMP APPEARED!**
Oh Jesus Christ, it is working every time!
Went for a late walk with Jacqui, knowing that I'd have several jobs to c
okay, I check the news online first. There was some headline about **Kin**
new **boyfriend**, of who I hadn't heard anything yet … I thought I'd read
the bad news anymore.
So I googled them – and there it was! The **lamp** that I had received in n
"Mike", Conny's dead friend, but I think now it was for me, and it was B
could that work so perfectly? What are the odds? I felt compelled to go
and ended up seeing – the lamp!
They played Princess Jasmine and Aladdin

CNN entertainment
Audio
Country music legend Naomi Judd, one half of The Judds, dies age 76
By Andy Rose and Christina Maxouris, CNN
Updated 2157 GMT (0557 HKT) April 30, 2022
Naomi Judd is seen here visiting "Varney & Co" at Fox News Channel Studios on December 8, 2017 in New York.

Talk about following my gut in my actions. Could that be the message … that **only** following one's gut wisdom is the way to go?

(Later)

Okay. Death news***: Naomi Judd died yesterday.*** Bob and I worked with her many years ago on Maui, doing an interview in the area of Kapalua, Ritz-Carlton, for some TV-series, I don't remember what it was. I will never forget how strange that was, the perfectionism, I think her husband or partner was with her, and as I prepared the setting for the interviews and helped her with her hair, she looked at me in such strange ways and expressed how worried she was that she was not perfect. When I told her quietly, so that the others around wouldn't hear, that she was beautiful, she was so grateful. She died due to a mental illness. I am totally sure she and Bob will connect.

Have fun, Naomi … once you'll get over your surprise how and that life goes on!

May 2, 2022 – **Big Insights … The Teal Stone**

Thoughts of Naomi Judd. Barely able to get out of bed this morning. Didn't sleep well, tossing and turning. Read movies last night. Gave CH the rest of the fruit cake I made, then we took a walk in near-dark, and she told me about the dying man in her building again who gets her involved totally. His liver is ruined, he is at stage 3 kidney failure, and just got two blood conserves in the hospital, and then they sent him home. I did what I thought I wouldn't ever do, but I told her distinctly what to do – or rather not: take responsibility! I made her call the sick guy, Werner, to get his brother Robert's phone number and then connect with the brother and ask him to intervene and help. She was very grateful.

This morning I realized that she really has a very sweet spirit and good heart, just such a fucked up brain. So that's the insight.

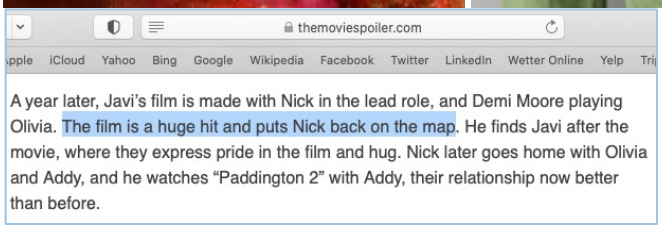
Edited the **Astro newsletter** last night, and interestingly, it's all about **Jupiter in Aries** right now – and the last time this constellation happened was in **summer 2010 and 2011**. And the horoscope says to look back and think if there was something special happening in terms of having done something entirely new with some risk, demanding a lot of self-confidence and with great learnings. No shit! In 2010 I made my first film, "*Geronia*", totally myself, without Bob's help, but I did spend months on Maui with him editing the film there, yes, with his advice. He had practically thrown me out in 2009, with a new woman showing up, the Pilates teacher P., who attached herself to Bob who got to despise her thoroughly after I had left in summer 2009, but I returned in 2010, I think twice. Or was the double 3-months stay on Maui in 2011? Anyway. I proved to myself and Bob that I was able to pull through an entire film production myself, with script and actors and production and editing and all. He got it for me on DVD and showed me a few things in post production. And we were actually very happy together in those days … everytime after 2009 that I returned to Maui. I'd always edit my films – and I kept making little feature films from then on – in his studio, oh those were the days … ***So that was a big step in 2010, when Jupiter was in Aries*** like in the coming weeks will be – I came into my own as a filmmaker, and the learning was, that I can do it. I'm great at filmmaking. I look at the world today, and I know I should do big things, and I can, I only need financial help and connections. Those were the two years that I realized that it's me who can do all of this, not Bob, who had limited abilities. And the other **learning** was – looking back now – that I should not have relied on Bob and waited and waited for him to do stuff with me, but ***I should have relied on myself only***. In a way I did, but I always wanted Bob to be in my boat, and he never really was, until the very end. He always let himself be lured into his dependency from the shithead "friends" T. V. and J. W. Oh Bob …

But it was interesting to read this – exactly now, where I'm so much in thoughts about filmmaking again. Having applied for support, waiting for Kraiger from Lisa Film to touch base … so that I can decide how to move on.

At the same time I feel so old and strangely tired …

But Jupiter in Aries will change that and get me forward … that's what the Astro-situation says. Oh well.

JUPITER IN ARIES
By: SunSigns.Org
Jupiter In Aries Have Energy For Travel And Meeting Challenges Head-On, Thus Engaging New Opportunities.

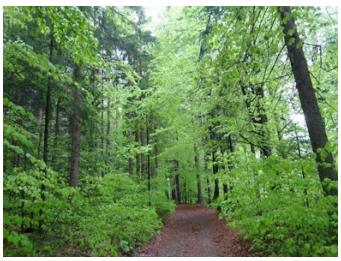

themoviespoiler.com
Apple iCloud Yahoo Bing Google Wikipedia Facebook Twitter LinkedIn Wetter Online Yelp
A year later, Javi's film is made with Nick in the lead role, and Demi Moore playing Olivia. The film is a huge hit and puts Nick back on the map. He finds Javi after the movie, where they express pride in the film and hug. Nick later goes home with Olivia and Addy, and he watches "Paddington 2" with Addy, their relationship now better than before.

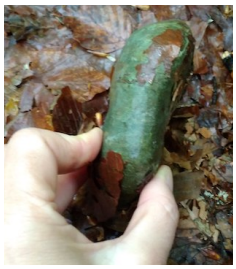
I read another movie recap with breakfast, the Nick Cage ***movie "The unbearable weight of massive talent",*** and I was stunned to see the expression in the description that Bob had used so often in his last year … "get back on the map". Bob wanted the fucking Taylor Camp documentary be done once and for all and then fully commit to our projects, and he was sure he'd get funded easily once "he was back on the map". Sometimes I'm just so stunned how nothing of that happened … But the thing about the massive talent and the weight, that I can feel. I also saw an image of green pants with a sun on them. Reminds me so much of the days, way back in about 2002, when I sewed a small silver owl onto the new sweat pants that I had gotten for Bob … and he was still wearing them in they days when he was dying.

(Later)

Banter with Bob … I repeated my thoughts of yesterday, that I must realize that my mother and father are closer to the next stage than to staying here, and that I, after all, aren't that far away from that too, and I said out loud *"I might be dying myself*" … and right away I kind of heard Bob's voice in my head, quipping ***"So what color will you be then?"*** That would be soooo Bob, he would have said that in real life, doing the play on words with "die" and "dye" … I had to snicker because of that.

(***Note***: Looking through my photographs I found a **teal stone** that I had found and photographed on May 2! I didn't make a connection then, but now! ***The banter about the colors! My index finger fit exactly into a kind of impression in the stone!***)





And just earlier, it's now evening, and I didn't visit my mom today, first because I felt so dizzy in the morning and then because I must find out tomorrow if she really ate her food like she claimed on the phone … she actually did call me to ask how I was! This is grand!

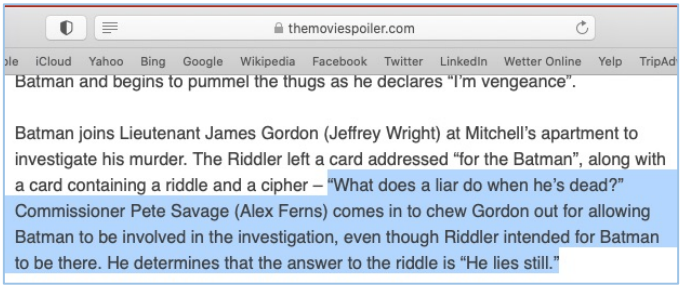
… so just now something else funny in terms of bantering with Bob happened. I washed my hair bending over the bath tub, and I accidentally touched the blue bucket that stood behind me with my foot and it moved a big, making a noise. I got angry about that and almost lunged out for the bucket, but I consciously disciplined myself. I've been having anger bouts recently and for

example slapped the electric boiler with a towel, hard … and right then I heard Bob's voice saying ***"I'm glad you didn't kick the bucket."***

Wow, that is sooo Bob. I thought I'm in bad shape several times in the past weeks, but I didn't die after all, or "kick the bucket" as they say. But yet, in my bathroom I did kick the bucket a bit with my foot …

(Later)

Oh geez, just after writing the above, I sat down with dinner (herb paste, tomato and mozzarella cheese) and opened "The Movie Spoiler".com and sought out "The Batman". And as I start reading – the banter with Bob is reflected right there! In a riddle for Batman: "What does a liar do when he is dead?" – "He lies still!" Oh geez! So uncanny, what are the odds?! Bob would enjoy it sooo much, ***this play on words!***


themoviespoiler.com
iCloud Yahoo Bing Google Wikipedia Facebook Twitter LinkedIn Wetter Online Yelp
Batman and begins to pummel the thugs as he declares "I'm vengeance".
Batman joins Lieutenant James Gordon (Jeffrey Wright) at Mitchell's apartment to investigate his murder. The Riddler left a card addressed "for the Batman", along with a card containing a riddle and a cipher – "What does a liar do when he's dead?" Commissioner Pete Savage (Alex Ferns) comes in to chew Gordon out for allowing Batman to be involved in the investigation, even though Riddler intended for Batman to be there. He determines that the answer to the riddle is "He lies still."

Fabian is back. Came around noon. I watched from my window. I'm more at peace now.

May 3, 2022 **– Clouds Spectacles**

Spent half the night worrying that my mom hadn't said the truth when she had told me on the phone yesterday – when I didn't drive to see her because I felt sick and dizzy – that she had eaten her milk-cream-strudel and that it was so good! I had asked her on the phone to not forget to eat that strudel, and she said not only would she not forget – she had already eat it!

Today I took her to the dentist – and there she told the doctor about the very bad inflammation she had been having in her mouth for a while because of her dentures, and I had heard about that for the first time, that it was so bad. Whenever I asked her, she had said she was fine.

And she had not even touched the milk-cream-strudel.

I felt so very frustrated, but then I feel so guilty when I talk to her about it and she looks at me so desperately. I will tell her tomorrow that I really do not want to upset her. She must stop "manicuring" her nails, as there are barely any left. It was touching to see her in the dentist's chair, but I was also very aware how helpless she is.

But then, sometimes, she is so youthful … and she is always so happy to see me. In the evening everything seems to get worse …

I don't know how to not feel resentment at times, but I hate myself for it.

So I was right about her having lied to me, confabulated, about the eating … and I am very aware now that I can't take anything for real that she says.

I will have to tell her that tomorrow. And we must find a solution. I want to get some kind of Lecithine stuff to maybe help her brain – and mine – a bit.

And then there is the living situation …

I don't want my mother to decline into dementia until death … no. I want her to have many nice and clear years … it must be possible. She improved so much since last August. So incredibly much.

The **clouds** … what **spectacles** today … like the one right in my westward view … like spikes reaching into each other ready to ***lock-connect*** … and another cloud, so "heavy", like my spirit often feels … and a straight cloud, like a protective roof …

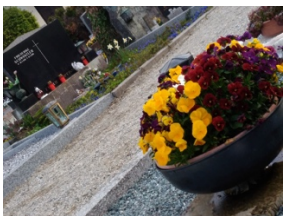
Or at the bench under the tree with the amazing view … just like looking into ***Maui valley***. Was that supposed to be comforting? It was fucking painful.

But the strongest impression was the ***Dobratsch summit mimicking cloud*** seen at Rosegg:

May 5, 2022 – **The Gentian Synchronicity**

Oh wow! Last night, I went to the cemetery and put the pink carnations on her grave … just to give my father a sign that I car. Couldn't make myself to write to him for a meeting. Even though he asked me to in his last letter, right after he had written incredible shit about me again.

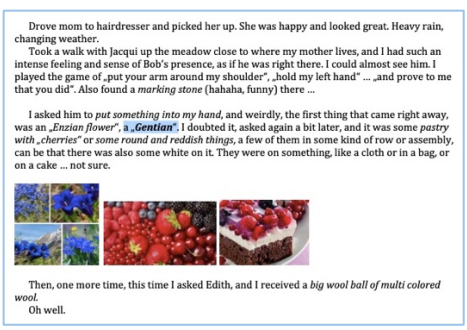
So … I stood at her grave, and it was strange to gaze at her name on the tomb … so I decided to just leave, turned around – and there, ***on the grave right behind me,*** was a whole jungle of – Enzian! **Gentian**! And I had just found one and dedicated it to Edith the other day on the meadow!



Went to the dentist with mom again today, it went fine, we did a short walk, and then I took her to MY apartment, and she ate a whole plate of my veggie soup … that was nice. It was disheartening to see how helpless she felt at the dentist, and how she was treated like just an old woman … I could see how she must feel about that … I realized how little I know how she really feels now, that she is self-aware so much more again. We bought a Lecithine elixir today, but it's with alcohol, and I'm wary. I'll have to take it away from her again … shit. Brought her a bunch of meadow flowers …

(***Note***: It is very interesting **– *time synchronicity!*** Today that I'm putting these images into the text, it's May 29, Sunday, and just this morning, as I walked with J in the beginning rain, I met a woman who lives in the next block over, Angela, who was once my young brother's crush, *was picking meadow flower to make a bunch* just like this one! It's not likely to meet anyone picking flowers at all, but I met her doing this today!)

And just now, it's midnight to May 6, and I had received a surprising astrology newsletter for editing, normally I only get them o Sundays … and there was a section in it about November 4 of 2021, and that some problem or theme may have shown itself them and is now relevant again … So I went back to my entry of November 4, 2021 … and it was so similar like it is now with CH, about who I have such a strange feeling and really don't want to relate anymore, as I have understood how "off" she is … and on November 4, Bob's death day, of course, it was similar with the bird lady Michi, who wanted to befriend me then but did – just like CH now – never really engage with any content that I brought up. She was in her world and totally egotistical and expected me to play her game, but I wouldn't. Now it's like this with CH … and I see how she is back with her abusive boyfriend, and how she is on her drugs and meds, and how I'm so repulsed … yes, that was so similar back on November 4, 2021 … and I was so close to Bob that day, I felt him so close – ***And he put something in my hand*** on that rainy day, and it was ***… a GENTIAN.***


Drove mom to hairdresser and picked her up. She was happy and looked great. Heavy rain, changing weather.

Took a walk with Jacqui up the meadow close to where my mother lives, and I had such an intense feeling and sense of Bob's presence, as if he was right there. I could almost see him. I played the game of „put your arm around my shoulder", „hold my left hand" … „and prove to me that you did". Also found a *marking stone* (hahaha, funny) there …

I asked him to *put something into my hand*, and weirdly, the first thing that came right away, was an *„Enzian flower"*, a ***„Gentian"***. I doubted it, asked again a bit later, and it was some *pastry with „cherries" or some round and reddish things*, a few of them in some kind of row or assembly, can be that there was also some white on it. They were on something, like a cloth or in a bag, or on a cake … not sure.

Then, one more time, this time I asked Edith, and I received a *big wool ball of multi colored wool.*

Oh well.

So, there.

That is synchronicity.

I was supposed and driven and urged to get another message from Bob and Edith today, when I felt so lost in this mortal realm … I tried to share cocoa milk and a new kind of cookies I had found with Bob and Edith in the evening … so I guess they got it.

And I got the Gentian … right after I had found it on the cemetery yesterday and with the gold-stone a few days ago.

That is just magical.

Nah.

It's inter-realm communication at its finest. Too bad "C" doesn't want to communicate anymore about that kind of stuff, she would say "Can't make this shit up." No. But it's real.

I wish I could share it with someone who is really interested.

Mahalo, Stoneman. I miss you so much. And Edith. And my brother Peter.

May 5, 2022 – **The Red Bulbs!**

I did **dream of Bob.**

I had asked to dream of him. He was there a lot in my dream. But it was also a heartbreak dream, I couldn't really reach him … There was something about a long road with many people on them, and he was also busy and seemingly on the way, and I saw him and was trying to follow him, but he did not really look at me but knew that I saw him. There was some kind of disaster, either happening, or it was in the aftermath … but there was also several instances where I had a flesh-and-blood face of Bob's right in front of me. But it wasn't real in strange ways … It was kind of stiff as if it was dead, and his mouth was too wide open to be kissed, and there were wire-like curly single beard hairs around that mouth … but I was so happy because I could kiss and touch and snuggle my face up to that face … and yet, all the time I knew, even in my dream, that this was not the real Bob. But it was either "of" Bob or "from" Bob.

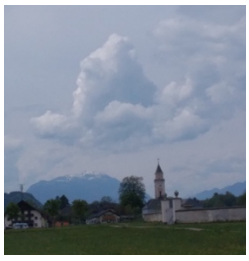
I do think it was a granting of my wish to dream of him, to be with him in my dream, intensely and then remember it! I felt so desperate yesterday, knowing that he is just gone baby gone. And then the dream … as if my subconscious struggled to make sense of all that happened while I was sleeping … we did meet while my body was asleep, I know that. But my wish had been to recall the dream and me being with Bob when waking up. I kind of got that …

Thinking back, it's very bitter-sweet and more bitter at that … the story is unclear, it was a long running back and forth, lots of other people and me knowing that it won't ever be again with Bob the way it was.

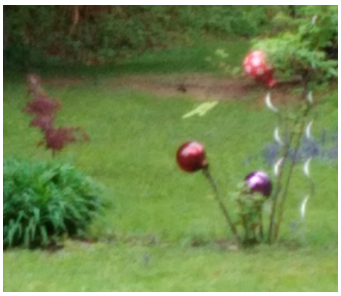
Many times these days I have a hard time fathoming that he is in fact dead in this world. Bob died. My Bob is dead. This is unbelievable.

I discovered a ***stone bird*** in a garden near a small creek where I often go with Jacqui …

Took ***mom*** for a walk to ***Rosegg*** today, and I had a hard time staying calm, she is just so negative so often and wouldn't talk to me … but she was happy about the good feeling with her fixed teeth, so I was happy too. And that pink tree … just a miracle of nature's lust to bloom … even my mom admired it. (Note: A few weeks later she wouldn't remember it …) And there was a amazing "***shark's mouth***" in the sky, too.



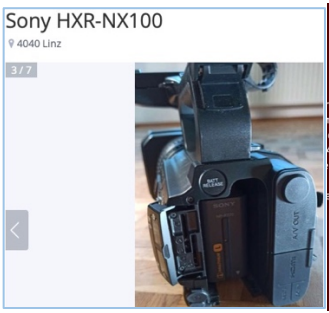
I also realized something, but I don't exactly recall the date, so here … Bob had given me ***„bright red shiny round balls or bulbs"*** a few days ago … and only today I realizes that I am walking by those every other day! The are decorations in a garden along the street close to where I live! I didn't dare to stop and obviously photograph them … but I did manage to take a pic!



May 6, 2022 – **The Video Camera & the Patterns on the Stones & on the Hands**

Woke up with pain in my right upper abdomen, under the last rib, where there was pain before, and it seems to radiate into my back. Had to cough quite a bit yesterday, and this morning some strange burping. But well, drinking Cistrose tea and starting with Boswellia serrata and cat's claw today.

Last night, I felt compelled to check on video cameras online … and as I did, I found just one suiting, a Sony … and when I read up on that model at a pro website, I came across the image of hands with amazing henna painting … and I could not help but notice the similarity with the stones I found. I did tell the astrologer Daniela about the Enzian situation … she was appreciative of me sharing.



So seeing those **patterns** again – including the **gold** along with them! – in connection with **filmmaking**, could be a very deep strong clue.

May 9, 2022 – **The Impaling Wood**

Oh wow. What a realization again.

First, yesterday, mother's day, I took mom for a walk to my favorite bench under the tree on the pasture high up. I was very surprised that she agreed to walk at all. Then she was again at my place to eat some more chicken, cauliflower salad and fruit salad of mango and pear. It was nice. ***I went to grab the stone with the golden nuggets,*** it lives now with the toys I found and other stones in my home. I told my mom its story again, and she was quite intrigued.

And I found another, very strange round stone on the path.

I was a bit distraught, because in the morning, I had grabbed the novel I had picked for my father from the free books display near the shopping area, "**Dragon boat**", about Vikings. My father loves that stuff, so I thought I'd enjoy it. So I thought I see how it starts and read the first pages – and I was glued to it as much as I was horrified, it was the detailed description of the impaling of a woman. I know I can't get that imagery out of my mind again, I thought and was horrrriiiified, and kept thinking why in the world I had been drawn to fucking reading this shit. I considered throwing that away, too. But I kept grabbing it and reading other sections, random choices … it's really about the Viking days, the horrible way of life, the fighting, just gruesome.

I took a walk with CH yesterday, and we nearly broke into a fight, because her drugged ways of thinking drive me nuts. I have to stay away from that. She wants to get her substitution medication reduced, fine …

So at night, in bed, last night, I had a real **talk with Bob,** out loud, lying in bed, it was like he was with me. I talked about our days together, and whether or not he can feel my condition now … and I put out my hand for him to put something in it, and immediately, an ***empty sea urchin shell*** appeared. Wow. Right after that, I saw a black old-fashioned men's hat, but it was small and kind of far away. I reminds me now, that I think about it, of my grandfather Franz, who used to wear a hat like that, always … and I had been talking about him recently …

Add farmer chat about the swine and the cows … farmer know my family, Edith used to come visit, and also the Picejs!

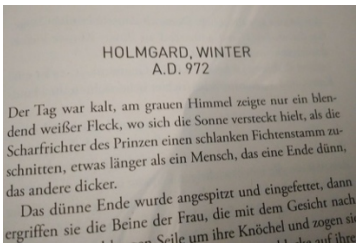
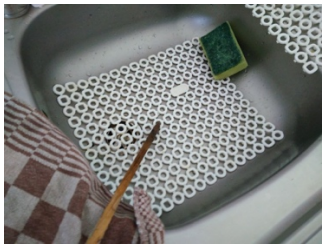
And also I saw something else on my hand, can't recall right now.

Then I had a horrible night of tossing and turning, and in the morning I had a very intense dream of Bernie, an old friend of mine, with who I had some kind of erotic connection, and he had cancer … and there was some story element about me living in a hotel room while I should live in my mother's place, but it took me a while to find my way to that hotel room through town, because I was distracted by Bernie's story, and I think I had to follow him around. I haven't seen Bernie in real life for a long time. He was a strange person, without woman, lonely, a traveller, weird and shy. Like in my dream. Somehow, though, I managed to get to my mother's place, and she was already waiting for me, with her mother, my grandmother Maria – who I embraced and kind of swung around like dancing, and she looked so young. And she had a bright orange-red lipstick, and I told her how young she looked.

The dream kind of faded out … on a good note with Bernie, though, as if it was possible to heal his cancer … but it's blurry.

So in the morning I took some Bach flowers to help my kind of down spirit today, and again I took the "Dragon boat" book, thumbing through it over coffee, to distract myself from the horrible impaling imagery on my mind … and I kept thinking "Why the fuck did I have to get that image of that sharpened impaling piece of wood and the whole scenario"? I had thought about it waking up!

And the, as I dried the dishes from the sink area – ***I SAW IT! An "impaling wood" in my sink"! I had pulled exactly the sharpened wood like described in the book, only in a smaller version, out of a flower pot a few days ago, and ever since it had been leaning in my sink!***


HOLMGARD, WINTER
A.D. 972
Der Tag war kalt, am grauen Himmel zeigte nur ein blendend weißer Fleck, wo sich die Sonne versteckt hielt, als die Scharfrichter des Prinzen einen schlanken Fichtenstamm zuschnitten, etwas länger als ein Mensch, das eine Ende dünn, das andere dicker.
Das dünne Ende wurde angespitzt und eingefettet, dann


So I said out loud SOOOOOO relieved "Ah, that's why!" It was not about the horrible story – although I think I got the learning that what ever we think we "endure" physically, much much worse is happening to other mortals in this fucked up human world, and was … – it was about the piece of wood!

I was told that Bob can see what I see! And this time, the book "**Dragon boat**" was the means of communication! Because there are no fucking odds that this is by chance that I read about an **impaling rod or wood** and have the exact think in my sink myself!!!!!

(Later)

Forgot to mention, that the other day, watching a quiz-show with my mother, a question came, that quite stunned me: Which one is **Hawaii's god of the ocean**, Kane, Ku, Lono or **Kanaloa**! Wow, what a throw-back to my real life! Also, today, I received an automatic job alert from LinkedIn, from a company named "**ohana**", which is – among others – the Hawaiian term for "family"! Oh shit, that Hawaiian stuff coming for me! How often have I heard Bob say those terms, how often have I said them … just last night, when I talked with Bob so intensely, and during several walks before that, I thought back at my life … and how uncanny it is, that I don't remember a lot of my immense work on the Hawaii-documentary, that spanned over so many years … I have forgotten names, of current people and of those of the past … so much I forgot … and before that, before I had even met Bob, I already had a huge intense life of several intense experience "packages", so that it feels to me sometimes like I'm not looking back at one life of mine but of several … that's how much I have thought and done and felt already in this go-around. And what is still to come?

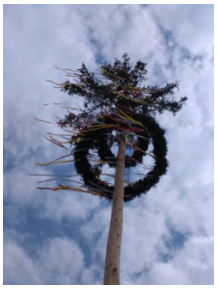
And then an unknown number called, and I didn't pick up at first. Then looked in my contacts, but only the first few digits, and the name "plumber somebody" came. So I called back … but lo and behold, it was Christian Kremsner, the camera man with who I had made "Making of Barricades"! Asking how I was and telling me that he would be entirely up for production with me again.

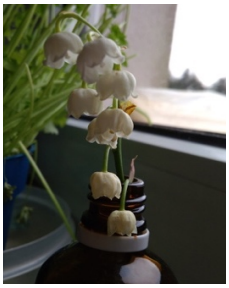
Wow. What is going on here …?!

A very heartbreaking incident with my mother today, where she was so horribly embarrassed by some bodily functions …. And I am noticing that she does have blanks about a lot of things of the past weeks, just can't remember. She seems to have some kind of forgetfulness-fit right now. I really don't know what to think about this … I felt so sorry for her. And I hated for her to go back into her apartment and be all alone there … but she does like exactly that. I think. Because she claims that.

I made a fruit cake again, and will bring it to her later, with a spinach dinner.

Came by some traditional Austrian May tree today, too … seemed to have some meaning in terms of "pointing at the skies" … Also the other day I found an edible "**morchel**", a rare mushroom (morel in English=, right on my path. I thought it was an inedible "lorchel" (mitre mushroom), but just googled it, it's a morchel. Plus lovely **Maiglöckchen** (little May bells, in English Lilies of the Valley), in the forest and in the garden where I live …





Sometimes I can't help but think how much time we had lost … but could I really have intervened during all those many years when she rejected me so much? Could I have helped her, when she wanted me far away and thought I was "the devil"? I should have realized that she was not in her right mind … but I did not. Same with Bob.

May 10, 2022

Met with Silvia for a walk this afternoon. We ran into each other last night – after not seeing each other for years – when she had visited a colleague of hers who lives in the same house as me, just next entrance.

We had agreed on 4 p.m., and I had totally adjusted my schedule to it, and she called at about 3.30 p.m. to ask if 6 p.m. would be okay for me. No, I said, I'm spending the evenings with my mother, so we agreed on 5 p.m. I was a bit miffed, because she had said she was busy with her vegetables, and it was hot … geez, I suddenly remembered so well how difficult it was with her back in the day, she is very ignorant of other people, likes to chat, but doesn't really listen … long story short, we met at 5 p.m., and I got all my work done and had been with my mom to the dentist at 2 p.m. and had gone to the washing salon in the late morning, and and and … It was like before, I could not really be myself with Silvia, and yes, we did talk, shared stories, walked through the forest, but she practically ran – although overweight – and seriously walked ahead with her back towards me a lot … and suddenly she was in a rush. But she had suggested 6 p.m., and now she was in a rush and needed to get home – at our first walk together in years? I was taken aback. I did not feel well with her. I saw CH sit on her balcony as we walked by, and she later sent me a text, and I realized that I have many times really enjoyed being with CH, even though that sounds odd to me right now. She told me, via text, that she had indeed pulled through the lowering of the meds dose that she is getting, and that is just very very good. I'm proud of her. I realized that several times I had been able to really be myself with CH, not always, and with Silvia I didn't feel accepted that much … it was very strange. And she said a lot of things that she always used to say … and more stuff that just is so different in tone and content than anything in my life, and I can't really relate. There is no real interest in me from Silvia's side … that was my impression. There is and has always been a very strange streak of self-pity and even selfishness in her … I felt repulsed back in the day and still am …

Strangely I had to think about what CH had told me about how her now Ex had kind of changed her in the sense that she had to become really a "good girl" after her youth stint in the love-for-hire-business … and there she has pretty much lost her entire sense of eroticism, no more love-making with him, not for a long time, and she doesn't even dare to be sexy anymore for fear he judges her as … whore-like … Jesus Christ, no wonder the girl is on drugs. Was. She can make it, I feel it.

We talked about how interesting it would be to experience one's true self, without the shield or veil of meds … and she really liked the idea.

So we'll see. There is something tragic about Silvia, even more tragic than about CH.

And I learned something really tragic: The man who I had a very nice talk with during a visit to an apartment that I was interested in, at "***Engelweg***", "Angel's Path", close to "Devil's Gulch" where my parents and I lived when I had just been born, ***Oliver***, who had told me that he had cancer … he ***died in December.*** Geez! I remember him well! I fell loss because of this. In the pit of my stomach, sadness. Oliver Köck. He died! He had an eight years old son … I remember him mentioning him. I don't remember the contents of our chat … I'll go back in this c. d. … I'm sure he is here right now …

I will always remember the nice talk we had, it was very intense. Very unusual. I told it Silvia – he was her boss! – and she didn't even react to my story that I met him and talked to him. No interest. She is still in a very strange way aloof. This pisses me off. And it was like we had only met for that talk, not for the apartment … and he did pass over. Move on. Graduate. I don't remember his face, but I shall google him.

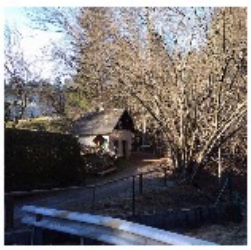
I do remember that I found it strange that I never heard back from him, I even thanked him for our nice talk, never again a word. When was that? Okay, I checked: March 26, 2021. Yes … the strange story with the angel wings on the truck on the way back to Griffen after Oliver, "the renter" had called me on March 24, 2021 for the appointment …

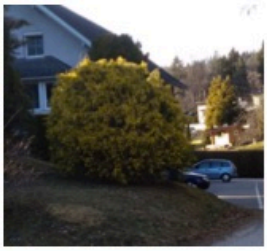
On the drive home – I was barely on the highway, when a truck overtook me – with **two black angel wings** on it's back, next to a logo. But it was so fast that I had no chance to photograph it!

Angel wings! The address where the apartment is and where I had just been is "Engelgasse": "**Angel Alley**", yes, that's the address of the apartment! And the part of Velden where it's in, is named "Sonnental", "**Sun Valley**", ... yup, right next to the big gulch named "Devil's Gulch" or "Pit" ... I actually like that area. I felt good up there! The house is situated so that stepping outside one looks into the

March 26, 2021

Drove to Velden to check out the apartment ... ***it's not for me.*** It's so strange, as it's the exact contrary of what I need: It has no view, the windows go right into the hill and at the parking lot, and the vent slots from the wet cellar end under the main windows. How could someone even consider renting this out? There was an interested **painted "Yin Yang" stone,** though, opposite that house, in the woods, in "**Devil's Gulch**" ...





The interesting thing, though, is, that the renter, Oliver, and me got into a spirited conversation ... well, it was rather me totally "being me" again, smart and eloquent and having so much to say, and he was impressed. So that he opened up to me that he had a huge **kidney tumor removed** in November last year, and now he's hoping he's got no metastases. Well, good luck to that. I ended up

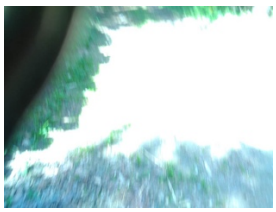
A kidney tumor. Like my brother Peter. And I ended up telling him about the healing remedies I know, like Boswellia Serrata and Cat's Claw ... too late, obviously. Silvia said that he ended up having uncountable metastases in his brain.

So maybe that meeting with Silvia was meant to get this information to me?

And – Oh, so many "**808**" license plate numbers in the last days, and "910" ones! And today a "**250**" one, Bob's phone number, too ... maybe two days ago, there were two cars in a row with "808", and then a "911" ... so strange ...

May 11, 2022

Nothing special happened, but I found among the pics on my cell phone a few interesting "burst" photos ... so here they are:



They look like some kind of *"improving view of things",* first just a bright light blur, then increasingly clearer ... is that some kind of message? I know not everything is, but I have learned to accept the relevance of what gets to my attention so strongly. I took a short walk with J at the spot where I often stop before driving on to my mom's ... there was that *squirrel truck*, too ... and a squirrel is a main factor in my Regents of Clouds SciFi trilogy ... oh my life as a filmmaker, where art

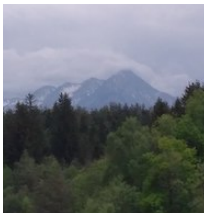
thou? Plus … snails are all over the paths. I put them out of harm's way, but I have been thinking how odd that they are exactly in the spots where they are the most vulnerable …

May 13, 2022

"808 EX" parked in front of the settlement where I live as I came back from visiting my mother. She has been worse in terms of mental capacity in the evenings, I notice. And if I don't come by to get her to eat, she will forget. She behaves like she can't count to three and sighs and moans like she is doing some heavy lifting and talks sometimes in a "broken" "suffering" tone. I must discipline myself so much … it makes me so aggressive at times. On the other hand she speaks entirely clearly, is alert and normal, only when it comes to feeding herself she is like a dumb child. Brr.

May 15, 2022 **– The Ultimate Cremation Image**

Amazing cloud formation, anvil cloud … yesterday: smoking volcano, seen from lake Saissersee.



Also … I googled information about Joan Cusack, who, I think, is an approachable person and who I would like to play one of the major "Regents of Clouds" … and I came across the series "Shameless" about a drunkard father with his struggling family where she plays a character too. But the fascinating things is that after all that time I did find the perfect image of a body being shoved into a cremation oven … like I have imagined so many times having been done with Bob … and also my brother Peter and Edith … wow … Is this morbid? I don't know. Just recently I read that ***in Hinduism people believe that the physical remains must entirely be destroyed*** … and this concept really pleases me. ***It makes sense to me, totally. Otherwise there will always be grief over the loss of the mortal when one keeps spending time at a grave or an urn with "remains". And grieving puts energy out there that does not help the discarnates and that prevents the understanding of eternal life.***

The Final Shameless Mid-Credits Scene
It wouldn't be an in-character Shameless finale without the traditional mid-credits stinger.

Most Hindus believe that humans are in a cycle of death and rebirth called samsara. When a person dies, their atman is reborn in a different body. Some believe rebirth happens directly at death, others believe that an atman may exist in other realms.

https://www.bbc.co.uk › guides › zhxpr82 › revision

What does Hinduism teach about life after death? - BBC Bitesize

May 16, 2022 – 20th ANNIVERSARY of Bob and I meeting & the Moon Eclipse

Twenty years ago I met Bob for the first time. I'm not sure if I shall reminisce or ignore it. Can't help but think about it. Yolanda drove there to bring him lanai furniture she had gotten from a friend, we had picked it up in Kula. Then we drove to Bob. And then I saw him. And I climbed around on the truck like a monkey unloading the table and the chairs … and he was so impressed. In the house, upon entering for the first time the house that was to become my beloved home, I fell over the trash that Bob had put to the right next to the door, and we all had a good laugh. Oh I had no idea what I was in for … and then I saw the Bowflex, and Bob showed me how to do it … I was in that room for the first time … where I would spend years longing for Bob and missing him even when he was there … where I spent a long time alone …. Where I would cry so much … like never before … and where I would see Bob the dying man in August 2018, upon arriving from Austria … shocked to realize how sick he was. But he could have lived …

Did I fail you, Bob, did I?

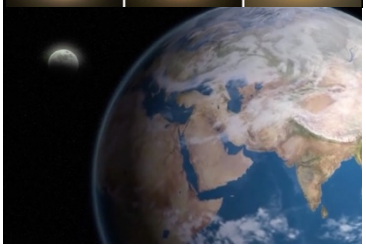
I want to know.

When I sat back in the truck after that first visit with Yolanda, he came to my passenger window and asked if he would see me again. And I said that I hoped so. He smirked and said great, so then it would be. I saw him from close, and I loved him. Yolanda next to me was smirking …

Not long after that he sang "Play me" to me.

What a story was about to unfold … and now, I don't even know what to do or who I am.

Last night was a **super moon eclipse**, very special one, mom called me in the morning to tell me that she was up at 4 a.m. noticing the pitchdark.



How interesting, that today, **the anniversary of Bob's and my meeting was that moon spectacle** that was celebrated all over the world … and Bob was the "moon" for me, that's what he sang to me. Uncanny … ***"You're the sun, and I'm the moon, you're the words and I'm the tune, play me …."***

We may have met on May 15, *not sure,* ***but it was in the mid afternoon … and it was Hawaiian time.*** And today was that moon eclipse mid morning … 20 years later. The next eclipse will be on November 8, this year, the day after Edith's second death anniversary.

Today, big thunderstorm just now, almost 4 p.m. Took mom to the lake earlier, I swam a round, she watched.

Then dramatic clouds. And now … rain and thunder and lightning. And me hearing Bob's voice saying "Happy anniversary Dani." And I say "Happy? Are you fucking with me?" I do remember mortal Bob saying this on the phone, long time ago … I think it was in the stretch from 2014 when we didn't meet for years … and I was so surprised that he even remembered.

Yes, I will never forget seeing Bob emerge from housie for the first time … I knew that my life was changing just then. And it has been twenty (20) years … and Bob is no more. And I'm here.

Sent my "Native of Owhyhee" DVD and my "From Trauma to Peace" DVD to Joan Cusack Burke to Chicago today, to her Judy Maxwell Home giftstore address. On a whim. Got the idea yesterday. Not sure why.

How can it be that Bob is dead?

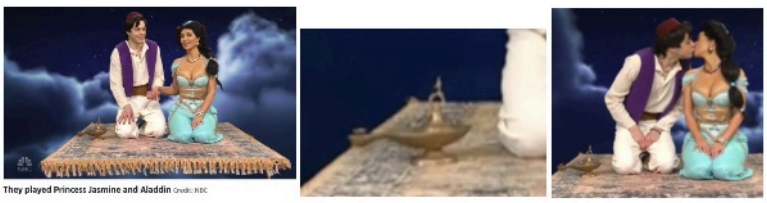
How the fuck?

(Later**) The Lamp Reloaded!**

Oh geez … went for a walk with **CH** after a few days … I didn't want to have anything to do with her pills personality anymore … but we got to chat about synchronicity as a means of the disca to communicate with us, the inca … and we talked about the "**Aladdin lamp**" that her dead partner Mike had shown me for her … and that I had seen then on a Kim Kardashian image. And only today CH said to me that she had been thinking about this and that it seemed to relate more to Manfred, her now ex-partner, because his mother loved to watch ***"I dream of Jeannie"***, and the **lamp is the symbol for a "dschinn***", a "spirit" like Jeannie is one and that* ***Kim Kardashian represented in that image!*** Wow, that is one great aspect to it! So it was meant for CH, because I could not possibly know this! It was interesting to talk to her today … inspite of all the resentments I have against her because she is on pills all the time – but has dosed them down – she is, in fact, the smartest and most understanding person I know right now.

Geez.

March 29, 2022 – **THE LAMP APPEARED!**
Oh Jesus Christ, it is working every time!
Went for a late walk with Jacqui, knowing that I'd have several jobs to do. Back home I thought okay, I check the news online first. There was some headline about **Kim Kardashian** and her new **boyfriend**, of who I hadn't heard anything yet … I thought I'd read that because I can't stand the bad news anymore.
So I googled them – and there it was! The **lamp** that I had received in my hand by I had thought "Mike", Conny's dead friend, but I think now it was for me, and it was Bob. Because how else could that work so perfectly? What are the odds? I felt compelled to google a random celebrity and ended up seeing – the lamp!



They played Princess Jasmine and Aladdin Credit: NBC

May 17, 2022 – **800 HI**

A number greeting?

I drove to my mom – after she had called me, expressing her interest in getting out of her apartment! – and took a short break at the forest path where I usually take Jacqui for a relaxing pee stroll before driving on to my mom, who lives a few minutes from there.

As I entered the car again, I noticed that the kilometer counter had just been on "800" exactly, and as I was driving off, it counted on! Too bad that I was driving in traffic already and couldn't take a picture. I thought that at least I had noticed it, but why?

So then I took my mother to Rosegg for a walk between the fields and by the animal park, and she enjoyed it and was in a much better mood than usual. And as we walked by the entrance of the animal park, the first car I saw had the license plate number **"800 HI"!** So yes, hi there! You saw the "800" too?

I had to lie down later, feeling very exhausted … hard time breathing, and I thought of Bob so intensely and how much I miss him. Last night, driving to my mom, I had switched on the radio for a moment, and the refrain of a song was on that went "I still miss you every day" … no shit.

I felt so close to Bob just earlier, very amazing. As I he was right around the corner.

CH and her ex-hubby Manfred express a lot of interest in near-death experiences, so I sent them the links to Thanatos.tv and Empirische Jenseitsforschung … well, they should read Stewart & Betty's work … I guess I'll have to give CH the printout of "Our Unseen Guest".

(Later)

Lost it again against my mom … finding her unable and unwilling to eat her "on wheels" delivered food. I made the mistake trying to reason with her, but she either refuses everything – sun umbrella, lighter clothes, going outside – or just stares at me or looks somewhere else in the room. When I ask her if she can't talk now anymore, she says – in a total normal way – that she doesn't know what to say. I know that she can be so much better, but if I'm not totally behind it, she'll sink into some stupor. She likes to go out and is always eager to go shopping, but after that, back home, she just watches TV and eats sweets all the time and yogurt … and she is getting overweight. She is healthy, thank God, and I pray that she will never be so confused that she'll go out and get lost at night … I don't think she will if she keeps going the way she goes now, with her mental health, but sometimes I just can't handle it when she plays the poor victim as I'm "yelling" at her … I do my best, I'm there all the time, I wrap my own schedules totally around her life … and then I can't handle being accused of being the bad ones … I don't know what to do to stay calm. I have trouble with my breathing sometimes and with those stress hot flashes at emotional surges … I know I must take care of myself, but how? I won't give up on my mom, but sometimes I just feel so frustrated.

May 18, 2022

"**222 LV**" like "LOVE" and right after that "**222 BD**" on cars along my usual routes … I felt greeted.

Took mom for a nice walk along the river Drau … looked at a biotope … Massive amount of red fruits on the tree in front of my window … reminder that the year is progressing, soon the fruits will drop and attract the wasps ...

I was so worried tonight because I had been so nasty to her. I asked her if she can remember that … and she just smiled and said something like "we all have our bad days". I just will do everything to support her mind so that she will never end up a confused and demented person. I swear.

Went for a swim in lake Wörthersee with CH and later for a walk. I start to believe that she really can make it out of her junkiedom … she really wants to. I should believe her. I doubt it.

May 19, 2022 **– The Roses!**

Oh, wow!

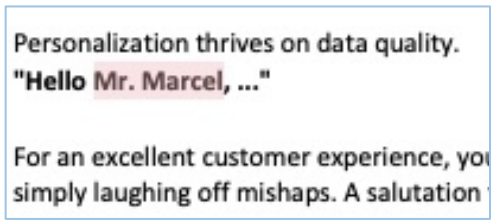
CH had told me a few days ago about a man she had met at a local pub and who was so sad about his divorce that he kept singing a sad folk ***song***, *like "When the swallows move homeward, and the roses stop blooming …"*

And I know the guy and the song, and I kept singing it, as it's a very catch tune … and today I took a walk with J, and I took a short cut where I had never walked before, but a little while ago with CH.

And as I walked along that path and reached a spot between two houses, some pathway, I found myself facing – ***roses that are in the process of stopping to bloom!*** But it is NOT the time for this! *Roses are barely even beginning to bloom!* And here I found a bush that matches the roses in the song!

May 20, 2022 – **Marcel & Pulm, 808, 222 & 910**

Today, CH told me about the son of the woman who lives one story downstairs, whose name is "Marcel", and who has a severe drug problem. And in the evening, I got a bunch of texts to edit, and in one of them there is an example of addressing an online customer and how not to do it, and the name chose is "Marcel".


Personalization thrives on data quality.
"Hello Mr. Marcel, ..."
For an excellent customer experience, yo
simply laughing off mishaps. A salutation

That is very strange.

I have been thinking how I don't write much into this contact diary, whilst in my mind I'm always dealing with the subject. I still see the most amazing license plate numbers … like yesterday, me having breathing problems again, have had them for days, and I go shopping with my mom – who improves so much – and a car pulls up right in front of us, with the license plate number "**HA PULM 1**". You know "HA" = breath of life, and "PULM" for "pulmonary" = relating to breathing

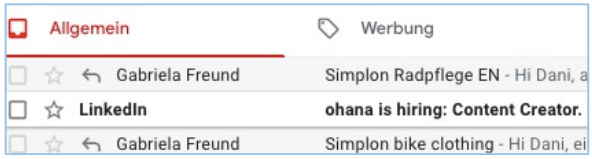
There.

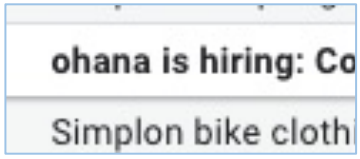
That is just one example … I can't even get around to writing about the many "222" and "808" and "910" incidents anymore … but they are everywhere, always.

I miss Bob so much.

Trying to reach my father, doesn't pick up. Will have to go visit him.

Also … I keep getting LinkedIn notification about a company hiring a videographer, and the company's name is Hawaiian, "ohana", meaning "family" or dependance of a house. Oh how often have I heard Bob say it. It's hard right now, really is.



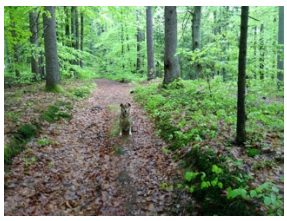
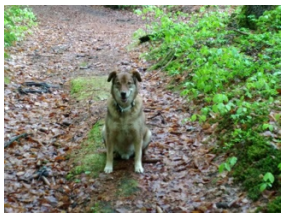


Even though I'm happy when I see my mom in good spirits. She has spent hours here at my place, with me having cooked something or just to take a break. We go for walks. She likes to take the lecithin, it's like the brain having a say in that … I take it too.

But then, can barely breathe, my heart hurts, I'm so exhausted and can sometimes barely move at night when I get up … I have such a hard time deciding what to do … what to strive for and if at all. I see and talk with CH who wants to get rid of her addictions and then make sense of her life. Okay. I should too.

My aunt Heidi is at the hospital right now because of a life threatening condition, my mom calls her! From her part! To check on her! Wow. That alone was worth everything.

Plus … along the road to the Aich bench under the tree with the grand Ma'alaea view … I discovered that someone had put soft *pillows* on the bench that has my name "Johanna" and that is in direct view of the bid two-colored stone!

May 21, 2022
With mom a& J t river Drau … savoring the moments when she enjoys herself and the views

May 22, 2022 **– The Folded Black Thing – Threefold!**
Oh finally a real exchange again.
It's Sunday. I woke up at night to the sound of my dog expelling diarrhea … he shat on a piece of cloth that I could easily throw away. (The green one is the replacement.) Slept on. Wild dreams.

Last night I had shown CH my Mad Fauna rap videos and my MoB trailer … and something strange happened: I had reminded of myself. I felt and feel like having a bad hangover. During my walk this late morning with Jacqui in the sunny, thunderstormy mood, I realized that I must "imua" in my way for me on my terms and not waste my time. CH chose a few of my clothes that I will give away, nice … I gave her apricot compote and we chatted.

I also had started reading a book about the fate of Arab girls in the modern world who are treated like in the middle ages … oh shit, I got that kind of shock because of this, too.

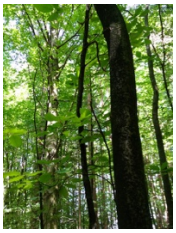
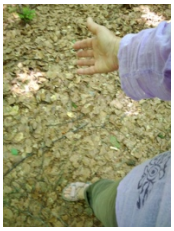
Oh wow, just now, as I was writing the above lines, I realizes another level of today's communication with Bob, it is so stunning.

So I kept reading that book after CH left … she had met my mother earlier as mom was at my place and CH had come to get some cell salts from me against head ache … and today I am filled with the horrible realization what an abusive mess human society is …

So in the forest, I felt so much longing for being with **Bob**, and somehow *I felt his presence so strongly* … it was like he was right next to me, as I was *walking along a little creek* … Also found a divided stone …

It was all so quiet, not other people, at all … and I asked Bob to put something into my hand to prove to me that he was with me. I saw, on my right hand, right away, a yellow beige sponge … and then, right afterwards, it turned into some kind of light dough with cream cake with a crown-like structure on it. Oh well, I thought. I said out loud "Sorry, I don't trust this", and I held out my left and – and immediately I had the inner visual impression of ***a folded black thing, like a cloth, but also kind of shiny and in a way hidden, not fully visible, but flat.*** I said out loud *"A folded black thing … that feels kind of scary."* I thought of a black cloth, which in my culture stands for death.

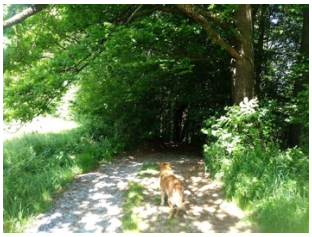
So J and I walked on … and in another area of the forest I asked Bob to hold my hand … and I did several "play me" episodes where I play Bob to let him experience the mortal realm, the smells, the green, the bird voices and also Jacqui's warm fur …. And I asked him to walk along the path hand in hand with me … I said "*So are you hovering along with me now?"* And I went very ***close to a tree next to the path*** and said *"Oh shit, did you just bump your head? Can you guys bump your head?"* And I stopped (to photograph) and said to Bob that this was now a great theme for him to reflect back to me to prove that he was with me.

I walked on … more "play me" … very intense …

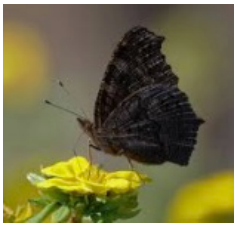
The I left the forest and entered the long meadow stretch right before the final forest stretch … and I was tunned shitless, because I saw a ***black car*** slowly drive down the path – and **the black was shiny and looked like "folded", because the car was driving downhill, and I only saw the *upper part* of it, the roof and part of the area below the rear window.** I said out loud immediately, with a burst of emotion ***"the black folded thing!"***

Wow! That was so clear and so fast! Bob had known that I would see a part of a shiny black car in a spot where it was totally unlikely to see a car at all. Of course I couldn't photograph it, it was too fast gone. But wow!



I was still in awe, when I saw a **black butterfly** with some faint light pattern sit on the path … ***its wings were folded***!

And again I said out loud ***"Wow, a black folded thing!"***



Seriously!

Geezaz! I'm sure as I'm writing this down, Bob and his folks are delighted and all around me. In the forest I also remembered that I had sent my "Native of Owhyhee" documentary to Joan Cusack and that in reality I was hoping to connect with John Cusack. Why? Not sure. Because he is unusual and I remember well the evening we met at Pukalani Foodland and he greeted me?!

So the, back home, I sat down to write this morning's miracles down, as I intend to drive to the lake for a swim, without J of course and to then visit my mom. I called her to remind her to get her news paper, she tried to refuse, but I asked her to go out and do it .. and later she called to tell me she had gone out to pick up the paper and had seen many people.

I had just started writing – like mentioned above in the text – when I realized, that the "folded black thing" that I had "seen" can also be – the book I have been reading! It is a ***black book.*** And of course counts as ***"a black folded thing".***

So the disbelief when I received the "folded black thing" on my hand from Bob was, again, entirely unwarranted, because I saw the right thing, **I did really receive the image that I was intended to receive – it is working, still working!**

And walking on I was so filled with the thought that I must beware of doing the right things with my time. I suddenly feel not drawn to CH anymore, since last night. She was nice, nothing happened … well, it did. She had left a garden party with much beer to go for a walk with me (a party she had said the day before she would not attend). Then, after walking and after me feeding her compote and she watching my Mad Fauna work and she picking some of the clothes and jackets I wanted to give away, she said that she could not take the things right now because she had left her keys and all at the party.

And that was cooling me off in a very strange way. That's the feeling today. Last night it did not matter much, even though I found it a bit startling as it meant that she had not meant to visit with me so long. She probably wanted to get back to the party all along … well. So much for priorities. I am good for her, as a company, I know that. But I have done what I can for her, I tried to inspire her last night, I hope it worked. But she still is on antidepressants and substitution drugs, and I don't know who she is. She gets nothing done she starts, she says, she had no money and constant troubles of many kind … I feel very repulsed today.

I got it, Stoneman, I got it totally.

I am going to be so outspoken and true to myself. I will.

Thanks for walking with me today, my love. I hope, you'll be there swimming, too.

(Can't wait to get back and put the last photographs into this contact diary that are still in my cell phone.)

May 23, 2022 – **The Flower Comfort!**

Crazy day. Wow. Had a talk with my father's neighbor, Klausi, who was so kind to immediately call me after my email from last night. Turns out, that Picej, my father's "friend" is known, officially, with government, for having taken advantage of people in terms of property!

Jesus Christ!

Then, I drove to Edith's grave … and I found ***my lovely carnation pot entirely dried out***, with just a few flowers still blooming, the other buds nearly dead, while the rest of the grave was wet and well watered. My father knew that the carnations were from me and let them die. Klausi said that people know that my father is in danger and not in his right mind anymore.

So … I took J for a short walk now, late afternoon, as I must go see my mother and want to speak to my father, too. And I took a path I hadn't intended to … and there was **a tiny wooden flower!** I was baffled, because it reminded me of something … and suddenly it dawned on my: ***It's like a carnation flower!*** I was told that "they see" and I interpret it that I'm on the right path still!

Wow!

CH texted me today that she had been afraid to connect with me because she had been drinking after she had left me the day before yesterday. Well, now all is clear. I am so detaching from her. I am not interested anymore, actually, in her. She is a junkie and a drinker, all bla-bla what she has been saying about not drinking and her boyfriend being the problem. Such a fucking liar. I am so done with her.

She then told me that I was putting her "into a drawer"! Fuck her! I have given her the benefit of a doubt all the time and have believed in her! And she has just fucked up everything all the time, was drinking all the time, at the first best opportunity.

But what am I expecting? A brain that is doped by antidepressants and substitute-cocaine-meds is supposed to pull through and alcohol-withdrawal? Who the fuck is anyone kidding?

I am SO tired of this shit.

I really really must and want to focus on my own stuff.

My father is a priority now. He said he had had an "accident" and hurt himself … I must find out.

The doc wrote back to me he can't share info, of course. The social person, who I know from dealing with my mother, gave me the shittiest feedback ever, when I said that my father is endangering himself: That as long as he is of clear mind, he can do what he wants. "Clear" fucking mind? What is that supposed to mean? People have the right to ruin themselves? Oh sure. But at the same time they do not have the right to cause harm to others. And that is what my father does.

I will visit him today. We'll see.

May 24, 2022 – **The Kvitka-Insight**

Today, when I saw CH and told her about the little flower I found and showed her the pictures of how similar it is to the carnation blooms, I suddenly realized that the little flower might also relate to her: I used to call her "***kvitka***" when I had that phase weeks ago when I started to learn Ukrainian language, which means "little flower". And as I walked down that path when I found the flower, it was also on my mind how disappointed I was about CH and how there are so many disputing feelings about her … and finding that flower can also mean that Bob is telling me that "he knows".

Oh … sometimes writing about "Bob" feels like reflecting about something or someone of so long ago … I have been so intensely in the world of the mortals recently … my Stoneman, my life on Maui, all my plans … how far away all of this is …

I have the urge to get my body to lose weight, I can't feel so heavy and old like I do now … I must feel different, then … I don't know what then.

Right now, writing this, thinking about Bob, I feel so very desolate and confused. How can I even live when he is gone?

May 25, 2022

Huge thunderstorm and rain with lightning at night … J lay down next to my bed on the floor, and I patted him to comfort him. Had to think of my parents how they are so alone there, each of them … well, and me. Alone too.

On one hand I am so happy about my mom that she is so clear on the phone and generally, but then I get so frustrated because she is just in front of the TV all the time. Today I asked her to let me use her washing machine, and she refused (again). I left, very pissed off. Because I know what I do for her, and how I care, and I can't even get the tiniest help from her – so that I don't have to go to the washing salon at Villach? I don't want to buy a washing machine for my apartment, I only have so little space and would have to buy a very small one … I don't want right now.

Took her for a walk to Rosegg, found a teal colored heart, a hair clip … of course I thought of Bob and his love for the color teal …

Today I had intended to go see my father again … I just cannot reach him on the phone, which is kind of frustrating. I worry about him. I feel sorry for him. He is so miserable and alone. I can help him. But I still am afraid to face him, as he will reject me again, and I don't know if I can take it. I see the old and physically nearly destroyed man … and I can imagine his suffering, but still there is that horrible cold and dangerous aggression in him … I must learn to seem him not as the person I know him to be.

I must help him.

May 26, 2022 – **The 2 Names**

Oh wow, just when I think the communication is kind of drying out all the way to feeling abandoned and even saying it out loud … it happens!

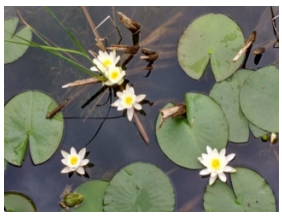
Today, I went to see my father at noon. Couldn't make myself to do it yesterday, so today … he started out horribly nasty and ranted about how he had told me to stay away. And that I had texted Picej that he was not in good shape and why Picej doesn't care about him properly. Not the remainder of the message, he only picks what suits him – against me. But I managed to keep my calm and insist on needing to know how he is and needing him to be reachable by phone, because of the "household accident" he had mentioned and that he doesn't want to go into details today. He told me that he had instructed his doctor to not tell anyone anything about his ailments … He got loud, at the gate, again, and I'm sure the neighborhood was listening … but I managed to drive the

conversation and get him to calm down and promise to connect with me. At first he was yelling "You are only here because you want to inherit everything" … he is such an idiot, totally not realizing that this is true for Picej. Anyway. I gave him the syrup I had bought for him, forest berries, because he likes this stuff, and he took it. Beagle Sandy was ecstatic when she saw me, whined and was so happy.

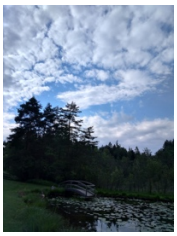
Then I drove for a swim in lake Wörthersee which was grand.

Then I drove to my mother – even though it was only 3 p.m. and suggested we eat together, which she immediately agreed to. So we at soup and then asparagus. While the asparagus was getting warmed, we played a few rounds of "***Schwarzer Peter***", a card game. She was okay, and I didn't insist on getting her outside, she didn't want to.

So then, back home I took Jacqui for a walk in the forest, up to the **little pond** – and to my surprise, there were many lotos flowers now! So pretty!



I spent about an hour sitting there with Jacqui and watching and videotaping and photographing the frogs … and it seemed as if the ***clouds*** were mimicking ***the leaves of the lotos flowers*** …



It was quiet except for the birds and the frogs, and it was magical.

I sat on a big stone, and at one point I lay down on it …

I also came by a big patch of that amazing herb "**horse tail**" … like a secret gathering. And I saw a green pine cone and two spots where other cones were just coming into existence … wow, nature is such a wonderland … and I totally believe in the concept of intelligent design. Just look at my favorite flower of all … the Peonie … from the garden, got it from CH.

On the way back I suddenly had the thought if the game **"Black Jack"** is the same as "Schwarzer Peter", which means "Black Peter". I was surprised about that thought, it came out of nowhere.

Just a few minutes later, I saw ***something tiny red*** on the ground, I first thought, a leaf. I walked on, but for some reason I returned and picked it up … and I was baffled: There was a writing on the backside of the thing, a part of a word, and it seemed to have been a wrapping of a sausage, and the letters were "**WUR**" which is the first part of the German word "Wurst", which means "sausage". And that is my birth name, my parents' name! ***So I found my name in the forest!*** On a random path! No other garbage around it! **WUR…ST!** Remember, there is a bench close to there, with the name "Johanna" on it, which is one of my names, too!

Wow, I walked on, so baffled … what are the odds? What does it mean? It could have been any piece of plastic there, with any letters or numbers, but it was "WUR", from "Wurst", "sausage"!

And the most astounding aspect of this:

While ***playing "Schwarzer Peter"*** with my mother, I was attracted to ***one card*** with many ***sausages*** on it! It amused me, just because my name is "Wurst" equals "sausage" … and I kept getting that card, all the time! And then I found part of that word!

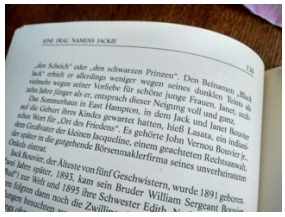
So … wow.

Back home I made a new kind of dumplings of an instant mix-with-water dough … I was (and am) a bit irritated because CH hasn't responded to my text about going to the pond and neither had picked up the phone when I called her.

Last night we took a short walk, in the rain, and she said that she was on withdrawal and would really try to get clean and sober. I also met her boyfriend later that night, at the garage where CH's new blue Polo car is … and I had the bad impression that he made fun of her, without wanting to get into details here.

So I took one of the books I had taken from the used books phone-booth where I had taken books for my father too, and I decided to read about Jackie Kennedy-Onassis. I had intended to give that book to my father, too, but then didn't.

And as I opened it and read the first page and turned it – there it was: Her father's name had been **"Black Jack"!** BLACK JACK … the term that had come to my mind out of the blue right before I found part of my name. So yes … I got it. The name was about to appear. *Black Jack. There it was. In a book I had no idea I was about to read an hour later.*



Aloha my love, Bob and all you guys there … I feel so much better today.

(Later)
Ok, CH texted, she said she had been in bed, on withdrawal. Huh. Geez, I don't want this. I don't want to know any of it. I want normal people with both feet in life ...!

(Later)

Started to name the many many photos I have to put into this c. d. … and I came across the one of the grave *where Edith's remains are* … It breaks my heart staring at that name on the tomb. I am not for grave sites and tombs. It's just so destructive for one's spirit staring at a name and having the memories of that person come back … the realization that this person died and also how they died and that we are mourning them is very harsh facing a grave.

My father told me today that he goes to her grave and talks with her … how horrible to only do that at a grave! It kind of buries them all over every time instead of acknowledging their existence …. Well, most people don't believe in it.

They say, though, that "if there is something we will meet again", but at the same time they say that their dead loved ones "are in the grave".

That is so hurtful. It pains my spirit to look at those names … I don't look at my brother's name when I deal with the plants on the grave … I don't even want to say "his" grave … it's not "him" in there.

It's a problem that people do that, look at a dead loved one's name on a tomb … it causes a strong and immediate feeling of desolation, despair, grief and loss … and immense immense longing.

<u>This is wrong.</u>

Also … it reads "Familie Wurst", but my brother had no space in there. It did not even occur to my father … oh I must keep up my positive spirit and forgiveness-mood.

I must. I will.

… oh, and the license plate numbers … wow, but I can't even write all of them down, only in the two last days, "**808 BD**" and other "808" in so many variations!

Just now, *I talked to Edith*, imagining her to sit on my nice chair, in a red lace dress with long dark hair … and I said that I really hope that she is here and fine … and my face kind of changed into her face, from my inner feeling her, the way she had always typically looked … and I sort of flashed back "as her" how it may have been when she met my father … and why in the world did she marry him, what did she see? He was so aggressive always.

She must have been so shocked to find out …

I was also a bit shocked the other day when Klausi talked about how Edith always wanted to get divorced … without her dog, she wouldn't have stayed … and only because my father allowed her to take Gipsy and then Sandy did she stay with him … if only she had not.

I'm thinking so often how we tried to be friends, and how she confided in me, and how, when I offered help, she always turned against me … and how desperately broken she looked when I saw her last in January 2020 … and I had said to her when my father wasn't in the room that she could really be the way she wanted to, not what my father wanted, because she kept saying that "Rudi wants this" and "Rudi wants that" … and I had written her emails about how she was a "Buffalo" woman in the Chinese horoscope and what her strengths were … oh what lost opportunities to be friends. My father wouldn't have it. Often Edith said she wanted me to come but he got so mad that she gave in. And now … oh geez, I should not get into this.

I asked ***Edith*** to put something into my hand … and it was something like a ***"pin" for bowling or a similarly shaped earring*** … or maybe nothing.

But I miss Edith. What a mortal misery. I do think, though, from all I read, that all this doesn't matter in the least anymore, all the suffering, and has a different meaning now for … them. All of them.

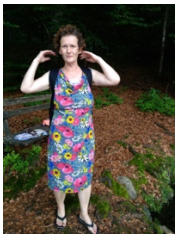
My little brother. I should connect with him … somehow I keep forgetting …

Oh human life. What a drama.

I discovered a tick earlier, in a spot that was already bright red and looked inflamed, a tiny tick … and I pulled it out … and from where it was, white lines began to spread across my leg, and a white patch was next to it. Scared me a bit, the poisonous sucker. So I took colloidal silver and Rosmary extract, will take more before going to be, and then I washed the spot with Hydrogenperoxide and put ointment and teatree oil toothpaste on. Seemed to help. No more red spot or white lines.

May 27, 2022

Took a walk and swim with CH at lake Saissersee, it was hard to bear her drug-speech. She said herself that she notices that she is high, and she hates it. Well, I was practicing self-discipline and observing, but I was repulsed to the max while at the same time kind of sorry for her. A beautiful mind and spirit, and so fucked up …



She spent the evening with me, too, I made soup … but there was a very "telling" view from my kitchen window, a barrier or wall of sorts … I want a wall, I do.

May 28, 2022 – **The Pills as Skulls & the "Bowling Pins"**

Oh wow.

This is amazing. I asked Bob to really let me know that he is around and knows what's going on … and today, as I left my mom from having shared a fish meal with her after persuading her to join me for a short Villach shopping trip, I stood on the pathway not far from her door facing **a small plastic bag with two pink pills** in it! And they had the shapes of – skulls! "***Death faces***"! Wow!

And later the number on my tachometer … oh the 222-days …

And I have been dealing with CH and her boyfriend who are heavy on ***pills***! And yesterday, as I took CH for a hike around lake Saissersee, she was so "on" that she noticed herself and was ashamed of her junkie behavior.

I was so repulsed and disgusted, but I felt a bit sorry for her and I was practicing my patience. I just know that this was the last time that I will spend time with someone who is not in their right mind but on any type of drugs. She then spent the entire evening with me in my apartment, her dog Pauli was with her boyfriend who was drinking in the garden with other guys from the blocks, and I made soup and Topfenknödel, and we chatted, and I showed her images. She was struggling to be normal and promised me and herself not to take that dose anymore … and I had to hold back so so so much all the time, as I don't see a fucking reason for taking pills as drugs substitutes at all. There were times when I wanted to slap her face, that's how dumb it looked and appeared how she behaved. I see the lovely personality behind all of that … and she had been "on turkey" the day before, taking a very low dose for a day, only to "really look forward" to the regular dose for the next day, and that was tomorrow.

I am so done with this shit!

And today I find those two pills!

So – I am so done with this shit! The pills seem to say "the two guys are doomed!" … and I cannot help them. I must totally tell CH that.

This morning I saw her briefly when I walked J, and she was so cheerful that it was not normal at all, the way she talked was exaggerated, and I felt a grudge in the pit of my stomach and aggression. This is no company for me.

I got it.

Thank you, folks, for strewing pink skull-shaped pills on my path.

Also, I looked through a magazine at my mother's, and there they were: **long bowling pin shaped earrings!** I immediately remembered having received them from **Edith** just the day before yesterday, "n my hand!" When I had had that intense exchange with her in my apartment … Jewelry! It fits to Edith, entirely! I always thought that she wanted me to have her jewelry.

I miss Bob so much. Can barely breathe at times. This morning I discovered a round red halo around my tick bite, sign of Borreliosis, but I put Colloidal Silver and Karde root extract (Wild Teasel) on the skin, and now, in the evening, it's better.

(Later)

Alright, I googled it: It's ***Ecstasy pills*** that I found. That kind of troubles me a bit. In the block where my mom lives, Ecstasy … but then, what am I talking? The block where I live is a drugs and booze pool … I really want to get out of here. Checked a movie website to read reviews … Bob's Burgers. Oh I can't believe Bob is gone.

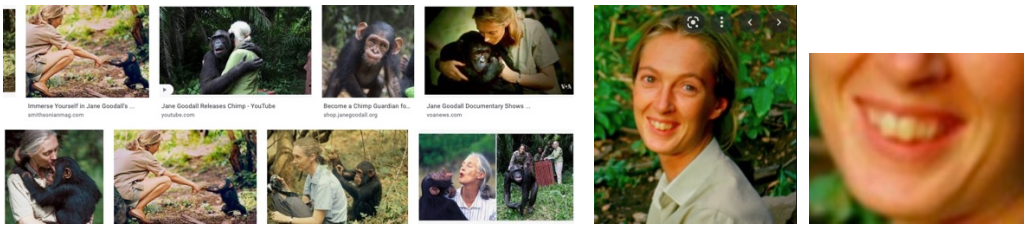
BIG BOB'S DINER
The Bob's Burgers Movie
It's nice to see The Bob's Burgers Movie to its roots while also pushing its charac their comfort zones ever so slightly.

May 29, 2022 **– The Teeth!**

I had the weirdest ***dream*** last night about trying to phone Sigi but at the same time it was Bob, and I just couldn't get the phone number out of my head … and there was an element of me being in some foreign country, maybe also in a city and then again in a countryside, and I needed to connect to "him", but even dreaming I didn't know if it was Bob or Sigi I was trying to reach … and there was a 17 and a 2, and I can't remember much more …

And suddenly ***Elisabeth*** showed up, my friend from Vienna. But she was of no help, she was to my right, and she laughed, and I only had time to point at her teeth, as she had two incisors that were kind of prominent … I pointed at them, expressing "They are new, aren't they?", and she nodded, and then I kind of was urged to leave, desperate to reach a place and to connect …

And those two distinct teeth just showed up … in a picture of Jane Goodall.



I had been reading a book about her work the last two days, my weekend gift to myself, so inspiring, so amazing … I had been a big fan of Dian Fossey and had even been to Rwanda and with her mountain gorillas and had written feature print magazine stories about her, but I hadn't known much about Jane Goodall … oh what a story of her beginnings, what a life, what work! She is over 80 years old now … wow.

So … before finishing the book and as it's late already I googled chimpanzees a bit …. And I came across a clip where a chimpanzee female about to be freed after having been nursed back to health turns to Jane and hugs her, and it really brings tears to my eyes …

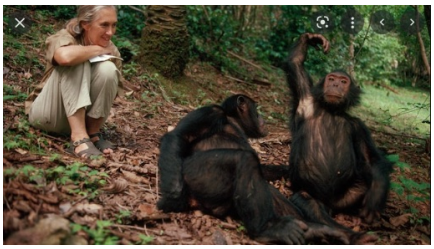
And I scrolled a bit … and there is the ONLY picture of the young Jane Goodall really smiling – and she has the teeth that Elisabeth had in my dream!

I must mention that Elisabeth was with me in Africa during my first big trip, in those trucks, with others … ***I had really wondered what those two distinct incisors were for in my dream … they were teeth expressing – teeth, of a woman who had to do with Africa. And to my subconscious that is mainly Elisabeth in my real life!***

I literally gasps seeing the picture of Jane … that was a hint to my dream. And my dreamworld is a connection … to Bob. And I believe this is a hint that he knows what I've been reading in the past two days.

Wow.

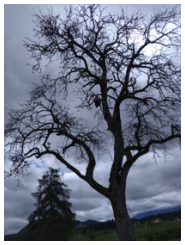
Oh I had encounters with chimpanzees in Africa … Munane, I'll never forget little Munane at Epulu camp when I was there to interview Karl and Rosemarie Ruf … I was there twice … oh, my Africa days. Way before I even had one thought of Hawaii.



Also, CH had brought me quail eggs … how strange, so tiny. Went to Edith's grave today and put some green twigs on both sides of the grave … just to see if my father will bring it up …

May 30, 2022

Came by the **old (pear?) tree** next to the bench with the lovely Ma'alaea view – it only has very few green leaves! I'm afraid one of these days it will be simply gone, so I took pictures of it …



Seems like an interesting "holistic" thing, but I also found a *baby pacifier* next to the tree!

Later J and I went for a walk with CH and Pauli … barely able to deal with her drug speech again, although she claimed she took very little. Still, I'm out of patience. There is nothing positive in it for me talking with someone who is not in their right mind. It makes me feel sick and desperate, I think because the Sigi era is kind of stirring in my memory, and that is not good. I must make the right decision – stay away. CH must do a complete withdrawal, or I'll blow up on her one of these days, seriously, if I have to face this junkie behavior one more fucking time.

May 31, 2022

Just amazing cloud spectacles during J's and my evening walk in our area …

… clouds mimicking tree branches and mountain tops …

<u>June 1, 2022</u> **– The Angel & the Feather**

Found **a golden-colored angel pendant** this morning, close to the trashcan opposite the house where CH lives, on a path that I walk every day. Strange.
And a little later – a lovely feather of a bird of prey.

Took mom for a walk along the shore of ***lake Saissersee***, on the shady side, she liked it! She braved the roots and the rocks, never once complained. Then she sat on the bench and looked at nature. At some point she said how strange it was that the trunk of a tree amidst several birch trees looked like a fir tree trunk … and indeed! In had not noticed, ever! There was a fir without branches until very high up in the middle of a group of birches! She keeps seeing lots of details in nature, I can tell that it is good for her to be out in nature. She keeps telling story from her childhood, too.

Like today, she said that they used to pull out a certain kind of fern and cut the root alongside in half, and there was the image of an ***eagle***!

Wow! Maybe that's why I found the ***bird of prey feather***? It's called ***Adlerfarn*** (literally ***Eagle*** fern, really though Bracken fern) that kind of fern!

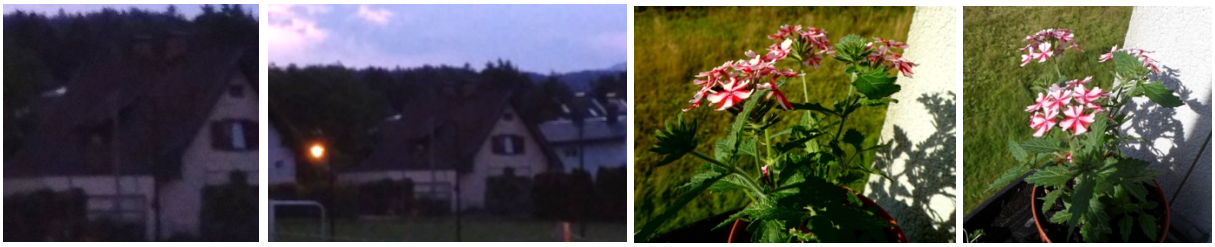
Last night I read the story of ***Joe Simpson***, the mountaineer and his unbelievable survival ordeal … just almost surreal to think what a mortal can bear … (Funny, found a pic with Simon Yates wearing a Hawaii shirt …)

That guy survived a mountaineering ordeal falling into a glacier crevice … surviving under circumstances that seem actually quite unbelievable … and researching that story online I stumbled across an amazing photograph of a man above a glacier crevice … How small are we, the mortals, how big our decisions, how important the awareness of free will!

Called my father several times, but he didn't pick up and once even hung up on me, so I went to his mailbox and put a book and a letter inside. It was so heartbreaking to see the tiny like of his room's window high up on the house, the big empty house. I imagined him being up there, all alone … breaks my heart thinking about it.

Driving back from walking with my mom ***I drove through the street where my father lives***, and promptly he was out in the garden and just walked towards the house … she was quite in shock, but she didn't see much of him. I wonder what would have happened if he had turned to the side, he would have seen her …

Later that night I dropped a note off in my father's mailbox, asking him to communicate with me … and it was very heartbreaking seeing the little light in the room high up in the house … knowing him alone there, in the big house …. Very hard to handle for me, that thought. But he is bitter and in a way I think mentally "gone". I must do something, but don't know what.



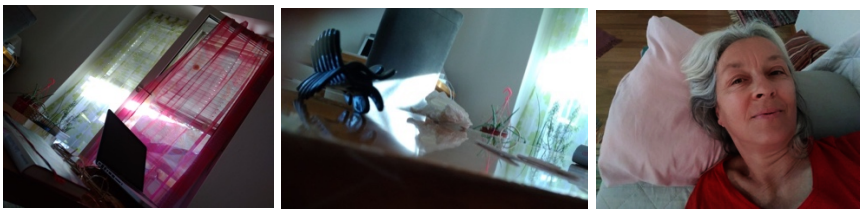
My Verbena plant gives me joy every day, along with the other plants …

June 4, 2022 – **Fred?**

Told mom my mind about her wearing way too hot clothes. Breaks my heart to be "mean", but it's the only way to keep her mind on track. My father won't answer my phone calls or call back.

Found the most gorgeous swimming spot on the south shore of the Wörthersee … and as I swam in the rather high waves (from the boats and the wind), I felt transported back to Maui, in 2018, swimming in Paia, knowing Bob was at home waiting for me … looking forward to taking the bus to be with him again. So sure he'd make it.

Earlier I lay down for a few minutes, couldn't sleep, but drifted off several times … and a profile of a man came to my mind, right now I think it was similar to "Fred Spaniard" on Maui, but at first I didn't know who it was … so strange, it was just there, looking to the left, tanned, sharp features, and I was not sleeping … it was some kind of apparition.



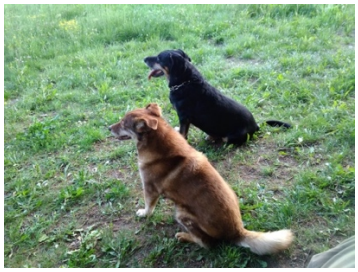
CH and her boyfriend are in full blows beer drinking mode, it's so disgusting and disheartening to watch … I really really want to leave here. I need someone real to talk with. *(Note: The future would bring a full jump back into binge drinking and probably worse ... like the days with me and the talking and the promising never happened, I am so appalled, I got to admit, July 3, a day, when CH is fully part of a all-Sunday-binge in the garden. Yikes. I don't like this place, I am not home here.)*

Chatted with Silvia yesterday on the phone, as she called me … it was such a relief. Looking much forward for a walk with her and be friends again.

The "volcano" Mittagskogel gave me a "penis" shaped puff today … Comfort? Yesterday, I found the very first cherry in the forest ... a single one, lonely on the path.

I feel a new urge to move forward, seeing all those drunken fucks out there … Breaks my heart to see that they are deeding paper towel pieces to poor old dog *Pauli*. That is abuse. I can't look, I'm getting so distressed. And I'm so disgusted. And really disappointed. Because CH turned from the hopeful almost-friend to a full-blown drunkard and didn't even bother to send another message to me, after she had promised me the day before yesterday to check out the closeby swim spot.

So J and I checked it out ourselves today, and it was a lovely adventure.


Jacqui and his buddy Pauli

June 5, 2022, Sunday – **The Red Cap Mushroom = Red Riding Hood**

Slept until 10 a.m., then took J for a forest walk … and I reminisced about the horrible dream I had just come back from … I don't even know the details, it was just a horrible feeling of longing for Hawaii, I even said it to someone who was Hawaii-bound that I was crying thinking that I would never make that trip again … I woke up crushed.

In the forest, I asked Bob to put something into my hand to let me know that he was here …

Strangely, I saw a female head only with a white and blue patterned head scarf of the kind the Queen Elizabeth always wears. I didn't really think that was "something" .. until:

I walked on, but then actually turned back on the same path we had come, and I suddenly saw a beautiful "Rotkappe" next to the path, an edible precious mushroom. I picked it thinking that the next idiots who'd be coming by would break it off anyway, so I might as well take it and eat it (which I did, later). Also … a sky shark making itself known through my kitchen window …

And suddenly, on the way home, I saw the connection of the scarf-head I had "received" and the Rotkappe, which means "red cap", species Leccinum … "***Rotkäppchen***" – "small red cap" – is the German name of the fairy tale figure ***"Red Riding Hood".*** And typical for that story is that the wolf had eaten the grandmother. ***And a typical grandmother in Austria always wears a head scarf – exactly the way I had "been given" in my hand!***

Wow!

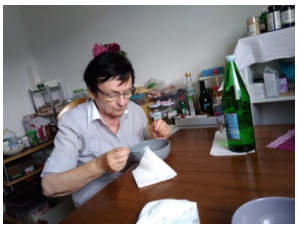
Of course my subconscious could not "understand" "Red Riding Hood" in a way to translate it directly into images announcing that I was about to find "Rotkäppchen" = "Red Riding Hood", so it gave me the next best thing of the story, the grandmother's head! But wait a minute! I had not really

realized till today that the little girl was actually wearing a red cap. *I had imagined Red Riding Hood always* ***with a little girl's headscarf****!*

This has always been my image of Rotkäppchen!

Seriously! It works everytime! Bob was with me!

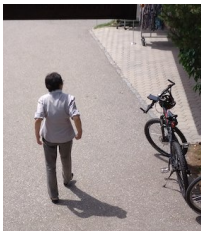
Later, I took *mom* for a trip after discovering that she had again lied at me straightout about her eating her food … and I got so frustrated, I all but forced her to wear summery clothes now because she wanted again to wear her winter pullover and her winter half jacket. First, she ate at my place (and she begins to enjoy being here, likes to sit facing the window, watching the clouds ...)



Well, she enjoyed the trip, admired the turquoise color of the water ... and I kept asking he if she had any desire to take a dip or at least stick her feet in, and she got really pissed everytime I asked. I kept thinking how many years she has lost in her kind-of-vegetative state as a drunk in her apartment, refusing contact with anyone ... having been mentally sick, and my idiot uncle being the only one in contact with her, noticing how off she was and not intervening. I hope he'll get to learn lessons along those lines, I really do. I am learning, for sure, and I idiot trusted the advice of the psychologists who kept saying that I must "respect" what she wants ... and I knew better and did not act on it. And neither did I when I saw her in 2016, and she was already fragile, but was nasty to me, and instead of being the bigger person I totally plunged back into all the hurt I had already received from her and stepped away ... for another nearly three years! Jesus Christ! Yes, there was Bob and all ... but how fucked up was I in my decision-making and especially the choice of background experiences that my free will used to make me act! Fuck me!

... so out with my mom today, I went for a swim with her watching, she said she didn't mind ... She doesn't remember her years alone. Well. Is that good?

… and we walked at ***Maria Wörth*** looking at the ancient church and the view. So it was a nice afternoon, after all. Then I took her to my place and I warmed her food there, and we ate it together.



Also, I thought again about the *golden angel figurine* I had found close to CH's window and the trash can … is that ***a fallen angel***? Was that a message about that "angel" who is CH and who was about to get to an alltime low again? *And why is CH the "angel"?* Because that woman Paula who we had met once at the Aich bench with the view with her many Chihuahuas and who used to work

with CH in the caretaking home had said to me about CH that she had been “an angel” at work (on April 18). So that angel was CH. And she fell hard. I am so disgusted and repulsed having seen her in her full alcoholic mode.

But today I am very angry at the people who encourage a person who is known to be on drug withdrawal and used to be a heavy alcoholic to drink. That is the true crime. Fuck them all. Remember the *two pink skulls* I found before that, the ecstasy pills? There!

Also too J to lake Saissersee … and there the clouds seemed to be talking to me … “reaching out”? “Connecting?”

June 7, 2022 – **Bob in the Coat & the Insight about Stewart White’s work**

Oh wow, last night in bed, I had such a strong feeling that I was really in connection with Bob. I was in half-sleep and I felt compelled to talk to him, even out loud … and I saw him standing there, with a bit of a serious expression, wearing a beige or light brown or even vaguely golden long coat with some kind of pattern … he turned his right side to me, and it appeared that he was talking to someone who was also in his realm but who I could not see.

At some point, when I drifted off for a moment, I saw something like a olive green bag that resembled a baby’s butt in diapers but without legs only with some kind of stumps, and it wasn’t anything living, it was some kind of bag, and it was hovering above an earth hole in the sun. Like someone was holding it over it ready to drop it. That thing was moving though, and there was a laughing or smiling element to the situation, like it really was part of a baby, but the impression was that it was thick and full, maybe a bag filled with something …

Very strange. I got clear right after that … Bob in his long coat was still there, too … and after a very clear bright pink flash that I always seen when I in contact in that kind of before sleep state, I also experienced the typical goose bumps feeling on my left thigh, it ran all across that thigh, like Oliver Lazar also describes it happening to him in times of contact, and I also saw a very strong black (!) bright light! These lights are not in the real realm but also not in my brain. They are visible in front of my inner eyes, with my closed eyes, but they are more than flashes, they are real lights that I can look at, they are not me. They are like connections to a realm where it is that light. And the black light was something new … it was definitely a black impression but like a light and yet it seemed on a light background so that I could see it. It was not a black light as we know it in discos, it was really black and very intense and yet gave me the experience of “light”.
So I acknowledged it and said to Bob that I understood I was supposed to communicate, but I didn’t know how …

I way lying naked on my back, as it was so hot, the lights off, and I talked to Bob with my thoughts, while I saw him in his coat, and that I was aware that he wanted to say something to me and that I was supposed to get it … but I wasn’t sure how to be or stay in a proper state …

At some point I opened my hands for him to put something into them, and on my left hand I received a … and on my right hand a …

Shit, I forgot both. I wanna say something golden like a palace figurine on my right hand … and on the left something related to clothing … but it’s gone now.

It was very strange altogether. I got spooked a bit and switched on the light in the hallway.

I read a little bit in **"Our Unseen Guest"** what I had put on my night stand yesterday … and it was about rebirth and and quality of consciousness … and I thought wow, I should really more forward with all of this and send my c. d. on USB to people. **Suddenly, I had an insight while reading and pondering: I must put the files of Stewart White's books on the usb with the c. d. too!** It is so obvious, but I had not done that before! Wow, I said out loud something to that extend …. Will do! I felt nudged, and I was able to listen!
It also occurred to me that I must send my NOO-DVD to Markus Marschalek from ORF along with the c. d.! So maybe that was the reason why I was so alert and in communication mode, as these are two very important things, … that's what it feels like this morning, at least, as I am writing this down.

I got an astrology newsletter this morning – that Daniela, the astrologer, had sent last night, late, close to 11 p.m.! And it's full of very important information about what June is going to be about … the Sagittarius influence … and that's my father's astrological sign …

Then I noticed that I had drifted off as I woke up suddenly … I switched the hallway light off and felt sorry that I had missed the "window" … but then, my **dream**:

Wow! It had to do with double identities, Bob and Sigi and myself, so tripple, like I entered the house of a famous young man who was hiding out there, and he was a famous filmmaker, and I was not supposed to be there … I remember I was riding a bike by a store where a young woman was looking after me as I had been at her store previously and promised to buy something but didn't … and while riding by her I had a bad conscience, but I did wave at her …. And then I ended up at that house … and I entered through he window as if I was seeking shelter, and I discovered that young man, which was some kind of sensation. Then I realized that I had been followed by a large man, who was a mix of Bob and Sigi with a big broadcast camera on his shoulder, and he came right to the door, that was locked, but had a glass see-through upper part. Right in front of the door in the house was a bed, and I slid under the cover and along the bed and down on the floor on the other side, while the young man was surprised, and I said that I had to do that so that the person with the camera couldn't see me, as nobody was supposed to know that I was there. He agreed … and I think we stayed in that house for a while.

It feels like I woke up in between but then kept dreaming … and I was out and about and followed by someone … maybe … it was very adventurous and mysterious and borderline dangerous.

I felt exhausted waking up …

There was a woman in the dream, as an idea, somehow, whose name I must have read recently, yes, I remember on a Velden info paper, Karin Gradwohl, who I went to school with long ago and who is a gynecologist … strangely. I don't remember what she did in my dream, but I think I may have tried to escape from her … or she was related somehow to the young woman in the store … not sure what I was trying to buy, maybe clothes … and a man was there who kept observing or even following me? All garbled now.

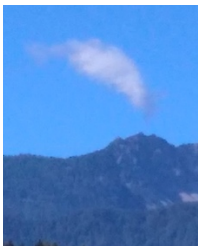
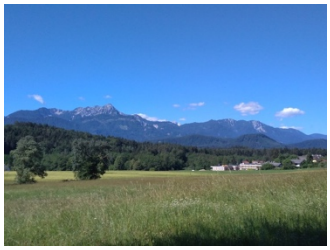
Workday today.

Yesterday I walked along the forest path with my mother, all the way and back, I had only intended to walk a short few meters, but she liked it …

I was horrified to find ticks on her socks when I saw her off at home, and then I found ticks on my legs in the shower! Fuck this! I was so worried … she said she had showered and changed and has no ticks.

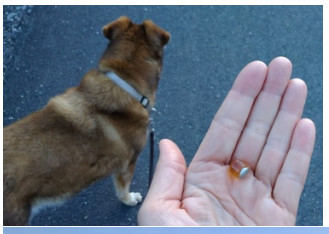
On Sunday I took her to the lake, and I swam, and she looked, and then we ended up driving to Maria Wörth and even took a walk there, which she enjoyed. I made her wear other cloths … oh geez, this week we must get summer clothes for her … she resists everything.

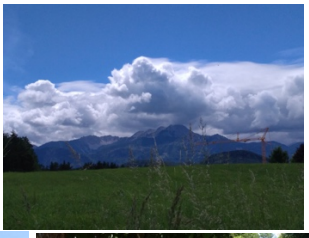
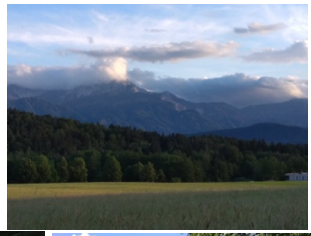
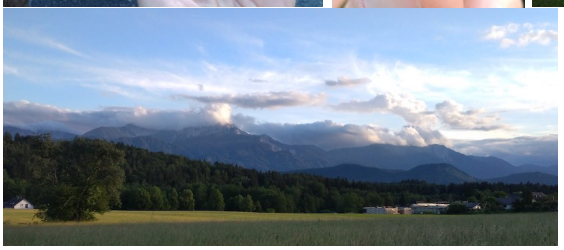
June 6, 2022



Just a puff ...

June 8, 2022

Found a strange "golden" thing, but it looked like gold colored glass or a gemstone, no idea what it is. Also … the clouds today in this area where I live … stunning … Also: Found a new swimming spot on the south shore of lake Wörthersee, right next to the street, but only about 10 minutes by car from where I live! That's just a gift. Pure luxury. I can only afford gasoline, no holiday money or anything. It must and will suffice this summer.



June 10, 2022 – **Hollywood, The Witch, Edith & Traxler:** ***Maximum Synchronicity!***

I blew up on both my father (via letter) and my mother (verbally) today … I can't take the abuse anymore. My father sent me back by mail the books I had given him along with a hate-drenched letter … I live ten minutes from him, and he wouldn't take my calls and nothing … and my mother behaved like an aggressive idiot at the store where we went to buy pants, and she refused suddenly, called me a witch again and displayed a full evil-dementia face … I can't take this anymore.

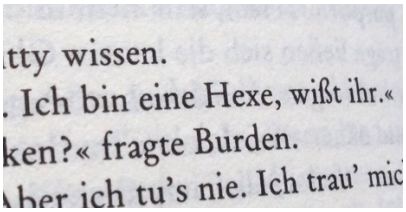
As of my father – done! This goes to the elder-care-court, and with my mother … well, I'll see if she can remember later, will call her. She cried a bit but still was icecold and bitter towards me, like she was already 15 years ago … I'm sorry for losing my shit, but I'm only human.

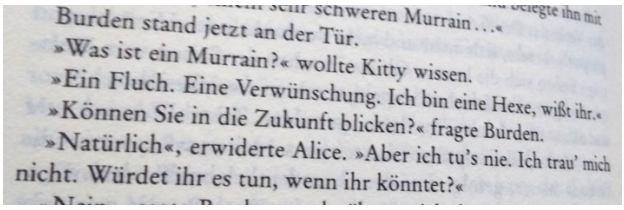
Realized that my mother has also always been a narcissist, I keep forgetting this. That's why she could leave my father …

We went shopping to Villach for pants and some cool blouse for my mom, and she behaved like a nasty stubborn child and a total imbecile at the store and said things that could get her into a psych-ward if someone else than me hears that ... (Note: Of course later I read up on it all, and of course it was my fault, as I put her in an overwhelming situation ... but I can NOT always do things the way she wants them, take the time, drive, do my best, and then she refuses and rejects everything and suddenly does not "want" anymore! I cannot do that! It all goes on my expenses! Fuck dementia so much! Especially due to someone's alcohol drinking! Yes, she needed to numb her pain, I know ... but I am now the one to deal with this!)

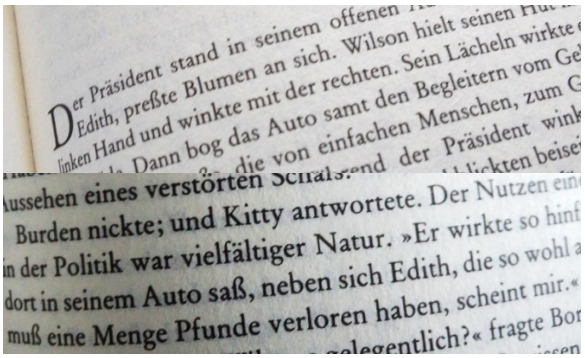
At the store, there were stone ducks! Sorta. Look! To fucking sit on them! Pointing out at stuff to mom would mostly just earn a pissed off nod ... after the blow up I managed to get a grip, and she did buy a pant, a hot one, but more loosely cut than the one she is wearing, also jeans ... no way to get her to buy some cool airy blouse or T-shirt. She is not hot, she says in 33 degrees Celsius wiping her sweat. I know it's neurological. But I cannot force her to a doctor ... Jesus, help me! At least she was happy about her pants, and so I was happy, too.

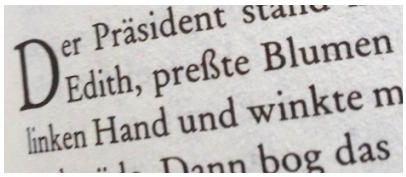
(Later)
Oh how very amazing!
I had just written down a few things for the court paper about my father, when I felt like sitting down with one of the books that he had returned to me, it's entitled "***Hollywood***". And I opened it on a random page – and was stunned shitless: The first thing I read is "Ich bin eine Hexe", **"I am a witch!"** And the main reason for me blowing up on my mother today was that she keeps taking the first best opportunity to ***call me "a witch***", but she doesn't mean it nicely but full of hatred. So I was stunned!


tty wissen.
. Ich bin eine Hexe, wißt ihr.«
ken?« fragte Burden.
ber ich tu's nie. Ich trau' mic


Burden stand jetzt an der Tür.
»Was ist ein Murrain?« wollte Kitty wissen.
»Ein Fluch. Eine Verwünschung. Ich bin eine Hexe, wißt ihr.«
»Können Sie in die Zukunft blicken?« fragte Burden.
»Natürlich«, erwiderte Alice. »Aber ich tu's nie. Ich trau' mich
nicht. Würdet ihr es tun, wenn ihr könntet?«

Then on the next page over, there was something about "***Edith***" sitting in a car and pressing flowers at herself … wow! I spoke to Edith today in my car and asked her if it was okay to follow my urge and write an angry honest letter to my father and just throw it into the garden! And just there, as I approached the house of my father in my car, talking to Edith, I had to slow down as there was a tourist train on the street ahead, and I naturally came to a stop right in front of my father's house! So I threw the letter into the yard – but the shit thing fell into a hedge! So I had to get out and go into the yard (the garden door was open), retrieve the fucking letter from the hedge and throw it in front of the door, get back in the car and drive off. That was odd! And I noticed all the lovely flowers that Edith had loved so much! And there was **that section about Edith in the car with the flowers in the book just now!**


Der Präsident stand in seinem offenen
Edith, preßte Blumen an sich. Wilson hielt seinen
linken Hand und winkte mit der rechten. Sein Lächeln wirkte
Dann bog das Auto samt den Begleitern vom Ge
die von einfachen Menschen, zum G
der Präsident wink
ussehen eines verstörten Schafs.
Burden nickte; und Kitty antwortete. Der Nutzen ein
in der Politik war vielfältiger Natur. »Er wirkte so hinf
dort in seinem Auto saß, neben sich Edith, die so wohl a
muß eine Menge Pfunde verloren haben, scheint mir.«
gelegentlich?« fragte Bor


Der Präsident
Edith, preßte Blumen
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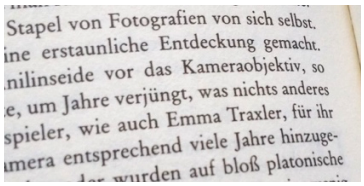
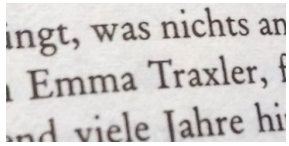
Dann bog das


Stapel von Fotografien von sich selbst.
ine erstaunliche Entdeckung gemacht.
nilinseide vor das Kameraobjektiv, so
e, um Jahre verjüngt, was nichts anderes
spieler, wie auch Emma Traxler, für ihr
mera entsprechend viele Jahre hinzuge-
wurden auf bloß platonische


ngt, was nichts an
Emma Traxler,
viele Jahre hi

And last but not least, I thought, "well, what else is there?", and I opened the book (which I do not intend to read!) on another page, and there is the name "**Traxler**"! And that is so stunning because ***the only person who I want to talk to about my life and my films and all*** – is Frau **Ricki Traxler**, the lady with the two dogs Josie and Mimi! She is an event manager I kept meeting in the forest at lake Saissersee last year, and we chatted a few times, and she gave me her phone number … I met her a few weeks ago when I was with CH, and I didn't want to talk in front of CH about anything. So there! ***Traxler in a book about Hollywood – the film Mecca!***

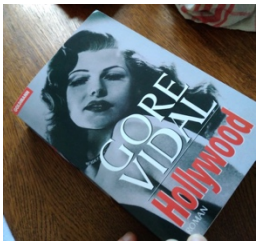
That is synchronicity to the max.

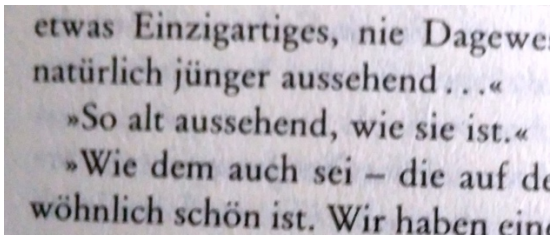
Well – ***if my father hadn't returned the books*** to me and I hadn't kept this one book, while I had put all other books just earlier in a book box in a phone booth, I wouldn't have received these messages!

So – all is in the right place, on the right path, in the right order?

I did the right things?

I'm following my gut, I am! Also, in the book, a note how old or young one can look … as I have been finding myself looking very ***old*** while I don't feel that old. Only when I look into the mirror – YIKES!




etwas Einzigartiges, nie Dagewe
natürlich jünger aussehend …«
»So alt aussehend, wie sie ist.«
»Wie dem auch sei – die auf d
wöhnlich schön ist. Wir haben ein

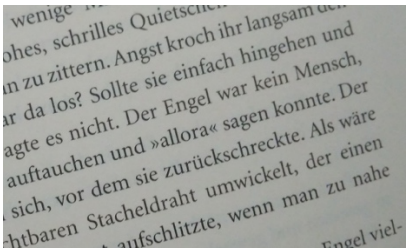
(„Looking her age" …)

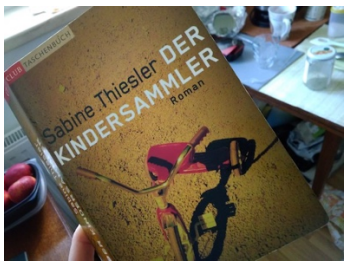
ALOHA my love, Stoneman, Edith, Peter, … all of you!

June 11, 2022 – **More Synchronicity Messages & The Angel Again! & Time Synchronicity Aloha**

Wow … grabbed a **random book** from a phone booth book box and started to read a bit after having dinner with mom in her hot apartment. No word about our bad words yesterday, I didn't mention them, maybe she had forgotten …?

So I was stunned to read in the crime story about abducted children (titel: "*Der Kindersammler*", meaning "the kids gatherer") about a person who was called and "Engel", an "angel", right away …


wenige
ohes, schrilles Quietsch
n zu zittern. Angst kroch ihr langsam
r da los? Sollte sie einfach hingehen und
agte es nicht. Der Engel war kein Mensch,
auftauchen und »allora« sagen konnte. Der
sich, vor dem sie zurückschreckte. Als wäre
htbaren Stacheldraht umwickelt, der einen
aufschlitzte, wenn man zu nahe
Engel viel-



wartete ab. Das
ten, setzte aber immer
Quietschen hörte, zuckte
gst kroch ihr langsam den
sie einfach hingehen und
Der Engel war kein Mensch,
allora« sagen konnte. Der
dem sie zurückschreckte. Als wäre
Stacheldraht umwickelt, der einen
die Haut aufschlitzte, wenn man zu nahe
Und zum ersten Mal kam ihr der Gedanke, dass der Engel viel-
leicht gar kein Engel war.

Strangely, that „angel", a weird woman, probably mentally retarded, could only say one word: „Allora". Now, it does not mean „Aloha", but it sure sounds like it and reminds me of it.

*(**Note**: Time **synchronicity**! Just an hour before I put these images into this entry of this c. d., today, July 2, I saw a car parked at the petrol station closeby, and it had a Hawaii license plate in the backwindow, reading „**Aloha State**"!)*

… and then it went boom, boom boom: On page 13, about ***a man who never changes his clothes, wears the same stuff in winter and in summer***, too hot in summer, to cold in winter – and that is exactly the problem I have with my mother. Then this man goes to ***visit his mother who lives alone and finds her half starved to death!*** Like it happened with mine, in 2019! The description of the frail body, the sitting there, almost immobile … wow. Chills. The man has very bad, ***heavy feelings seeing the house where he grew up*** – no shit that's what I have been going through so much in the past months!

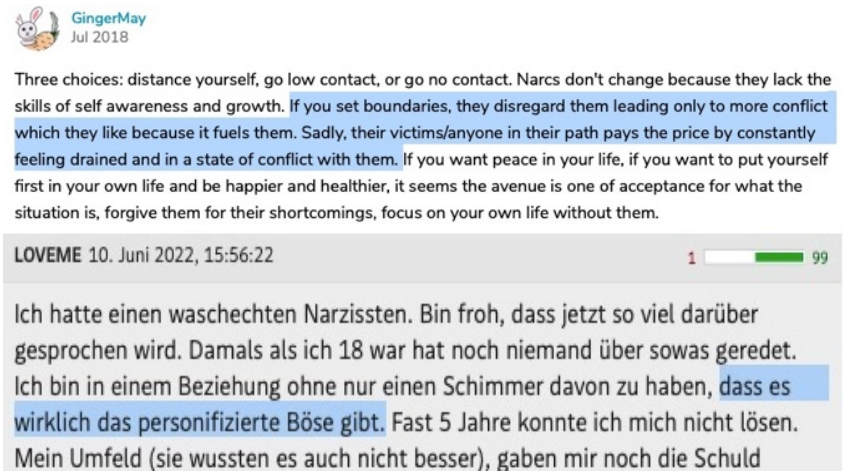
An abandoned withering plant at the garbage … and ***I have been adopting plants*** all the time! Then: This man drives a white ***Honda***! Bob's car! A Honda, his beloved Honda! Wow, and all this in just a few pages! The mother has a ***dog named Ringo***, and that was the name of the dog I met at Bob's parents when I first visited them so many years ago! The dog was dead, starved to death, after the mother couldn't care for him anymore, being too weak! Oh that has been a concern of mine in

the months of the past, if something happens to me, would they discover Jacqui in time … So I keep filling an extra bowl of water for him … will fill the bucket too, from now on. I feel healthy and okay, but one never knows …

And I am grateful that my mom is well. But she appeared to be so helpless and in danger again today. Well. I shall care for her.

And in the book, the name of the half-starved-to-death-mom (who then dies in the bathtub, where the son puts her and leaves her, knowing that she can't get out on her own strength), is ***Edith***.

I've been fretting about my own decision today of writing this harsh and honest and angry letter to my father … but last night I also read a lot of blog posts of caregivers with very similar experiences with narcissist psychopaths like I keep having … and there is the mention of some people who seem to really be evil incarnate. And other things that made me feel I did the right thing.



GingerMay
Jul 2018

Three choices: distance yourself, go low contact, or go no contact. Narcs don't change because they lack the skills of self awareness and growth. If you set boundaries, they disregard them leading only to more conflict which they like because it fuels them. Sadly, their victims/anyone in their path pays the price by constantly feeling drained and in a state of conflict with them. If you want peace in your life, if you want to put yourself first in your own life and be happier and healthier, it seems the avenue is one of acceptance for what the situation is, forgive them for their shortcomings, focus on your own life without them.

LOVEME 10. Juni 2022, 15:56:22 1 99

Ich hatte einen waschechten Narzissten. Bin froh, dass jetzt so viel darüber gesprochen wird. Damals als ich 18 war hat noch niemand über sowas geredet. Ich bin in einem Beziehung ohne nur einen Schimmer davon zu haben, dass es wirklich das personifizierte Böse gibt. Fast 5 Jahre konnte ich mich nicht lösen. Mein Umfeld (sie wussten es auch nicht besser), gaben mir noch die Schuld

Now this book and the fact that of all possible books I picked this one and how in the first pages there are so many things directly relating to stuff from my own life … that shows me that I am on the right path, I think.

I'm considering to apply for funding for the development of "Firesalamander". It's the first time in so many months that I even looked at a script, but today I did some editing on that one.

During the day …

Took J for a short walk just in our area – so many forest ***strawberries***! I love them! They taste so good, I shared the taste experience with Bob and Edith and my brother and Betty and Stewart … I hope they got to enjoy it!

Plus, walking a bit further than usual, I ended up at the artists' house again, called "Kunstverein Velden", a private institution for art … and I was surprised to see a rabbit there … haven't ever noticed that sucker.

Found a wondrous ***stone in heart shape*** in the forest today … seemed like a smile from beyond.

And: The round ***stones*** right up the streets where I walk every day, have been restored as of their circular and dotted painting!

June 12, 2022, Sunday – **The Black Sack!**

Got my mom to join me and J for a walk at lake Saissersee, and she sat on a bench in the shade, while first J and then I swam a little. She looked so fragile and strangely yellow in her face. She seemed absentminded, and I think she took efforts to not give me angry looks.

I fed her potato soup, lettuce with cocktail tomatoes, Mozzarella cheese and gourd kernel oil, at my place, then an apple compote, and she liked it. I was happy, so she got a bit of veggies and fruit to her usual meals on wheels heavy or sweet diet that she chooses.

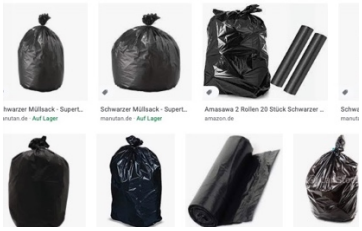
Then I took her to my ***swimming spot at lake Wörthersee*** … gorgeous turquoise water, and I noticed, how yellow and pale my mother looked …

And on the way to the lake, it happened:

I had been in very intense conversation with Bob yesterday, and I had asked him to put something into my hand if I was right and he was right there, and I was in the right place now … and ***a black sack tied on the top*** appeared on my hand. Great, I thought, that's sweet.

So *driving* down to lake Wörthersee and the little village of Auen, I spotted it right away: On the path, ***at a bus station, a black sack, tied on the top.*** I thought of driving there later to photograph it … but maybe it sufficed to use a Google image. It was a garbage bag of the kind that normally never stands around along a public road, it was a household black sack, normally put inside the big garbage container. But this one was there. ***In the open. On my path. For me to see!*** The only one I have ever seen, and that after I had "received" it in my hand. From Bob. As a sign and message.

Got it.



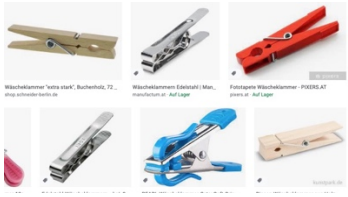
I felt like shit this morning … and last night … when I sat up reading a ridiculously brutal and sadistic novel about a children killer … wow. I thought to myself why in the world someone would write this and why it had such great reviews and people loved it. It was not well written in terms of expression and structure, too much detail in the beginning, totally rushed towards the end, with an utterly unsatisfying ending, out of the blue … and a lot of story threads just dropped somewhere along the way.

I don't know why I kept reading that book … after I read the first pages that I have described as containing amazing topics totally relating to me personally …

I also came across the name of a man of my very early years, teenage years, actually, Walter I., who I thought was dead. I know he had a severely debilitating disease … but if it was him, he has ads about audio equipment online .. wow, I could use a technician as a friend … I guess I shall connect?

(Later)

Took a walk with J at sunset time, asked Bob to put something into my hand if he can see and is aware of the swamp and the landscape too … and on my right palm, a kind of ***small round loaf of cheese or soap*** appeared … something yellowish, maybe structured, not sure, but round and loaf-ish. Then, I asked for something in my left hand, and something like a ***clothes pin or a clip*** appeared … oh well.



More strawberries … I shared.

Feeling so lonely and abandoned. My mom? I watched her walk from behind today, and I was so so so ashamed of myself about ever even getting to the point of being upset with her. She is 78 years old. And I expect her to be like the 50 years old I knew … I'm the fucked up one here.

And my father? I had to be outspoken for once. Everything I tried – didn't work. So I didn't hold back much in my letter. And I will submit that appeal at the court … that's all I can do for him.

(Later)

Oh the recent license plate numbers! I keep being stunned … but I just don't get around to write everything down. Today: "**TU 910 CA**" and shortly afterwards "**911 DR**" … yes, those two numbers and days …

Just earlier I went to eat with my mom and was so happy to see that she had already warmed the food! Wow! She was so clear and nice!

Then I drove for a quick swim on the North shore, where I used to go, so lovely …

And then I went to get Jacqui, and in the dark we drove to Velden and walked to my father's house where I left a note in his mailbox, that I am available for one more talk. If not, I shall involve the court for his own safety. Threw something yummie in the garden for Sandy, the dog. Breaks my heart everytime when I see the small window high up in the big house lit up where my father lies in bed and reads. He is so fragile and old already, I can't even imagine him alone in that house … and, even worse, the dog locked into the hot kitchen for the whole long night …

I'm not sure what of all the aspects of this disaster hurts the most …

On the parking lot, just after getting out of the car, I found a ***round stone*** right in front of my feet, where someone had scratched a "**D**" and as it looked a "**4**" on the surface. "For Dany", huh. I thought.

It was uncanny. While driving there a big dick cloud – but uncannily looking like a dick! – hovered above the area where my father lives … I had to smile. *(Note: On July 3 I threw the image away, because looking at it I didn't find the 4 and the D so distinct anymore ... but I leave the anecdote in, anyway.)*

Sagittarius full moon tomorrow. Supposedly good.

I read a lot of amazing things about the current astrological situation with Saturn retrograde … I took screenshots from the astro-newsletter I'm editing … it's all very suiting.

I can't really imagine that things between my father and me could ever be normal … he just is incapable of being normal, absolutely ...

It's hard.

My mom talked about selling her car … and I found myself being serious at talking her out of it because I do believe she can recover so much to be able to drive again. The only trouble would then be, that she might use her freedom to drive buy booze again. And that would be the end of her.

But the way she was today, so normal … it could be. It's not even a year since her big breakdown … And there is not a day when I don't regret not having intervened earlier. The way I experience her now, she may have been years ago, and I could have gotten through to her even though she hated me. I had no I idea what I could have been able to do …

What a wasted time.

I have to cling to the fact that all the synchronicities do show that I am no the right path at the right spot at the right time. But them … where to?

I miss Bob so much … sharing forest strawberries with him … but lately also with Edith and Peter and the Whites and just all the disca who want strawberries …. It's all very strange. Also ... the moon. Yes, I know, you are "her" ...

<u>June 14, 2022</u> **– The "loaf of cheese"! Baby Animals On the Road! & The Orchid Bloom**

I found a wasp nest on the path this morning – and immediately I remembered the strange "round and striped and yellowish-beige thing", the "loaf of cheese" … and that's what I saw!

Oh Jesus, it works every time! It does.

I miss Bob so much … I am sharing food and swimming experiences and strawberries with him … yesterday I switched on the radio in my car for a moment driving back from my mom's at night … and Lady Gaga sang "Just hold my hand" … yes … how often have I asked Bob that … now, that he is a disca. How often had I longed for it when he was still a mortal and never asked because he was so distant. And when he was so sick and I took his hand to help him walk, he pulled it out of mine …

It all feels so heavy so often …

Have not heard a word from CH.

Met a woman in the forest, Marianna with her little dog Luna, who keeps telling me how depressed she is and unable to get anything going or being interested in anything … I wonder what one could do in that situation. She is on meds she said … I don't know why the fuck I must keep meeting people like her.

Of course I regret already having given my father that major aggressive answer to his major aggressive letter and return of the books … but I have done it, there.

Today, walking through the forest with Jacqui, I kept having a ***vision of a baby cat on the side of the road.*** So in the morning, after finding the wasps nest, a little later in a different part of the area, a tiny mouse ran across the path right in front of me! I watched it for a little while making its way through the grass along a small broken tree branch … and I thought, wow, that was the ***furry little animal along the path, not a kitten, but a mouse!***

And after coming back from eating fish with my mom – who totally refused to go outside today! – I took J for a long walk through Selpritsch and back … and suddenly, I saw a large baby raven sit on the side of the road. Staring at us horrified. At first I didn't notice the ravens screaming above us and walked on, as an old man came out of the garden on the opposite side of the street. I looked back – and I was horrified seeing him with a yellow broom going towards the helpless chick on the ground! I turned around going back to him, while three ravens were going berserk in the air, screaming and circling … and the man said to them in English to cut it off … and then I saw that he tried to shove the baby bird as gentle as possible away from the street and into the garden behind the fence. He tried to protect the bird. And then he closed the gate and went away, and the ravens calmed down.

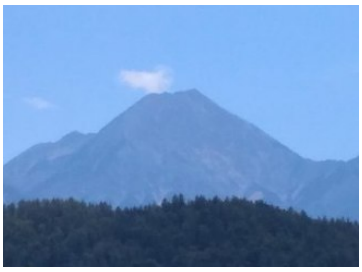
Oh I hope for the best for the bird will go check on it tomorrow!

But how interesting … ***another baby animal on the side of the road today,*** when this had been on my mind from the morning!

Walking on ... I found a beautiful ***orchid*** bloom, just the bloom ... and I have been stunned just looking at it ... what nature has come up with in that amazing creature ...

June 15, 2022 – **8030!**

Went for a walk with mom to the Wernberg swimming lake … and the Mittagskogel mountain really did the "***puffing volcano***" for us!



Received a letter from my father. Didn't open it. I went to check on the bird, after coming back from eating with my mother, took J for a late evening walk there, but it was nowhere to be seen.

Upon walking on, I came by a parked car with the license plate number part "**8030**" – ***the last four digits of Bob's phone number!***

I've been seeing the first part, "**250**" many times in the past days, but alone as a number, not part of a number, and I've been thinking I really need to see the other numbers too, and now ***today the "8030" alone appeared*** … I thought, "Bob wants to call"?

Then ... storm coming!

June 16, 2022 – **250 and "Mo'o"!**

Oh the license plates! I can't even say how telling they were …

It started with me thinking driving to my mother that to the "**8030**" from yesterday, I must now see the "**250**", and I hadn't even finished the thought, when ***"250" drove by!*** Not part of a number, just 250 alone! I tried to memorize the amazing rest … but couldn't! I must train my memory, because there hasn't been a way to write these things down … but driving on, there was a "**808 DB**" right next to me, and a "**910**" and significant letters and again "**911**" and significant letters … just so strange, and so telling.

And the best: Today, *after the "250" surprise,* another care came towards me, and its license plate number read "**MOO 1**". Wow! ***Mo'o***! That is such an important word in Hawaiian, meaning "***salamander***" or "dragon". And guess what? ***For the past two days, in the evening, and also yesterday, I worked on my screenplay "Firesalamander",*** thinking of submitting it for funding.

And today "mo'o", salamander in Hawaiian.

See? Also, I showed my mom a picture of Bob and Julia today, and strange enough, there is a yellow roundish thing involved too, a cake plate … reminding me of the yellow beige striped weird thing that I "received" in my hand which was a wasps' nest …

Also, I felt so touched by the beauty of flowers this afternoon, walking with J just to the spot in the area … but I must admit I don't have much joy anymore, walking there, as we must walk by that farmer's place with the poor cows and the pig(s?) being kept tied up in the way too small and dark stable day in day out … it's fucking summer! The cows must stand there, captives, slaves, only so that the fucking old farmer has something to do! I heard people have already complained about it to authorities! Rightfully so, it's animal abuse! Fucker! I have heard him curse at the animals in the stable, it makes my blood freeze … I hate walking by there now …

Also … what an inviting golden "puka" in the North, seen from my kitchen window!

I read my father's letter.

Strange enough not that rejecting as I thought. He thinks over my suggestion of talking again, one more time, but he demands and apology of me for all the insults. Well, I shall write to him, for sure. Nicely and clearly, and for the last time. I will apologize for having caused him grief, because that I can do. And I will make clear what I think.

Good.

The astrologer whose texts I edit did write that in these days, after the Sagittarius full moon, and my father is Sagittarius, things will go easier in terms of clearing up. Well. I'll see.

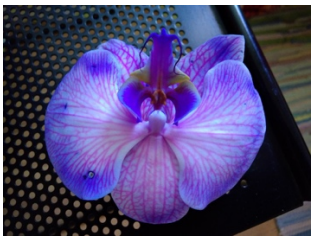
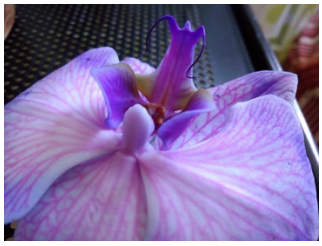
Got my mother to to lake with me, and she tried to put on a looser pants, got sweat pants out, but none fit. I felt so sorry for her. She must be so hot.

So I swam, she watched, then we bought a fried chicken, got home and ate. I had also made apricot compote and bought chocolate cake. It was all fine. I did notice her very dark glances, odd, because on the phone she is always so cheerful and nice to me. When I suggested a walk she completely regressed into a demented frustrated pissed off person, and I did not stay as calm as I should have. But I didn't force her on a walk, just drove her home.

Then I went to a store and got capri pants for her, short leggings and a very light sleeveless blouse. She'll tear my head off tomorrow, I'm sure. But well.

June 17, 2022

The orchid has been giving me so much joy ... it stretched its petals and kept maturing ....

June 19, 2022, Sunday
Washer noise all night … all morning … it was just so horrible … I can't stand this anymore.

Last night took ***CH and mom*** to a traditional event at a Celtic history ground at Frög, close to Rosegg. It was very touching, to see how mom woke up and was just like her old self, except for a few mannerisms. Big penis shaped stone right at the entrance! Oh well.

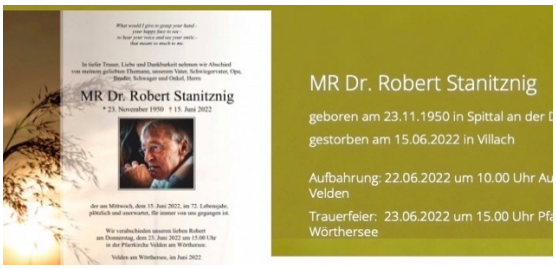
She recognized people – and went to say hello to Werner L., my father's new best friend, with who she used to be friends too, just 55+ years ago! I don't know if that man knew who I was, he looked very fragile and old, but he and his four colleagues sang beautifully. I was thinking a lot how hard it must be for him, singing, as his wife Heidi isn't dead that long, I think not even a year. And he is the only person who still visits my father! So strange to see him there, as I had just yesterday wondered how it would be if I could talk with him. But I didn't. He looked like a very old man, and I supposed he is totally influenced by my father. He must have been very handsome, still is. I was surprised that my mother simply could walk over there and greet him and other singers, and she even met a former work colleague, of at least 50 years ago.

CH was sweet, but the way she was a bit "off" all the time was very apparent to me. I had the feeling I could just not be myself but had to take care of both of them. Still it was nice for my mom to be with someone else, and it was good for CH to be out alone and not drinking. I think she could be such a nice woman, but she still is on antidepressants and on substitution meds for drugs. Shit.

I felt a strong connection to Edith, nearly broke out crying at some point, thinking how much she would have loved to have had a fun life with going out and all, but not with my father, and I imagined her there, among the nicely dressed singers … there was a band called "Tamburica", and they were wonderful, playing nearly Greek sounding music … I could imagine beautiful Edith dancing. I asked CH's dead partner Mike for a message for her, and he gave me a light blue and white checkered handkerchief or scarf into my hand … I told her that afterwards, but I doubt she will remember it. I was slightly appalled by her, because she was a big spaced out the whole time, and my antenna was vibrating. But it was good for my mother to be with another person.

Went for a short lake Wörthersee swim with Jacqui at noon, it was nice. It is very hot, no way to get mom out for a walk. I made a fruit cake, but it needs chilling …

CH told me that the **doctor** who was my father's and Edith's doctor and neighbor for many years and who even I know, **died** a few days ago. *He played Poker, had a good hand, they say, and suddenly he rolled his eyes and hunched over, expired.*
What a death.


MR Dr. Robert Stanitznig
* 23. November 1950 † 15. Juni 2022
MR Dr. Robert Stanitznig
geboren am 23.11.1950 in Spittal an der
gestorben am 15.06.2022 in Villach
Aufbahrung: 22.06.2022 um 10.00 Uhr
Velden
Trauerfeier: 23.06.2022 um 15.00 Uhr
Wörthersee

I find odd, though, that it takes over a week to then do an **open-casket-mass** for him. Geez! They freeze the body so that people can then gaze at the corpse "to say good-bye"? This is disgusting to me. Of course, another reason for my father to go to a funeral. I am sure he is very shocked. The doctor was only 72 years old. And his son is the one I have been communicating about my father and my worries about his health. And now he lost HIS father. Well, I may be a bad person, but the idea of him suffering this loss now is kind of comforting, as the young doc has been refusing to help me for a year now. Tough shit, doc.

I know that the old doc is now in a great place …

CH also told me that she has been watching the Thanatos.tv near death experience videos … and she is fascinated … good.

I don't know what to write to my father, seriously don't.
Feels overwhelming.

(Later)

So because **Dr. Stani** (as he was called) died "*when he had a **good hand***" (at Poker) – and a **<u>hand</u>** has been such an integral part of my ability to communicate with the disca, I spontaneously called out to him, just now, it's the evening of Sunday, June 19, about 9.30 p.m., and I put out my hand for him to put something onto it … and right away I ***received*** something like **cake decoration** of cream or pudding squeezed out of a frosting funnel … several single squeezings, maybe four and ongoing, like the pillars of a cake, but could also be some real Rokoko kind of white low chair ornaments, but they appeared to be made of white foam or cream …

So wow, that was direct and fast.

Earlier as I drove back from a brief visit with my mom, who only left her apartment once to get the newspaper, because it was so hot today … I saw the most amazing license plate numbers: As "**FU 2**" came, I said "likewise", reading "fuck you too", then "**HI 911**" came, and I though "Huh, very fucking funny", and right after this, "**808 EX**" came … no, that was *yesterday*, that I saw "808 EX", I told it CH when we were driving. Today it was "**808 CT**", which was strange. I had thought intensely about Bob's license plate number earlier today, "MEA 910", and the fact that "910" as the tenth of September, the last day I ever spent with Bob, became "ka mea", "the important thing" in my life. I remember having been so fascinated by that combination of letters and numbers, like I had been fascinated by "Play me" …

So I felt spoken to.

Had a horrible ***dream*** last night, about a lot or *broken glass*, ***big shards*** and holes, all windows of the small house where my mother lived in, were broken, and I knew I should have never left her alone … and when I went in, with some man, but don't know who, I saw blood spots in the bathroom, and I called out for my mother so desperately ….

This night I ***dreamed*** of my *brother Peter* and me … he was way younger than me, and we were in Hawaii, … and somehow there was something like a roller coaster structure like at a fair, and he was climbing up there, but he wasn't supposed to. And I was very worried about him, and in the background, there was a big white snowy mountain … and in the dream I tried to come up with its name, and then I found it, it was ***Mauna Kea***, and I said it to my brother many times, but he didn't listen … Later we were at ***Big Beach, Maui, at Makena,*** my brother somewhere in the area, but I was amidst a group of younger woman who were sitting at the waterline. And Big Beach in reality had a heavy and very dangerous shore break where the waves seem to gently carry you out towards the beach only to suck you in suddenly, build up and smash you into the near-beach ocean ground. You need to be a good swimmer and a bit smart to even get into the water without being smashed to the ground before you can reach the deep …

I remember being with Bob there, and we went into that amazing amarin and turquois blue water, crystal clear and just so amazing once you were in … and Bob later confessed that he had never had the guts to even get out into the deep water in the ocean at all! With me and because of me he had ventured out on one of the most dangerous beaches … and it was so great.

While dreaming, that knowing about that story was somehow in the back of my mind. I didn't clearly think of it, but it was there and present. And I don't know why but I lay down on the sand, and I let myself slide down towards the waterline along the very steep and dropping off beach … and I knew that the water would be crashing on me and on my head, but I was not scared. I slid down, saw the wall of crystal clear water approach and felt my feet touch the water … and I slid further kind of under the waves, right along the bottom of the ocean, and into the kind of yellowish low water area, as I was sliding into jelly … and then I woke up.

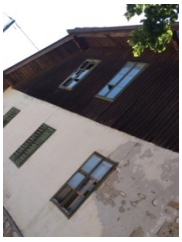
I wish I could show you the ocean … *but I cannot make myself google and look at Maui imagery …*

I was very upset tonight, too, about the constant washing machine noise. I will have to do something about this.

Evening walk with Jacqui … to Aich … running from harvesting machines, didn't want to think about the animals in the grass and the grains … Amazing view from Aicher bench area … seemingly comforting? Having Jacqui close is always a life saver.

June 20, 2022 – **The Broken Window Shards!**

Went for a short shopping and a walk with mom to ***Rosegg*** … and there they were! ***Shards***! The ***broken windows of my dream!*** Wow! How strange! We walked right by them! I had even told my mother about that dream of last night, and she was also astounded about seeing those shards … especially because *in my dream, it was her house with the broken windows, and there she was, with me, looking at that old house with the broken windows!* Was that ***a foretelling dream?***



(My mom close to that house. How small we mortals are.)

June 21, 2022 – **Argentina!**

Wow! A mortal-realm-synchronicity event superior! Yesterday, I don't remember exactly when, but I think when I was lying either on the sofa or already in bed, the word "Argentina" popped up in my mind. Out of the blue. There is no reason for me to think "***Argentina***", and I remembered it to be an episode title from "***Dexter***" … and I thought how ***Hannah McKay***, the serial killer and love interest of Dexter Morgan, the serial killer, had always dreamed to move to Argentina. And in the end – and I thought of the horribly bad-quality ending of "Dexter" – Hannah made it to Argentina with Dexter's son, Harrison.

So today, I received *a text to edit from* ***Nadine***, a young lady who works at the content agency, from whom I haven't heard in a while. "Pocahontas" I called her and made a birthday card for her with that character a little while ago. And today she wrote to me as a PS-note, that ***she will quit by the end of July – and she will move to Argentina.***

ARGENTINA.

I kid you not.

She writes to me that she moves to Argentina right after the thought of Hanna McKay moving to Argentina had stricken me out of the blue yesterday.

Wow.

So … what does that mean?

I had also thought about how Bob and I used to watch those series, like "*Dexter*" and "The Americans" … oh what a blissful time. Many times, including yesterday, I "find" myself on my Maui futon, my beloved best bed ever, and I keep my eyes closed and "know" the surroundings … I'm back on Maui, and Bob is only next door. I cried, yesterday, over my lost paradise. I did.

And today – boom! ***Argentina! Bob was there right with me, that is it.*** *The question is only what is first, the chicken or the hen.* Also thinking of "Argentina" yesterday I remembered how Hannah had said ***"This is my story, and I'm sticking to it"*** … Bob and I have repeated it often. And how Hannah had brought that orchid to Dexter that fit to him … and I just now realize that I found that wonderful ***orchid flower*** during an evening walk, … and I have been nursing it since.

And then the scene with Hannah's ex who killed himself by throwing himself in front of a truck after eating *a particular kind of icecream*. That kind of ***ice cream*** I bought at the event where I was with my mother and CH the day before yesterday!

So it's interesting, that connectedness of themes and events … and even Nadine included.

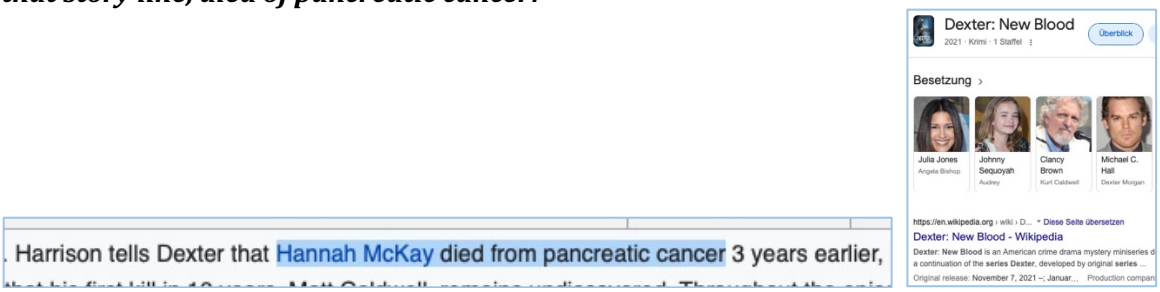
I also saw "**808 LF**" yesterday, and I was wondering … like *Bob is laughing*?

(**Oh shit what?** I think I just discovered that there was another season of "**Dexter**" I didn't know about, called "***New Blood***"? Just googled "Dexter Ending Explained", and I thought about the ending in … what, 2013? But this is a new ending! SHIT! I missed "Dexter's" new season or seasons? I must get a different email-account or drive to some free WLAN right away!)

(Later)

Oh as much as I want to drive to a free online place to binge "Dexter", I can't … got to finalize this c. d. with the images and write the letter to my father … but something else interesting happened:

Last night, I lay awake with that *nasty pain in my right* ***pancreatic*** *area* again, and I thought that maybe if that's a ***tumor*** who is acting up again, I shall die in a not too long time and must speed up getting things done. I pressed my fist on the spot, and I rubbed Arnica on it … still hurt this morning, but less. So I just wikipedia'd "Dexter: New Blood" and I read, that ***Hannah McKay, according to that story line, died of pancreatic cancer!***



Wow.

So I read about this kind of cancer that I thought about last night when also thinking "Argentina" which totally relates to Hannah – only to learn right now **that her story ended with pancreatic cancer!** I even mused last night about Betty White, Stewart's wife of "The Unobstructed Universe" who died of some cancer too, I think stomach cancer …

Synchronicity. Oh shit yeah. But what the fuck does this all mean?

(Later)

I thought of reading the episode outlines on Wikipedia instead of watching "Dexter: New Blood", but my ***screen froze*** immediately. Good one, Bob, good one.

June 22, 2022 – **The "Hand" and "Argentina"!**

Oh wow, it happened again!

I drove to my mom this late afternoon, to help her eat, and on the walkway to the apartment building where she lives I found one **single working glove**. I thought right away "***a good hand***", and that relates to the sudden death of the doctor Stani, who is said to have "had a good hand" in Poker right when an aneurysm in his belly burst and his mortal phase was over. So I photographed that "hand" because it was so apparent.

At my mom's, I had to discipline myself greatly, because she is glued to the TV and at the same time so strangely lost and "dumb", that it pisses me off, I can't help it. But we warmed the soup and the fish and ate. Then I persuaded her to play two rounds of "memory" with me, laying down cards and guessing, and she was quite good at it. But whenever I try to talk to her about going for a walk or the situation with driving and the car and the need for her to be more active, she babbles and says something like "I know". She straightout refuses to go for a nice cool evening walk … I have to fight her everytime when I want to open the window in her hot apartment. It worries me a lot, her behavior. I can tell it is worse in the evening. I also know that once I get her to go out, she is a

different person. But left alone in her apartment, she degenerates right away. Well, that is my kuleana. If she lets me help her live better, I will. Just when she angrily refuses and is so nasty and pissed off at me, I am often at my patience's and wit's end.

So after two rounds of memory we had to watch the quiz show she watches every day – and she watches several – and of which, like of the others, she has no clue about the rules. She simply stares at the TV and when I ask her anything about rules or who is the reigning quizmaster, she has no idea.

It is strangely upsetting for me, but I'm being good and discipline myself.

And then it happened:

During one of the first rounds of the show "***Quizmaster***", one of the question was what a good assortment of cards **in Poker is called: "a good hand"!** Oh wow! I managed to fetch my phone and take a pictures! And then I was so stupid to put the phone away, because right after that the question was about a famous song by a famous Carinthia, and it was Udo Jürgens with "**Buenos Dias Argentina**"! Argentina! The Hand! Back to back! Wow!

Today Nadine wrote to me that she was afraid that my Argentina-Dexter-happening was a negative foreboding for her Argentina trip. She plans to do it with her new boyfriend, it's a one way trip in late fall. Wow. I tried to assure her that for Bob and me Dexter has a positive connotation … and that is true. But right after that I felt very compelled to write to her that it's important to always ask the right questions in life, and that in "Dexter", the woman, Hannah, ended up alone in Argentina. I did not mention that she died there. I would like for Nadine to realize that this strange synchronicity is not a coincidence, but she sure is not open for it.

I had printed out "With Folded Wings", "The Stars Are Still There" and "The Road I Know" from Betty and Stewart White today, at a print shop, and it cost me nearly 80 (eighty) Euro. Wow.

But now I have the right stuff to read when going to bed, I like it so much.

I also had my long 11 pages letter to my father printed out … and I sent it off. Registered mail, like he wanted it.

And I had a tick on my belly, already sucking. It was a horrific sight, that big critter. I poured alcohol on and got the critter off me. Yikes.

CH sent me a very stupid and almost nasty letter … she simply can't get what I say or try to communicate to her, she is on pills all the time and likely drinks. And I am so so so done with that. If feel no tolerance for her big eyed drug-addict demeanor, the weird-speaking and dried saliva in the corner of her mouth views … yikes. No more. And the she tells me that she was upset about me being straight with her. Oh fuck all these losers. Sorry, but if a person can only live due to the medication they are taking, otherwise they would immediately fuck themselves up with drugs to death … well, then … I don't see any reason to treat them as "normal" or anything positive. They are not themselves, it's chemicals that make them … well, do anything. I hate hate hate that. I can NOT help anyone like that at all. Neither of my parents is on pills or drugs. My father pain killers, maybe. My mom nothing. And I am very proud of her for that.

Dreamed of my mom having a baby and handing it to me too nurse it as she was too old … but me too, I said, I'm too old. Still, it was my job to find some baby food, so strange …

June 23, 2022 **– The Heart with a Message**

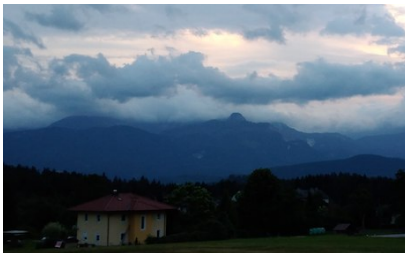
Dreamed of a big **ocean basin** in which for some reasons I and several other women, we all were much younger than I am now in real life, had to jump … and ride sea creatures that looked like the **Loch Ness monster**! It was the weirdest atmosphere … I did it once, dove in, encountered the critter under that turquoise water and let it lift me up above the surface, so that I would ride the giant critter close to shore where it kind of threw me off its back, and I landed on dry land … the second time I didn't dare to go in anymore, but I think I was forced …

Now that I write about it … it feels similar that I took mom today to watch a ***water-skiing performance*** on lake Wörthersee, and there was that strange "ride" over the turquoise blue waves … it was windy and choppy water, and very dangerous. And a young man, dressed as a clown, trying to make people laugh, hurt himself very much in the water. He barely made it out, had to be dragged out, but then remained crouched down … no wonder with that choppy water …

Mom seemed to be between enjoying it very much and being strangely dark. For me, too, it was very bitter sweet as I remembered being there with her in much younger years … we even went into the public bath area where we used to go when I was younger than 20 years old … oh we went there so often, I almost "saw" my brother Peter there with me in the water … I remember it all so well. She insisted to go in an check it out. We watched the amazing *sports car* that are now all over Velden … with amazing noise … it was between disgusting, upsetting and fascinating.

Looked over to my father's house … the garden so wild and jungly, no father to be seen … it is very heavy on me … and my mother first said she didn't want ice cream, but when I said I would she did eat a cone and enjoyed it … She looked so old and fragile and feeble, I keep forgetting that she is 78 years old. I can't imagine this of my mother. Maybe because we spent so many years apart, I didn't witness her age, she was suddenly old, after not having contact for so long. Maybe she feels the same about me. I am so glad that there is a beyond …

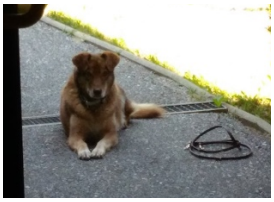
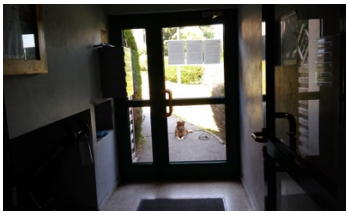
Speaking of which: After dropping her off back home, I drove to the "bridge" as I call it on the North shore of ***lake Wörthersee*** to take a dip, it was already half past 6 p.m., and the swim was grand, the water almost too warm for me already. As I dried myself off I noticed about myself that I had chosen a corner of the area to change instead of using the cabin. I felt compelled to gaze into the shallow water, and there, between the reeds, I saw a heart shaped stone … except that it was no stone! I climbed down and in and grabbed it – it's a **heart pendant**, reading ***"You are my favorite human".*** Oh well! Thanks, then! The picture on the other side is also very sweet, and it reminded me of CH!



So back home, I took J for a walk … what a sight the clouds mimicking the mountain! …. and quickly phoned CH, but hung up when I saw her step outside on the balcony. So we went for a walk. It was okay, but she was obviously drugged, I just can tell by the way she talks … so "off". Not sure

what to think. I had printed out a photo of her of that evening when we were with my mom … she looks nice there.

Poor Jacqui … not even allowed into my mom's garden – that she does not use! We must talk about this soon. My best friend, always attentive …

June 24, 2022 – **MAUI MAN, the "makau" & 2 FRIENDS!**

Wow!

Maui greetings everywhere! First, the license plate numbers, "808 EC" and other "808", "911 ND" and others, and then "910 IB" and other "910"! All within an hour!

Then I took my mom on a whim to lake Hafnersee, where she used to work. We intended to only go shopping, but I wanted to give her some more activity, and so I drove down there.

On the first meters, I saw a man sit in the café – on his chest a beautifully carved "**makau**", a ***Hawaiian fishhook!*** I was fascinated, as I saw the Polynesian tattoos on the guy. I walked up to him, while my mom checked out the restaurant, and asked if that was from the Pacific, and he said it was Polynesian and "ein Anker" which means "an anchor". I knew that this was no anchor, but I didn't say anything. Took a walk to the lake with mom and J, and then we sat down at that café, and he was still there. Then a Polynesian looking guy came out and talked to the guy saying that "it would take at least another half hour", and I heard something about "some farewell ritual". Wow, I thought, maybe there was some Hawaii-related retreat being finalized? Mom and I got cake and coffee (me, she barely accepted the water I got with the coffee, but for her) … and the guy with the "makau" left. I thought, shit, I really should have talked to him about the "makau" not being an anchor. (*Note: Later I remembered having given a "makau" to Bob once as a gift, of wood and bone, but it broke in two, he told me, shortly after he had put it on; I immediately thought it was a bad sign … and it may have been. But I played over it.)*

And sure enough – after a little while, he returned! And shortly before we left, I wrote down my email and the "Native of Owhyhee" info and talked to him again, told him that it was a fishhook, and he said yes, he had misspoken. And it turned out he had spent most of his life on Maui, as he had Hawaiian ancestry and had done some predecessors searching! Wow!

Saying the word "Pukalani" and "Kauai" and knowing someone understood me! And he did KNOW that the "makau" is supposed to get the person wearing it to say the right thing at the right time. Strangely, that seems to have applied to me!

He said he would certainly connect with me … and I do hope so.

It was close to magical.

Then, we drove to Hofer for shopping … and when leaving, my old friend ***Martina***, who lives in Rosegg and with who I was supposed to hook up for a long time, crossed right in front of my car! Wow! We hugged and spoke and will meet!

Then, I was supposed to drive to Spar too, but took a wrong turn and had to run around the roundabout, and then take mom to Spar … and sure enough, entering, I met ***Traudi*** – *Rudi's sister!* We had a totally spirited talk, and we shall meet! She invited me to her home in Kerschdorf, and my mom too! Wow!

This is all soooooo good! Now I must check for the day, what the astrologer wrote …

And here it is:

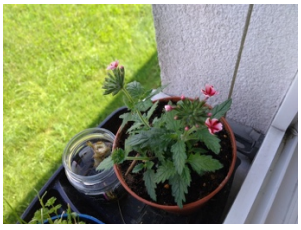
Yesterday, *Venus* changed into the Mercury-sign "*Gemini*", and communciation is going to be the main theme for the next weeks. Articulate one's feelings. Be true to oneself! Good!

(Later)

Took mom to the first get-together-music-event after Corona in the village where she lives, "Dämmershoppen", meaning something like "drinking in the dusk", and she enjoyed it immensely. I was barely able to bear sitting there for hours, but she wanted to stay till the end! I met a woman from my school days between 14 and 19, Petra … she has become a doctor, oh well. My father would have a lot of reasons to call me a looser again if he knew I had met her … anyway. Mom saw a few people who she knew and loved it. She looked great, relaxed, pretty, totally normal. Sometimes her resentment against me is showing, but I am learning to play over it when I notice.

Plus … ***my orchid*** … so fascinating … now withering, just like human skin its little "arms" look, getting soft with the "blood vessels" showing, weak and losing strength … reminds me of my mom, sadly … but also of myself.

But the tiny ***Verbena*** piece that I picked up from the floor at a store a while ago … has been developing into a beautiful plant, starting to bloom!! Bob knew that I love to nurse plants … I'm sure he is watching with delight. (Check out June 28!)



June 25, 2022

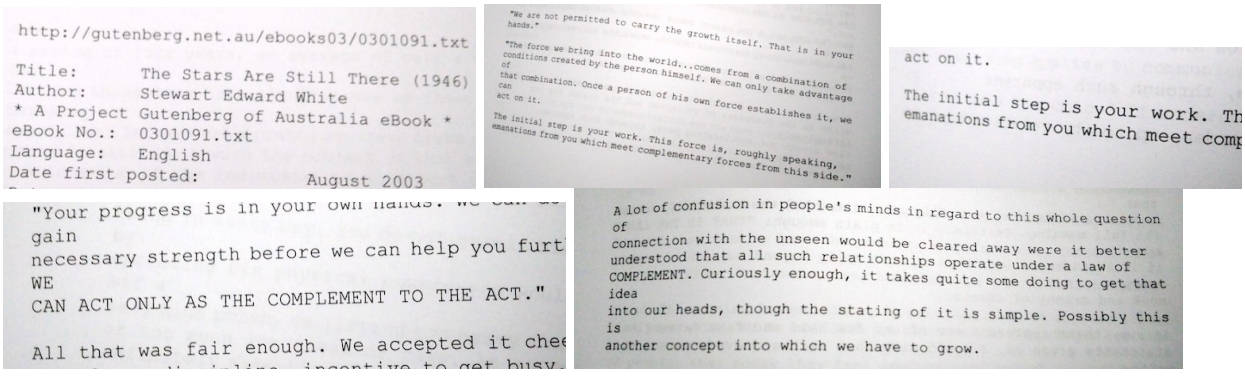
Had a very intense feeling of my little ***brother Peter*** being close … and like many times I am wondering why I barely ever have the need to connect with him as disca, same for other people who have moved on, like Heinzi Ulbing or Viktor Baer … even though, ***Vickerl met with me shortly after his death in my dream,*** one of the events that I will never forget even though it happened very long ago, in the late 1980s, and it should have sparked my realization that there is life after death … but I have started to share food impressions and swimming bliss with Peter, my brother.

Today I felt the urge to call out to him literally, saying "Pedro Programmo", his nickname, and I asked him to put something into my hand, and I received some kind of "castle" or "ruin" or "wall" made of "bricks" or what looked like some *castle-like structure like a big wall made of bricks of some kind* in my hand. (***Note****: Oh I was in for a big birthday surprise a few days later, as weird as this image felt to me at the time!)*

And a deer has been coming to the new earth hill that is now overgrown right in front of my kitchen window … and it keeps coming closer … Of course, a voice in my head said "Oh Deer". Oh Bob. That is exactly what he would have said.

June 26, 2022, Sunday – *Horrible grief &* **Argentina 3**

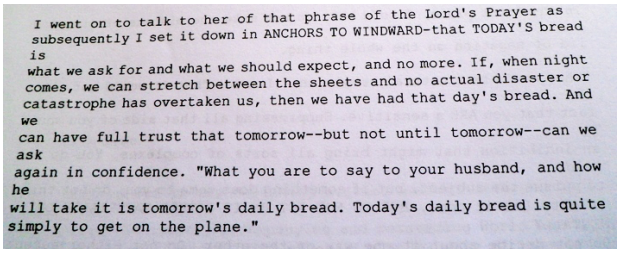
The license plate numbers again! "808 BD" exactly when I was thinking about Taylor Camp so intensely … "910 EE" amidst a huge huge horrible surge of grief that has been all over and inside of me for three days now, to the point that I am even dreaming of grieving the loss of Bob and cry and cry in my dream … crying a bit in real life too. I had several Stewart White books printed out, and I am reading ***"The Stars Are Still There"*** now ... and as I am now reading it in detail, other than on the screen, I am seeing more things. Just last night I read about the importance of one's personal path in terms of connection with the beyond that is way ahead of the "task" for convincing others or even sharing. But I know that my personal work, this contact diary, is a crucial effort. I will finalize this chapter soon and then sent the first USB off the important addresses according to my list.

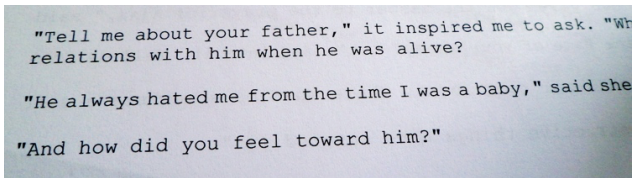

http://gutenberg.net.au/ebooks03/0301091.txt
Title: The Stars Are Still There (1946)
Author: Stewart Edward White
* A Project Gutenberg of Australia eBook *
eBook No.: 0301091.txt
Language: English
Date first posted: August 2003
"We are not permitted to carry the growth itself. That is in your hands."
"The force we bring into the world...comes from a combination of conditions created by the person himself. We can only take advantage of that combination. Once a person of his own force establishes it, we can act on it.
The initial step is your work. This force is, roughly speaking, emanations from you which meet complementary forces from this side."
act on it.
The initial step is your work. Th
emanations from you which meet comp
"Your progress is in your own hands.
gain
necessary strength before we can help you furt
WE
CAN ACT ONLY AS THE COMPLEMENT TO THE ACT."
All that was fair enough. We accepted it chee
A lot of confusion in people's minds in regard to this whole question of
connection with the unseen would be cleared away were it better understood that all such relationships operate under a law of COMPLEMENT. Curiously enough, it takes quite some doing to get that idea
into our heads, though the stating of it is simple. Possibly this is
another concept into which we have to grow.

So three lovely women I met on one day, June 24 … that would be really good for me to have as friends – normal, accomplished women! I have been wishing for them, I cannot stand CH's drug personality and her circumstances anymore. I don't even feel the same fondness of her anymore, as my spirit tells me that she simply is not real … her big pills-eyes, the strange way of talking, her lying, even without wanting to, I am sure … I am done with this.

I will really pick up contact with Martina, Traudi and maybe Petra, and even if Petra was only a "symbol" or reminder of all the lovely people I could be with … I take it. On June 24 was Silvia's 60th birthday, and I sent her a card. Yesterday I asked her a question and she did text back after a while,

but didn't at all relate to my question. I do not like this. I must be true to my real feelings and needs of communication … Readin *"The Stars Are Still There"* is just right for that kind of clarifications … that of course also relate to my father and mother. And about realizing facts – ***my father has hated me since I was a baby*** and the ***meaning of it all***, taking one day at a time.


I went on to talk to her of that phrase of the Lord's Prayer as subsequently I set it down in ANCHORS TO WINDWARD-that TODAY'S bread is what we ask for and what we should expect, and no more. If, when night comes, we can stretch between the sheets and no actual disaster or catastrophe has overtaken us, then we have had that day's bread. And we can have full trust that tomorrow--but not until tomorrow--can we ask again in confidence. "What you are to say to your husband, and how he will take it is tomorrow's daily bread. Today's daily bread is quite simply to get on the plane."


"Tell me about your father," it inspired me to ask. "Wh relations with him when he was alive?

"He always hated me from the time I was a baby," said she

"And how did you feel toward him?"

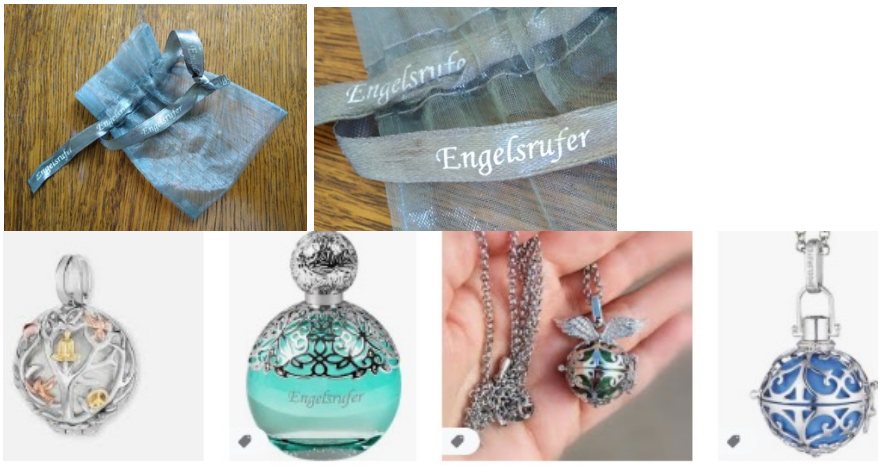
So this morning, I took the local magazine, the "Veldner Zeitung" to my breakfast table, received it freshly on Friday, and I opened it, and there it was: an article about "***Argentina***"!

Wow! So that is a theme. I will send a pic of this to Nadine. Also … the sun is in the flag of Argentina I noticed. "You're the Sun, and I'm the Moon" … ringing in my ears again.

June 27, 2022 – **The "Angels Caller"**

Wow!

I took my mom on an entirely unusual route at an unusual time to an unusual place, where we really didn't even get what I had in mind (free taxi cab vouchers from the county gov, the rules are ridiculous!) … but on the way from the absolutely unusual parking spot I saw a gray silver pouch in front of my feet. At first I didn't want to pick it up, as it was empty. But then I did … and the little tying bands for closing the pouch have silver printing on them, and it reads "***Engelsrufer***", which means **"The One Who Calls (On) Angel", so "Angel Caller"!** I found that!



In front of my feet! Me! After I have been reading for several days now in Stewart White's book *"The Stars Are Still There",* and I am just now at the chapter how the Invisibles or Discarnates cannot do something "for" us but can only complement the force we put out there always giving us the opportunity to act upon our free will. And right in the middle of this lecture I find a silver pouch

with “Engelrufer”, “Angel Caller” … “Coincidence”? Yeah right. *(**Note**: I googled that term, and it turns out that it’s either some pendant or some little ball with something in it that makes a sound … called “Klangkugel”, “sound ball”, but it’s not really “sound”, it’s more special than that … Bob had something like that at his home when I first met him, it was a tiny copper-colored ball with dolphins on it, and it made the most wondrous bell-like very subtle sound when been shaken … I was fascinated with it, all through those years … no idea what became of it. Can’t believe that I never returned to housie … and that I never went to the states to pick up the stuff from Joyce’s storage … I must email her, I think. Maybe tomorrow. – Checked out the balls, turns out there are also “Qi Gong” balls or spheres with sound-making-elements inside … maybe that’s what Bob had … like in the picture, but rusty brown, and it would stand on some small pedestal … oh those were the days.)*

Also I have been *dreaming* wildly intensive stories … today, in the morning, after I switched off the alarm, I was in my **dream** with a man in a ***rural mountain pasture setting***, and we came upon an empty ***hut***. For some reason I “was” also the woman who owns the hut together with her highly aggressive husband, and they had let for a town visit.

The *owner* had done some kind of thing installed or arranged to find out later if someone had entered the hut, like he had placed something white on a shelf, I think. So the person with who I was, was also at the same time that owner of the hut … it was strange. We spent the night there, and then I wanted to leave and didn’t want to touch that hut more, but my companion did something like pushing something down a drain or some other hole, and I was horrified as I knew we needed to leave that hut untouched. I urged him to leave, but he wanted to stay, and to my horror, the owners showed up! And then it was kind of garbled, because somehow more people were in that hut, like a hikers group, and the owner turned out to be a murderous psychopath. And I was so scared, not so much for myself but for the other people who I knew the man was about to murder for entering his hut! I begged him to let everyone go, and he grinned at me and asked why I was so scared, and I said that *it was because I had been beaten so often in my childhood* (which is true) … and he laughed and walked off, and I knew he was about to badly hurt a young blond man for punishment. Somehow, the identities of the people in the dream including myself kept shifting, and mainly there were just two, me and a man, but we kept being other people at the same time and seemed to multiply. So I was so ***scared***, along with another woman who was the owner’s partner … and we tried to just run away and leave the entire area, but then we saw that there was some commotion around the corner in the hut …

And something was going on and lying on the floor, and suddenly I realized that the blond young man and others *had killed the violent owner of that hut* … to save everyone else. I was relieved, but at the same time I was kind of mourning, because I wasn’t sure that the danger had been so serious … Now we had to figure out how to get rid of him, but I kind of stayed out of it thinking all the time we should not have come in the first place …

When I woke up, I was so horrified by that violence, and because it is such a strangely complete story (with way more details than I can explain now) … and I thought how that applies to my life. I have to think of my father all the time … I don’t know how he is, I want to help him, but I am really afraid of being hurt again by his violence and sick mind. Maybe that is a reflection?

A little after finding that “Engelrufer” “Angel Caller” pouch I drove by a car with the *license plate number* “**VOLT 1**”, and of course that is electricity, and my father was an electrician by profession.

Something is going on. And: I’ve been seeing “**250**” *in license plates several times now*, after having seen “**8030**” the second part of Bob’s phone number on June 15!

I went for a swim in lake Wörthersee yesterday, with J, and on the parking spot I drove through ***shit*** that was all over the right side tires then … and I thought spontaneously that this means good luck. Not so sure now.

It is scorching hot.

I feel strangely numb. But today there will be a thunderstorm. I finally made it to clean up my balcony … yey.

(Later)

Oh geez, big ass *thunderstorm*. I filmed some ***lightning*** – so surprised when going through the footage frame by frame …. See for yourself. Stunning: discharges between me and the neighbor's house!

(Note: Oh, reading through this – of course „VOLT 1" can also relate to the lightning! Geez! I did ask Bob if they, the disca, also have to be careful about the discharges! They do!)

Then … masturbation need suddenly. Did it … and climaxed, and just couldn't fucking help it but see Bob sitting there on that bench at the ocean looking directly at me, that strange moment so many years back … when I was busy with Willie K's camera filming the ocean, and Bob observed me from behind with not really a nice expression … and this face of his always comes up strongly and irresistibly when I climax and send the energy right to him … and I know he receives it. It's pure Tantric energy transfer. A few times I managed to put it into myself or some other image, but ***Bob's image is right there always like it is drawing this energy up to it.***

I spoke to Bob afterwards asking him if it was good for him fucking discarnate … and I asked him to ***hug me*** (and yes, stood there hugging the invisible Bob) and to then *put something into my hand if he had* hugged me … and immediately, on my right hand, a ***yellow pear*** appeared and I right away said "Asian pair" … really would be "pear", but you remember the story? So that was a hint? A "pair", like two people, and I had thought the coyotes had eaten it? Funny, I came across an image of a baby coyote last night when I looked at sweet baby animal fotos … And on the other hand I received some kind of ***cardboard box.***

I said "We better met again you fucker" … and I really mean it.

I feel so sad and so lost and so hurt … it's strange how intense it is right now.

Went for a short shop and walk to the village of Zettin with my mom, picked her up because for the first time she said directly that she was "bored at home". That is good that she is that aware … I hope for the best in her development.

Yesterday afternoon when I walked by the stables where the farmer "next door" keeps his poor three cows shoved inside a too small space along with pigs … the old farmer was there, and he shouted with such violent hatred at I think at the new piglet he had told passers-by about not too

long ago when I happened to come by (that the poor thing is lying down inside the trough all the time … because it is so hot?), and it was like my blood curled, that's how hateful and violent his voice was. Now I know for sure that he is a fake, and his friendliness is just façade. He is as bad as he looks, with his weird dark eye area, he does look spooky. He has no feelings for the animals he takes advantage of and keeps in that small stable … three cows, day and night, year after year, standing, not moving, never outside, and several pigs … no space for them, they can't move around … it's hard to bear that thought. I hate the guy now … that I have heard him curse so violently at one of the innocent helpless animals, and I didn't even see what he was doing inside, maybe shoving an animal? What could an animal possibly have done to him that he lashes out verbally so horribly at it, along the lines of "Get out of my way you fucking shit thing" … something like that.

Brr.

I can barely stand walking by there. And I know many people are wary of the situation of the animals there. He has huge meadows and fields, and he keeps the animals in the dark and small stable. That is horrible horrible. And of course it is only one case of the horrible animal abuse going on everyfuckingwhere.

June 28, 2022

The ***Verbena*** is giving my such joy!

Oh, I've got a whole collection of finds talked about in this c. d. already, but a lot of finds I didn't pick up or collect, only took pictures of … I have this wishful thinking that one day someone will find everything and read this contact diary and be so thrilled … and it's going to change the world being such an immensely precious treasure. Well, dreams.

Big fucking thunderstorm today again with rain and thunder and lighting, big damages from yesterday in rural areas where „small" creeks turned into raging rivers and caused landslides … well, it's kind of to be expected in those areas that nature can strike, but people are so surprised … geez. What pains me is that animals were closed in by dirt and water, carried away and died! For example at a country farm resort! That is horrible. Jacqui is so scared of thunder and lightning … old wolf's wisdom.

June 29, 2022 – **The Brick-Castle! The Brother-Connection-Proof! The Proverb!**

Today is Wednesday, and it would have been the 56th birthday of my brother Peter the Mortal. But he died nearly 30 years ago.

A few days ago, I had that intense urge to communicate with him, and I did, on June 25, and I called him "Pedro Programmo", and he "put" a ***"castle-like structure like a big wall made of bricks of some kind"*** in my hand.

And just earlier, coming from dropping off my mom after some shopping, a visit to lake Wörthersee and eating Apricot dumplings at my place, but from meals on wheels, I saw it in the sky: Clouds that seemed to form a "wall made of cloud" bricks.

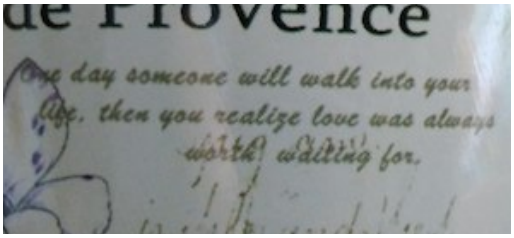
Immediately I thought of the image my brother Peter had given into my hand and photographed it several times. But only when I parked at Velden to go to the post office, I saw also that t**he brick-wall-clouds were just on top of one of the old buildings of Velden – a castle!**

It manifested. Perfectly. Nearly directly. And I received a kind of a "bell" with a wooden handle from my brother when I said that to him how amazing this manifestation is …

So I can communicate with my brother Peter too? Directly via "put something into my hand", or via Bob? I showed my mom several pictures of Bob and of Maui today, while we waited for the storm to pass … she looked at them, kind of politely, and nodded and say "oh look at that", but like many times in the last weeks she barely reacts, and often I don't have the feeling she is even here. But then she says something, and it is entirely sharp and normal. But she has a very hard time remembering things right now … from any time in her life, also stuff that we experience together repeatedly, just can't recall. It scares me.

The Proverb!

Eating lunch with my mom at my place, my glances suddenly fell on an old plant pot cover where still dried out Oregano is ... and I meant to take care of that many many times, for months, but it still stand where it always stood ... and suddenly I took a closer look! There is a lovely proverb on that pot, and it reads: ***"One day someone will walk into your life, then you realize love was always worth waiting for."***



Breaks my heart. Makes me cry. Where is my love Bob? In my memories only. This is painful. So much.

(Later)

Strangely, the ***brick-wall-clouds*** didn't even turn into some storm or other weather event, they simply disappeared! Were they there just for me? And also, when I drove to my mom, a clear and single and perfect "S" was in the sky, written, not "made by clouds", so directly, right next to a huge clear angel wing. I couldn't photograph as I was driving. But I did notice it, and I thought that Bob was telling me that he saw the Maui-images and the images of himself with me. Like the one here … at Iao-valley.

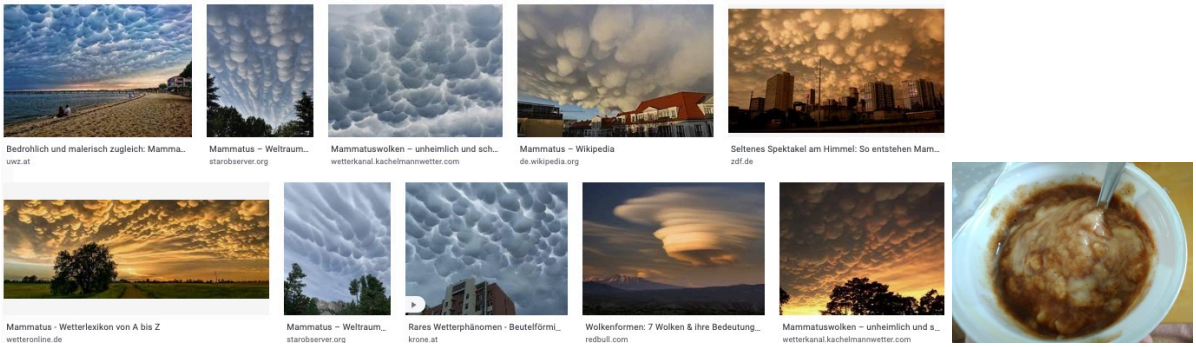
Rescued a tiny piece of rose from a twig I gave my mom ... and one of the buds blooms! And I met a beautiful snail ... there, Bob, missing mortal life yet?

Looking at various images of Bob's face I did realize and had to admit, though, how uncomfortable Bob was in my presence at times. I have been ignoring this and refused to recall all that … but there was a reason why we spent so much time apart: He simply did not like me. Then I showed up and, he was happy, we were happy, got along wonderfully, just loved each other … but again – didn't like me. He talked about the emotional problems of his life … and yes, he did have them … anyway. It was strange to see the images and feeling so numb and far away. My mother seemed not to care, and I had – like so many times in the past weeks and months – really fight for composure and not take it personal.

(Later)

Googled the clouds, they are called ***"Mammatus clouds",*** from "formed like a breast", right after thunder storms, but of course the word "Mamma" is in it, like "mom", and that at a time when I am communicating with my brother while being so intensely involved with my mother! This is amazing. If this is done consciously from the "other side" – masterpiece, folks! And yes, I'm patting my shoulder too, because I have learned to really "see" and accept what is given into my hand and not doubt the image. So that's why "high up brick-style wall". Mammatus clouds. There. And yes, it is a rare cloud phenomenon. Right to my brother's birthday.

So am I now in contact with him? Does he want to? Can I help him? I dedicated a ***milk-rice sweet dish with a lot of cinnamon*** to him earlier … noticed that it does look like the clouds, too!



June 30, 2022

Took my mom to watch a Yoga session in Schubertpark, and I considered participating, which I really would have enjoyed, but I couldn't let mom sit on her own … so we walked on and through Velden and down to the lake, with Jacqui, and we sat there, watching the water. Behind us, some live music was on, someone playing songs that would have made me break out in tears just a year ago, but I didn't feel any tear coming ...

... But instead, I felt compelled to see Bob in front of us dancing – with Edith! I imagined it, of course, but it felt natural and good and "real", and my brother Peter was there too, dancing too, with Waltraud Schildberger, the lovely schoolmate of mine … and Peter also swirled Edith around, who was her beautiful self with her long dark hair and long waving red dress … it was strange, "seeing" the ***"dancing disca" …***

(**Mom** pointed out an ***amazing cloud*** right behind the church next to the little settlement where she lives ... actually, that entry belongs to July 1, but I'm using the space ... I was so glad for her to notice the cloud and express it. One year ago she was not able to speak more than five sentences and was entirely demented and broken from alcohol. What a wonderful recover. I am so thankful.)

Yesterday I saw Gretel, Edith's best friend walk on the street while I was driving … I really want to talk to her.

My father doesn't communicate. I must do something.

July 1, 2022

Texted Klaus, my father's neighbor to ask him for help … to let me know if he has seen my father recently. My text was not accepted. Well, talk about the last straw … Drove for a swim to my new swimming spot at Auen ... an beautiful pre-thunderstorm mood there was .... Discovered bush-berries in the forest I have never seen before ... must check ...

July 2, 2022 – **Hawaii Greeting** & **"Aloha" Time Synchronicity** **& Glitches**

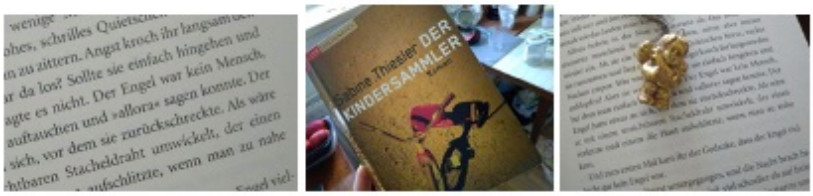
A Hawaii greeting, definitely today: Took mom and J to a walk to lake Saissersee and then went shopping with mom to Eurospar, she only needed a newspaper and tissues. And right at the entrance, I saw the word "***Hawaii***" manifold: **Hawaiian sea salt** like used for the Hawaii dishes I love so much, like the raw fish with the red salt and the sea weed … oh I had to turn away, it was painful.

Then, after dropping off mom I drove be the petrol station right at the turn to the apartment complex where I am "living" right now … and a red little car was parked right at the entrance to the petrol station, with a ***Hawaii license plate*** in the back window, **"Aloha State" with the rainbow.**

Oh fucking shit.
That's clear.
Mahalo … I think? I felt seriously depressed and panicki this morning, so that I had to take Bachflowers. I don't know what is going on, only have been having a new feeling about my father … the end of my wits is reached. My mom is better, and I am grateful.
Peter keeps writing me of his troubles … I get reminded of Bob all the time …
Maybe my spirit need more help. I have been reading "The Stars Are Still There". So poignant. And yet I feel entirely alone dealing with that subject.
And then today, the Hawaii greeting … oh well.

(Later) **TIME SYNCHRONICITY with "Aloha"!**
Oh geez! Now I know why I saw "***Aloha***" just earlier! I started putting images into this c. d., finally, had been planning on it for days, and I ended up on June 11, when I had found the word "angel" in a random book I had taken from a public book box, right after I had found an actual angel figurine. The person in the book that was called an angel, was also known by the one word she could and would speak: "***Allora***". Now, this is Italian and means a lot of things, random remark in about any situation, like "so", "well", "alright" … but when I read it, I kept reading "Aloha", and it is really very similar looking and sounding. So today I ended up in the "***Allora***" section! Right after seeing "**Aloha**" in real life!

June 11, 2022 – **More Synchronicity Messages & The Angel Again! & Time Synchronicity Aloha**
Wow … grabbed a **random book** from a phone booth book box and started to read a bit after having dinner with mom in her hot apartment. No word about our bad words yesterday, I didn't mention them, maybe she had forgotten …?
So I was stunned to read in the crime story about abducted children (titel: "*Der Kindersammler*", meaning "the kids gatherer") about a person who was called and "Engel", an "angel", right away …

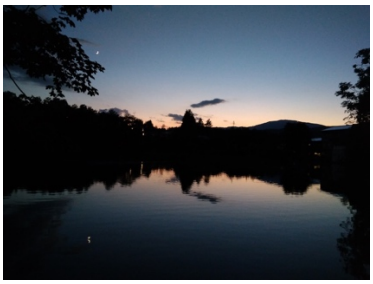
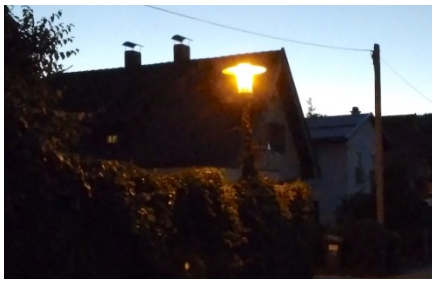


Strangely, that „angel", a weird woman, probably mentally retarded, could only say one word: „Allora". Now, it does not mean „Aloha", but it sure sounds like it and reminds me of it.
*(**Note**: Time **synchronicity**! Just an hour before I put these images into this entry of this c. d., today, July 2, I saw a car parked at the petrol station closeby, and it had a Hawaii license plate in the backwindow, reading „**Aloha State**"!)*

Oh wow, I am so "on". As I scrolled back up, I got "hung up" at the spot where Bob is looking at me just the way he may be looking right now … if I could only see him …

(Later)
Had dinner with mom, went for a swim alone then took J for a late walk down to the street where my father lives, to see if there is light in his window. It was. Also in the window of Edith's room, what a relief. I will start one more attempt and send him one more letter tomorrow ... trying

to make amends. I was thinking that the property would be a great spot to make a 50+-commune, the kind that is so popular right now.

(Later)

Today is ***Carinthian Ironman*** ... Jesus Christ, it's scorching hot, and when I took J for a short walk through the forest, I stopped to cheer on several of the bikers, about one third women ...

... clapping and cheering makes them so happy ... and of course I immediately teared up and then broke out in tears, too – like it happened all the time when Bob and I were hired to film some segments of the Maui Marathon ... He didn't know about that, I hid it, but it was hard ... especially watching the people at the finish line break down in the end ... I also cried when they were well on the way. I just don't know what that is ... that emotional surge that gets me, and I cannot fight it down ... Human mortals are amazing in terms of controlling their body machine, right, Bob? The word "***vanilla***" came and the image and word of a "dumpling", a normal size ball ***dumpling*** ... hm.

Asking him to put something into my hand right now if he got it and watched me today ...

Also ... a perverse contrast: In the garden party zone where I live, the party crowd is doing the full music Sunday bother-everyone-else-and-don't-give-a-fuck thing ... including CH. I am very disgusted. These people should stand on the side of the road and cheer on the athletes ... instead they are holding their fat bellies out in the open, drinking alcohol and just being ... I don't know. No, humans are not "the same" ... it's so odd to see the triathletes drive by right behind them!

Don't visit mom today, but we chatted on the phone ...

Found a wonderful piece of ***apple strudel*** in front of my door from Gabi – bless her heart!

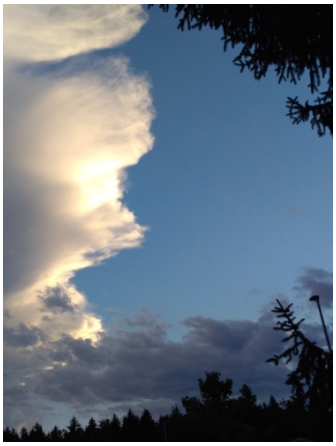
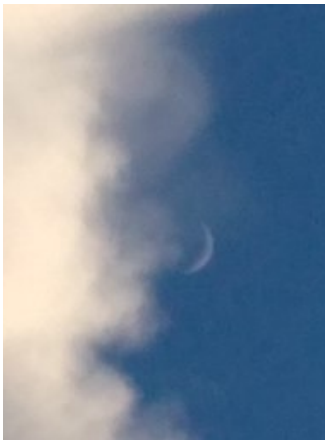
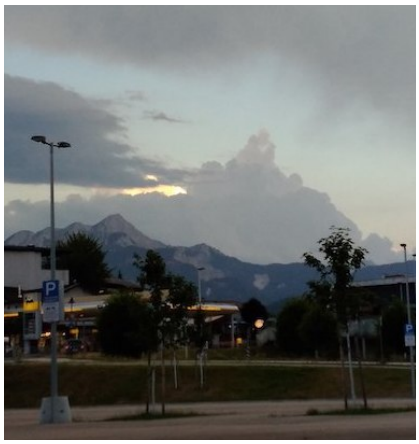
(**Note**: Only on July 30, when I worked on some of the images for this c. d., did it occur that various ***images had glitches*** ... I don't know why, maybe it happened while copying onto a USB-drive for

transporting ... but it has never happened before like this. Some images were only half there, like the pastry images of the apple strudel:)

I keep thinking how sad it is that Edith is dead, because now that I live here we could meet all the time. Sometimes I just can't fucking believe all that happened. Bob? How can he be dead? How can that be? Edith? And who is next?

Got a piece of a plant from the cemetery ground when I went to weed my bro's grave ... and even though it was only a stump, it is growing? I dedicated my balcony to the bird and the plants, J refuses to be outside, well ... Raspberry time in the forest! Wow, too early, I think.

July 3, 2022
Cloud swallows moon occurrence … pretty. And then: Cloud mimicked the volcano!

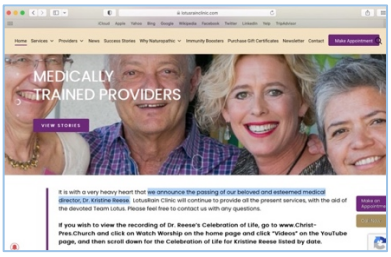




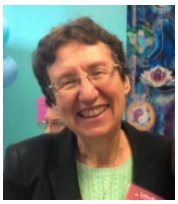
And later: A pointer to the moon?

July 4, 2022 – **Glitch occurrence**
Strange.

A few days ago, my phone accidentally dialled „***Hadas***“, that woman who actually brought me to Maui … but also the same who has not responded to anything in years, that I communicated to her, via Facebook or Email or text message … and today, somehow I had a strong Hadas-impression, not sure how and why, and it related to death. I thought, wow, maybe Hadas died, and that would not be fair … so I googled the clinic where she used to work and then left and then worked again, like she told me when she actually called me on the phone in 2014, when I was on Maui, I remember it exactly … she had told me that she had been in love with the doctor who ran that Lotos Rain Clinic in San Diego, Dr. Kristina Reese, but nothing came out of it. So today, I learned, that ***Dr. Reese is dead. Died at 54 in February this year***. Oh wow. That is so strange. I am ashamed of myself, but my first thought about Hadas was that maybe now she knows what it's like, as she didn't send me as much as a fuck-you when I told her about Bob's passing … so shame on me. I sent her a text message during the evening walk with J and will likely send her an email. Have done that before though, asking her to explain why she never responded to my communications … and never received a response. So what happened to Kristine Reese that she died, the head of a naturopathic clinic? They say, "a tragic accident". Whatever that may mean. Cancer? Well, for Hadas, a cancer healing specialist, and the whole clinic is focused on that, it must be horrible to lose their head to … well, I don't know what. *But I would love to know.*

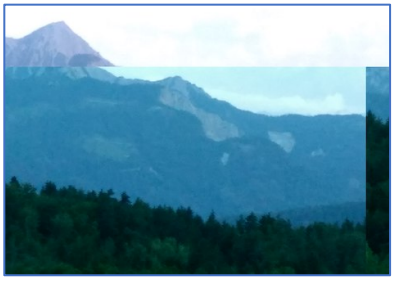
(Just googled and saw there is a YouTube-video of Kris Reese's celebration of life. Only went in to see Hadas ... oh geez, just the way she was, and just the same impression on me, that there is something fake about her, in a way that she seems to be judgmental in all her displayed "goodness", and her "humble demeanor" I just still cannot take serious.)





While I was chatting with Hadas in my mind and was wondering if that Kristine had some evidential for me, I saw an ***old-fashioned car*** in front of my inner eye, just naturally appearing, a brown oldtimer of sorts ... it was there very confidently.

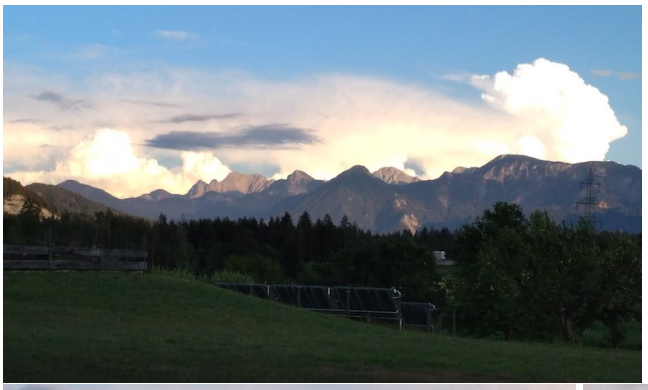
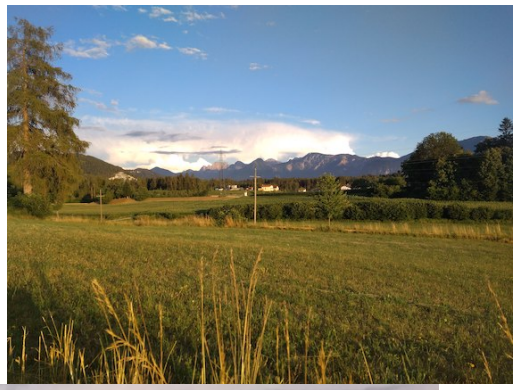
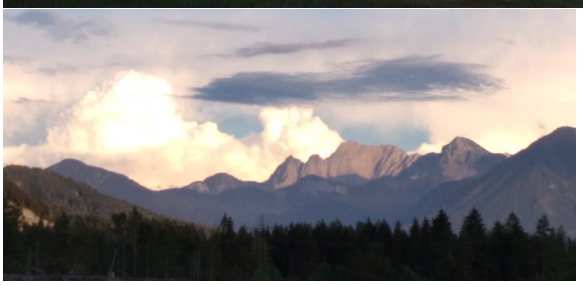
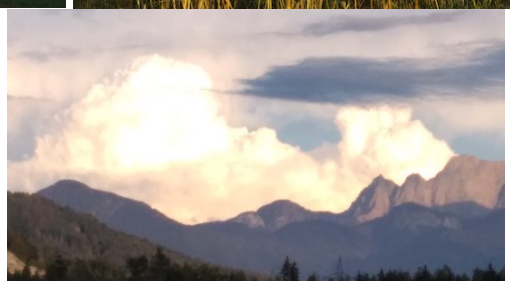
(**Note**: Only on July 30, when I worked on some of the images for this c. d., did it occur that various ***images had glitches*** ... I don't know why, maybe it happened while copying onto a USB-drive for transporting ... but it has never happened before like this. So it looks as if I could see the reality that I normally see in a distorted way, like not just seen with mortal eye, ***with more dimensions and in way brighter colors*** ... like this simple meadow with the deer that I saw on July 4, so, "today" in this c. d. chronology:)



July 5, 2022

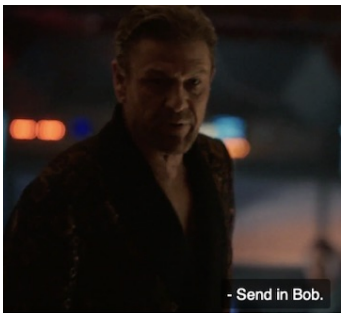
Had a truly intense **dream** of being on Maui with my mom, in full mourning, like hovering above the area around the Tropical Plantation looking towards Kahului and me crying and telling mom how it was to see Bob's car and him in it ... and in my dream I thought, "wow, how come I am on Maui with mom, what are we doing here!?"

Walked up to the bench with a view to "Ma'alaea Harbor" ... wow, the clouds did the full mountain-mimicking for me!

And then ... what a strange long cloud in the South ... a very unusual place for a big long burning cloud ...

*(**Note**: I'm putting in images today, March 4, and somehow in a folder I found the two below with the date July 5. Not sure why. I remember seeing that guy who after a near-death-experience started to dead with stones in a river ... and the scene is from Snowpiercer. Only that I have not been watching videos since I left Griffen.)*



(OH! Now I see it! I have read a book yesterday, March 3, 2023, and today, „Time to Run", about an Australian serial killer and a police officer trying to survive in the bush – and as she is close to dying, ***four „discarnates" appear to her and guide and support her!*** *So this is time synchronicity! THAT is why I found that folder today and looked into it, today, March 4, 2023! Because the text with the image with the stones reads „Being picked up by a light-figure" or „a person consisting of light", and* ***that is what the heroine of the book sees! Dead women consisting of light!)***

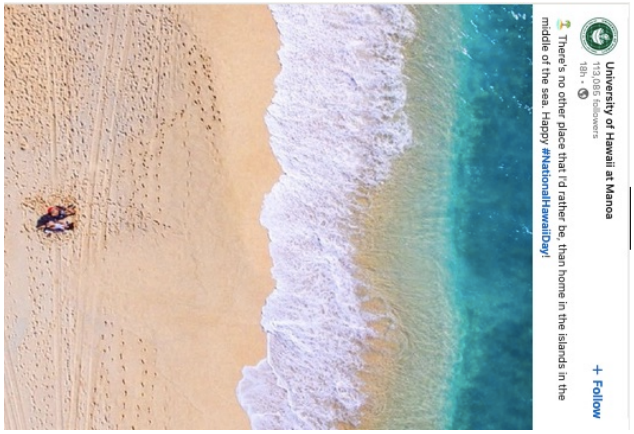
July 6, 2022 **– Maui Greeting: Kihei!**
Alright, fuck me ...

I was checking out the ***Keutschacher Dorffest***, just on a whim, and I looked at the location, as I intend to get my mom there ... and somehow I scrolled down the comments, and a "***Dany White***" wrote in English that she'd miss the event but be there for the next ... and I clicked on her profile-name, and she lives in **Kihei!** On Maui! Where I used to live when I met Bob! 56 Konale Place! Shitting me or what? And her name – Dany White, when I have been reading *"The Road I Know" about Betty and Stewart White's path every day now ...*

Wow, talk about a message.

Dany White
Wohnt in Kihei
Aus Keutschach am See
Teilen
Abend machen
Dany White
Wish I was there!! Missing another one:) but next year I will come. Have fun!!
6 Tage
Hannes Triebnik hat geantwortet · 1 Antwort

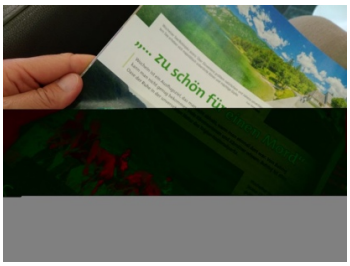
Randomly browsing further, I found an entry that expresses what I'd say to Bob all the time ... "I'm on an island in the middle of the pacific." ***(Note****: I have just today, March 4, 2023, these Screenshots in an old folder and am putting the images in ... kills me to see Maui ...)*


University of Hawaii at Manoa
+ Follow
There's no other place that I'd rather be, than home in the islands in the middle of the sea. Happy #NationalHawaiiDay!

Did a short walk with CH today ... she was so off, and looked so fucked up, but there was that genuine sweetness that she also has, and she is really worried and unhappy about having her hubby live with her again ... geez ... I think I will help her if she needs. Just don't know how.

Got a nice letter from my father's neighbor, who told me that Picej visited him yesterday, with a big document folder, and they talked all day, I hope not about me.

Also, working on images I had taken for this day, the picture of a ***magazine article with the subject "murder"*** ... got glitched out, too, literally inverting! Look!

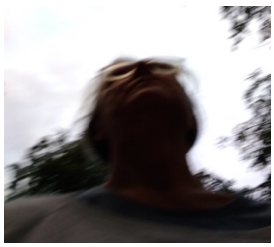


Also, Bob's name „Ananda", that he got when getting married to M., appeared suddenly in a random print magazine.
*(**Note**: Oh geez, the glitch image would have an amazing time **synchronicity** meaning on August 12!)*

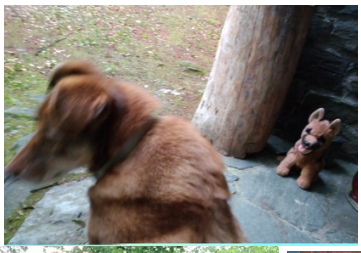
Also, in a magazine I saw a picture of a man with a round cheese ... a while ago I had that impression, on June 12 ... anyway.

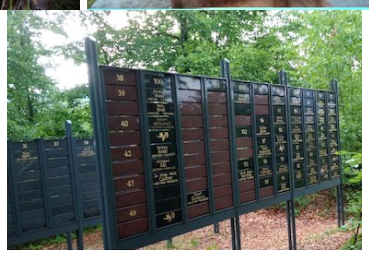
July 7, 2022

Took a walk with mom during our Wernberg shopping tour near Drau river ... and saw a beautiful flower meadow ... accidentially took a pic of me, too.



Later, in the evening, after a yoga session alone with the teacher who turned out to be a woman who and whose brother I had known in my very early days after heavy raigh, I discovered a ***"peace forest" burial ground*** next to the official burial ground where Edith's remains are laid to rest. Strange, to see the little things people have put there in memory of their loved ones ... and most of them broken and decaying or simply weathered ... also the doctor who recently died has a place there ... I assume that the urns are in the soil next to the trees dedicated to the dead folks? Because you can't really bury ashes next to a tree, the calcium will kill the roots.





July 9, 2022

My mom and me met a relative, *Christoph*, the grandson of my grandmother Johanna's half-sister, who told me that he had met my father a few days ago at the doctor's, and he was in horrible shape, physically and mentally. This makes it clear for me that I must take legal steps to get help for him. He must be influenced in ways that are seriously endangering him.

License plate "**910 EH**" around where I live, and a few hours later "**911 ER**".

Visited a traditional ***village feast at Keutschach***, but it was so disappointing, as people did not give a shit about the cultural presentations, like singing, folk dancing and accordion concerts! And barely anyone ever clapped! The MC had to ask people to clap, but they hadn't paid attention anyway, just chatting, smoking, eating and doing stuff with the many way too wild and aggressive kids. Yikes. And then, after performances of not even an hour, there was supposed to be a break of one and a half hours for the beer barrel to be officially opened, then another one and a half hours until the live dance music would start! Geez!

So because of my severe ear ache and headache I had to cut that short. My mom would just sit and look and listen, all night long. But sorry, today I just could not handle that. I should do transcriptions of my visits at my father's, but it is so fucking hard. I must wait though until Monday after mailman time, and if I do not get a letter from my father, I will do the submission to the elderly protection court and ask them to make sure he is safe and that his "friend" and confidant Picej is not taking advantage of him ... of course he is. He wants the inheritance.

In some moments I had a hard time staying calm and patient with my mother.

On the way back to my car, we came across a lovely ***pond scenery*** ... and one of the pictures ***glitched*** out when I dealt with them in terms of sizing and naming it ... a weird kind of “insight” into a different way of “seeing” something, like from a different dimension again ...

We met my ex Rudi the other day at the Eurospar shop parking lot, and the way he dealt with her and was, I think I am ready to communicate and reconnect with him, because he also has a lot of hardship caring for his mom, who is 89 years old though, and he cannot leave her alone anymore because of his highly aggressive mentally ill sister!

I thought today that maybe we can somehow help each other. I don't think I can handle it all alone anymore.

I invited him for coffee some time today, via text message.

July 11, 2020 – **Bob in My Arms**

Monday. Ear ache. Exhaustion.

But the **dream**!

I dreamed it already in the evening, so that in the middle of the night I woke up and thought about it. I was about to get up and write it down, but then I thought that if it was real, I would remember. And I do.

I was at an event that had something to do with work, video production, but also with water and a ship, I think, and suddenly, **Bob was there!** ***He stood there, present, aware of his presence, and I walked up to him, and he was as tall as he was in real life, and I embraced him and squeezed him tight.*** He wore something brown and I think a green scarf, and while dreaming I noticed that I noticed that. I held him tight and also noticed how slender he was, his body was muscular and hard. And in my dream I though that now, that the was a discarnate, he could have the body he wanted to have. And I embraced him harder and said to him ***"Oh can't this be real? Can we make this to be real life? For real?"*** So I knew that he was dead, and that the meeting was in the other realm! And he calmly shook his head and said ***"No",*** kind of dryly. He did talk, too! But I cannot remember what, but he chatted about the impending task of mine. (Can it have to do that I must go see my father one more time, as I haven't been able to make myself transcribe our talks? My ear being inflamed from all the not-wanting-to-hear anymore, also my mother ...?) And then I reached up, and he embraced me too and squeezed me, and we shared a wonderful kiss, and while we kissed I thought how real it was, and I noticed that there was some liquid, like your nose is a little running while you kiss and I thought that I really hope he didn't mind or notice. And after that kiss we just enjoyed another moment, but I knew that I had to leave.

And we turned East, where the task was, somehow ... and walked there, and then I woke up.

Oh wow. I smiled. I talked while awake that this was an actual meeting with Bob, and I thanked him.

I had read in ***"The Road I Know"*** about Betty White's experiences, and I realized how enormous all the knowledge is that is to be had from them ... and it kills me that people barely know about it. I must start to send off my contact diary to people.

Having felt sick the past days I realized how fast the mortal phase can end. Thinking of my very fragile father all the time ... but there is also the worry that when he sees me this worsens his condition even ...

I must follow my gut.

My longing for Bob and the feeling of loss is so strong today. It is often, it takes my breath away. I had to lay back down on the sofa after walking the dog in the morning briefly, I have the feeling I just want to sleep. But I have to work, see what my mom needs, figure something out about my father.

For a few moments, in half snooze mode I had the feeling I was alone, years ago, and free to travel to Maui, and I was on my way again. So many times I kind of find myself lying on my beloved futon on Maui, my eyes closed, and I know the surroundings in the room and around the house so clearly in my beloved Pukalani. That all this is over ... sometimes, like today, I don't know how to bear it.

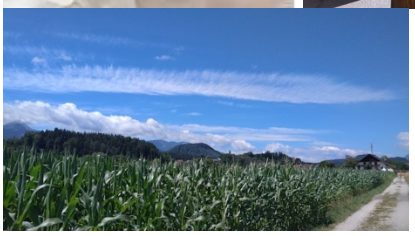
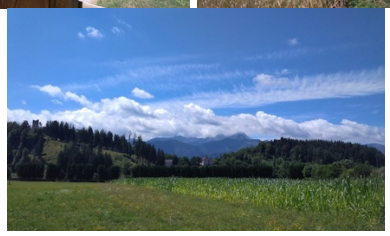
I just don't.

The embrace with Bob was so wonderful, but I woke up. I fucking woke up. With him not being here. Are they around? Sure. Be still it's all over, the mortal story, and that is so hard to bear. I don't know where to turn really. I know it is a task to care for my mother, and it is lovely to see how she is improving ... but I am insisting on it and I get her to go out and eat ... just everything. And my father ... I am so worn out by the struggle and the undeserved hatred ... and I am so sad that Edith is dead. Now that I am here we could have such a great friendship. It all feels so thoroughly fucked up right now.

(Later)

The silk ribbons!

Yesterday I found **a white silk ribbon** lying on the ground at the bus station next to where I live. I thought I should photograph or take it ... but didn't, idiot me. Because sure enough: Just earlier, when I took my mom for a midday walk at Rosegg, we came by the little chapel, and there were ***hearts and silk ribbons!***

... plus something like a Chemtrail.

I had a hard time ... I can barely stand the pissed-off-ness against me of my mother anymore, it always happens when we are out, she never talks to me, and she sulks behind me, when I slow down to let her catch up she stops to stay behind me so that no conversation is possible. I am on edge. I can't handle this kind of abuse anymore. She gives he shitty remarks all the time and looks at me so hatefully ... I don't deserve that. I have that every day. Would I be in contact with my father, I would have that double. No.

I thought today that the fact that I have a sore ear and a big cold sore must have to do with my inner revulsion thinking about having to listen to the conversations with my father to make the transcripts. I hoped he would connect with me, but no. So I will have to do them. But my body is already giving me warning signs that I must take care of my own spirit. Even my dog behaves weird when we are with my mother, he sulks and wants to walk with her and looks at me strange. I need to be alone. Today I will go for a swim before or after eating with mom, and I might stop by my father's for the very last time.

The horoscope of the astrologer whose texts I am editing says about these days that I must check in what areas of my life my body is already manifesting symptoms. Oh don't I know those!

Saw a yellow plant ... don’t know what it is. Mom was wondering, too.

July 12, 2022 – *A Horrific Meeting*

Took a chance and walked to visit my father ... after having put a nice flower on Edith's grave.

Right when I walked up to my father, who was in the garden, a car with the license plate number "**808 EI**" drove by the garden fence door ... and I took it as a message saying "***I, Bob, am with you***".

Before that I had seen a "**808 HA**", and "Ha", of course, is the Hawaiian term for "breath of life".

It was a horrible experience ... *and I cannot even repeat the hatred my father displayed towards me* – but he also let out his hatred against my mother without any limits and control, he was like a verbal berserk and yelled at me that I was not to look at him so dumb, just insulted me the whole time all the way through. He obviously is crazy, and I must stop trying now. *(**Note**: I did realize later that he just was not in his right mind, he must be suffering the effects of either the pain meds or some severe influence by somebody or both.)*

I left before everything could escalate and drove to take a swim in lake Wörthersee, which was grand. But I know the task ahead is still big, I must put together the whole material including talk transcripts between my father and me ... and then send it off to authorities. I am so done with that person.

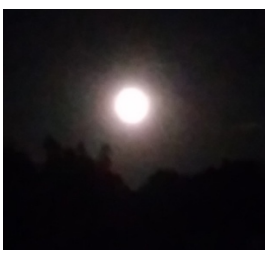
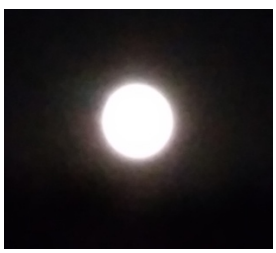
And then, after a swim, I took an unusual turn and drove onto a parking lot – only to be facing "808 HA"! Oh Jesus Christ! Bob and "ha", the power of life, and Hawaii = 808 = area code and "ha", the breath of life, right next to me.

So I guess it's all good. I did the right thing.

I can't do more. My father is nuts, and there is no way ever for me to get through to him. He must be taken care of.

His dog Sandy came to me, and she was so happy, she did not even bark! I forgot to throw some yummy stuff in the garden for her. Will, maybe, in the evening.

Supermoon tonight ... and my lovely Verbena, producing flowers on and on!

July 13, 2022

Woke up with the thought that my father may be influenced by the pain medication he takes for his ailing shoulders. Must intervene.

Took mom to Villach today, as I did a spontaneous laundry day, and we took a short walk along river Drau ... Then she wanted to come with me to my place, and we had lunch there. Still, I don't like her to be alone at home in the evening, but no other way right now.

In Villach, I parked next to a truck, and as I looked there, I saw the **line "UP STONE EVOLVE"** on the car! Wow! I thought that was poignant!

I also saw amazing "**910**" and "**911**" license plate numbers ...

Wrote a letter to my father's neighbor Klausi, afraid he would mind, but he didn't and responded nicely, that he knows my father has dementia ... oh geez, I wish I could help him.

I took a swim in lake Wörthersee after dropping my mother off ... and as I walked back to my car, a car drove into the bus stop, and a young man got out and turned his back to me, and there was a huge image of a **dragon** on his back, and below the word "**MOONLIGHT**". And *today it's the supermoon in Sagittarius!*

As I swam I connected purposefully with **Edith**, ***as I wanted to share the lovely experience of swimming with her ... because she love it,*** I know. I'm currently tormented by the insight how much she suffered. Should I have tried more to help her? Could I have helped her more? Should I have visited her at the hospital when she wanted me to in January 2020? I couldn't, thinking of Bob at the hospital ... but I have the feeling that there are so many things I should have done and didn't.

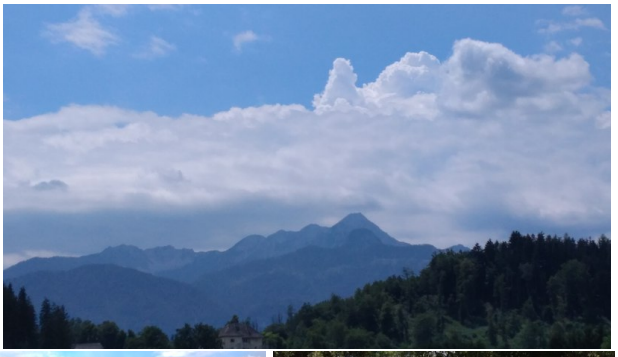
What loss, what a mess.

And now my father ... his face yesterday, so lost, so hateful, so vulnerable ... I really have a hard time thinking about what I should do for him.

Later, taking a walk with J, I found a **glove** on the ground, kind of strange ... and a **lemon**.

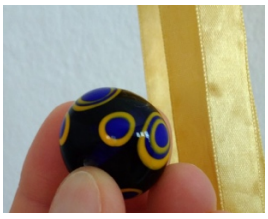
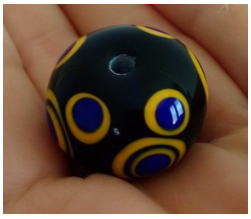
I found a dead grasshopper today on my floor ... kind of touching ... how much effort nature puts into every single creature. And we are so ignorant of it all ... every wasp or bee or spider to me is a personality. This grasshopper had a life, hopes, needs, and I hope he was happy, at least a bit.

Cloud mimicks volcano on July 15 … and some strange reminder of a longtime field of interest of mine: crop circles.



July 17, 2022, Sunday again –

I have been transcribing the conversations with my father ... it's so hard, but I will finish it and then be free of it. Took my mom to the Celts exhibition, I liked it, and I took for myself a nice original ***Celtic bead*** – it spoke to me. Seems to be the sun and the moon at the same time.

This morning I took J for a walk through the forest, reminiscing my horribly emotionally hard dream ... a man not Bob but of similar feel in the beyond, and me there, too. And I was sure I was going to be with him, but he was with a woman who had a little child, and I was so disappointed because clearly he was going to work and be with her, while I had been hoping for us being together. Somehow we all knew that we were in the beyond ... but me not quite. Then, a police officer came, and the whole conversation was in German, there was a ***missing green spider***, but it was a toy spider of the girl, and I had hidden it, ***it was large and green with a white or beige belly***, but I pretended to not know anything about it and that I thought he meant a real green spider. In my dream I thought to myself that even though I was aware that I had hidden that toy spider, I didn't really know where it was. It was odd, because even in my dream I thought that the thing about the spider seemed so out of place, why mention a green spider in my dream ... somehow, the dream ended on a sad sad note, that I knew I had lost, I was second again, instead of first, and I just could not understand the unfairness of it all.

(Note: I couldn't find an image of exactly that toy "spider", but it was a mix between these:)

Then, in the **forest**, a ***woman*** – like in my dream! – suddenly emerged from a forest path, with a ***little girl*** – just like I my dream, and a very young Golden Retriever dog, 6 and a half months, she said. Wow – the feeling was just like in my dream, where I had been dealing with just such a blond mother with her child of about the same age, maybe five!

I forgot to mention that I found earlier a bunch of ***Ribisel***, special bush berries, like black ***currants*** but red ones, that my mom and I had talked about a while ago, and how they had been in the garden, and we had picked them. I gave my mom a ***berry mix as desert*** yesterday, and there were the Ribisel too! So strange to find them there – and I ate them and shared them with Edith and Bob, as they were delicious. My lovely friend Gabi had given me a wonderful ***Apricot jam*** as a gift, she is just too sweet.

Walking on in the forest thinking over it, I realized how much I had been hurt by Bob's behavior, and that my father is doing even worse, and Bob somehow even reflected my fathers sick ways. So I called Bob a fucker and asked him to put something into my hand if he had heard that. And small flowers on a white background appeared in my inner vision.

So I walked on, and just after a few minutes, as I walked by a white painted house, I saw a bunch of small orchid flowers in window. And just as I was pondering if that "counted", a car drove by me on the narrow road from behind, and the license plate number was "**808 ES**", and I read it spontaneously "**BOB IS**" – with me, having heard me call him a fucker!

Wow!

I feel inspired.

My father sent me another letter, totally no insight, evil as usual, and I will give him one more note today. I must give that up, I think my dream told me, it's a lost case, he will never be on my side. I think I got the message, and I appreciate it, thank you disca.

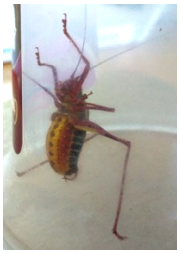
I know that I urgently must turn to my own matters again. But first things first.

I got the dream message, I really did.

(Later – just a few minutes after writing the above)

My mom called, and while I talked with her I noticed a huge ***long legged critter on the curtain!*** I said to her that I hoped it was no spider, and ***it was dark green on the back!***

Jesus Christ – my dream! So I looked closely, it was a huge ***grass hopper***! What an amazing creature – and it had a ***dark green back and a light, almost white belly!*** The "spider" of my dream! What does that tell me? That the message was real!



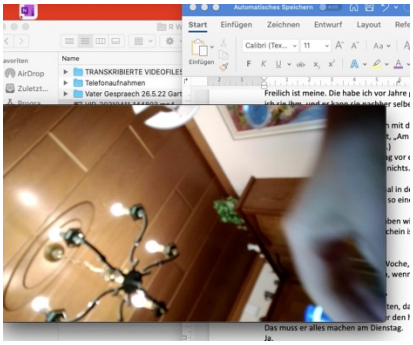
"Rudi ich bin stolz auf dich" wird Edith sagen, wenn sie ihn sieht ... wirklich? Hand auf – Schneeglöckchen gesehen.

(Later)

Got mom for eating together at my place and then took her to my swimming place to give her some fresh air. Yesterday she has touched my arm when I left! Deliberately, like a greeting. She has not touched me deliberately in maybe 2011. Yes, a few times last year, but she was in bad shape then. Today I asked her if she could remember last year, she can't. But she thinks she was fine. Very weird. On one hand she is so clear in direct interactions, she even talks on her own and is responsive always, but at the same time she is extremely forgetful. Today I got her to wear a leggings instead of her jeans. And she felt so good in them. That way I found out that my mom has a Borreliosis-circle on her knee! I saw it when she changed. She told me a while ago that something bit her, and there was a little bump. I asked her several times if there was a round red mark, she said no. I realized today, I cannot believe her anything. As today I found a nightgown that she had bought herself in fall last year – untouched. And she herself had told me many times that she had worn it.

So doctor tomorrow morning for antibiotics. If feel very guilty, because it was me who keeps taking her out in the meadow and the woods. She said she did not see any tick ... Oh geez. I'm a little worried about her.

Then I kept transcribing the conversations with my father of last year ... it's chilling to the bones how hateful, cold and provocative he can be. It's impossible to talk normally with him, that is totally clear to me now. There is no way to just be me and just talk with him, ever. He is not able to take things the normal way, he is entirely caught in some kind of mind game that determines his every thought and response.
Oh wow.



So when listening through the last file for now, I saw that I had randomly filmed the ceiling light, and not only is it greenish and looks like a spider, the impression of "green spider" I had in my dream, that very kind of green, is in a corner right next to it.

July 18, 2022 **– White tassels from Peter?**

Had an intense urge to connect with my brother Peter ... and I said to him to put something on my hand if he can hear me. Then I "saw", right away, something like a ***box with long white tassel fringes*** ("Fransen" in German").

It was ever-so-brief, but it was a clear image, and I was, like usual, kind of ... well. Doubtful. But it was so strange and so not anything that I would have thought out myself for whatever reason ever ... so, well, there it was. Something like a box or even a building, but seen from afar, with white

fringes. Straight on top, fringes on the side ... *(**Note**: Oh my, this thing **will** manifest alright! Just wait for it.)*

July 19, 2022

My mom told me a story today – that was my story. The one about the grass hopper that I had found on my curtain. Literally she told it as her story. So now I know she will never drive her car again, even though she appears so clear in other ways. Her dementia has several sides, I got it now.

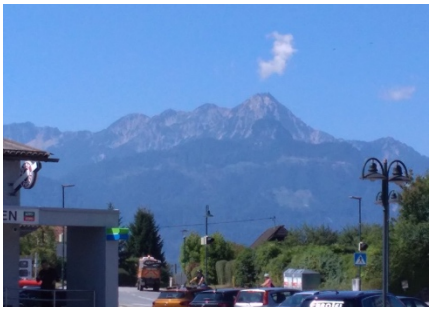
She and I saw my father yesterday, driving mom to the doctor, because she has a Borreliosis infection on her knee and has been swearing there is no round red spot around the insect bite she reported on, we saw my father walk up the street. He looked so miserable, barely walking his shoulders all crooked, that my heart nearly broke. So I took a turn, turned around, and as I drove the same road back, expecting to see him from the front, he had turned around too and walked the other way! He was confused. He did not see us, because he does not know my mom's car and didn't see us. Oh Jesus, he looks horrible.

So today I bought some vitamin elixir and put it in a bag on his garden door. I must pull myself together and go visit him again, tomorrow. No matter what.

It is extremely hot. Went to have dinner with mom, she was sweet, let me persuade her to play Memory, which she gets good at, but sometimes I can barely handle her way of staring at the TV screen without seeing anything, because if I ask her, what she had seen, she mostly doesn't know ... and her biting her nails and other mannerisms. They make me aggressive, sometimes, and I must go.

Took a swim in lake Wörthersee today, without J, it was grand.

A car drove behind me with the license plate number "***WIN 1***", so okay. I'm gonna play in the lottery. Very interesting how the Mittagskogel mountain that I see from my window and pretty much from everywhere around here really does the *volcano* so often ... Had soup with stars in it at my mom's.



I felt inspired to google some professional advice on dealing with narcissists of the worst level, like my father, and there are descriptions of not only his behavior, but also Bob's! Geez. But of course one always picks men that resemble the father. Yikes. My father is beyond help. It has been torture to listen to all my recordings and transcribe them, but in a way, I know him so well, and I know that I never stood a chance, there is no fucking way to expect any normal behavior from him. Poor poor Edith, what a life she had, what a fucking life. And so long ago she told me she wanted to leave but couldn't because of all the money invested. My father had made her invest in his property, renovation and all. But then, Edith – why didn't you leave anyway? I heard my father say EXACTLY the same phrases he used in my childhood in all the horrible fights with my mother! The talking in circles, the non-admitting, the accusing, the abusive behavior, the whiny self-pity, it is so disgusting ... I am almost sorry for my father. What a fucked up mind and souls in this mortal life. I cannot help him on any emotional mental level, I know that now. I must stop seeing him as my father, as he is not, he never was, never will be. I so understand my mother now that after 16 years of horror she wanted to have nothing ever to do with him again and didn't want any part of the property and just left. I do understand her.

I must tell her that.

Oh poor Edith. I share swimming with her, I know she loved it.

Now poor Sandy. I am almost sure that my father has big problems with keeping her.

I know that when I visit my father and he goes berserk on me, I will not move again and leave. I will stay. And see what happens then. I have been thinking that the shape he is in, he might die soon. But then, he is a tough guy ... still, it would be so strange. But then – the tapes! There is and never was a way that I was going to get through to him on a logic and loving level. No. I did everything I could. I did.

Okay, still some phone conversations to transcribe. Having read a great article on narcissist, will help me get through listening to all this sometimes nearly unbearable cruelty and almost idiocy my father was displaying and I had to put up with.

July 20, 2022 – **The Fringes, the Butterfly & HUNA**

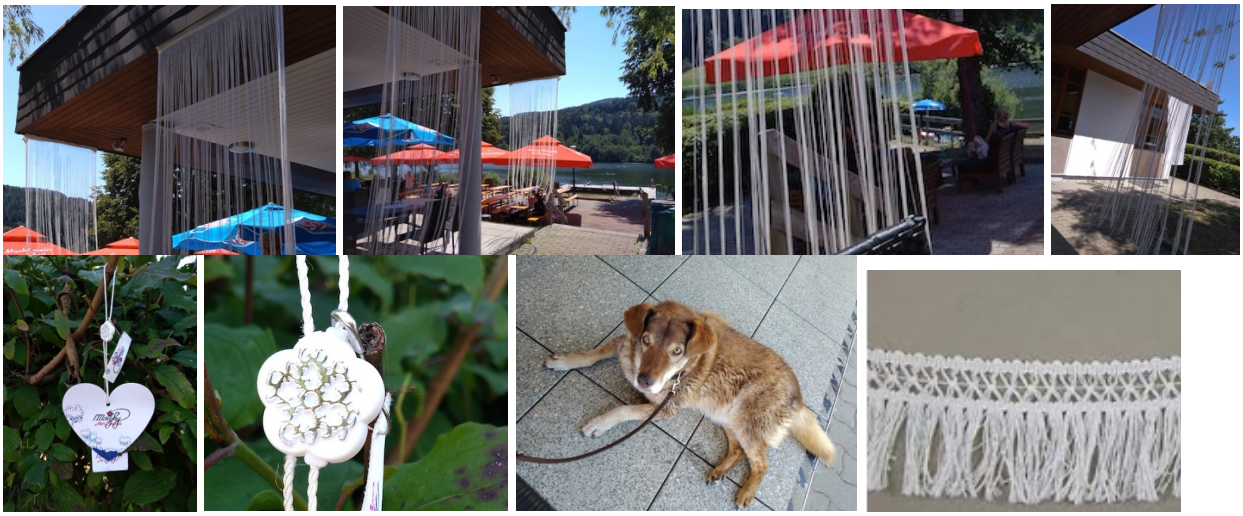
Oh wow.

This is magical, and strange, and weird.

I took my mom to lake Hafnersee today, to give her some fresh air and view of the lake and people, and to take Jacqui swimming. So she sat in the shade, and Jacqui swam and met a Cocker-Poodle-puppy named Moritz.

Then we went to the terrace restaurant ... and it was a mind-blowing sight: **It has the shape of a box, and long white tassel fringes where blowing in the wind!** And I had seen them, received "a box with white tassel fringes" in my hand when I asked my brother to let me know if he was here!

What else can I say to that? I can't even emphasize what it means, word could not do justice to the experience.



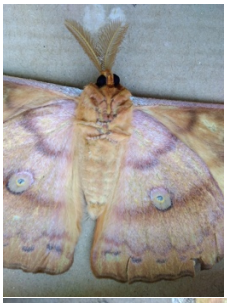
I don't know why I photographed that weird heart shaped thing dangling from a bush along with a weird white flower shape ... but: *(**Note**: Amazing **time synchronicity** with Sunday, August 7, when I finally got to put more images into this c. d., right after coming from a walk and swim with Jacqui, where I had photographed a strange **white flower drawing** on a beach at lake Wörther See!)*

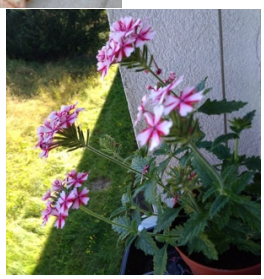
I did share it with my mom, though. But I must admit, I blew up on her, because of her refusal to drink something in over 30 degrees. But it was not her fault that I was pissed, because my father had sent back per mail the nurturing vitamins elixir I had put on his garden gate yesterday ...

So back at the parking lot, I was stunned shitless, because the license plate of the car next to me, was "**HUNA 1**". And "Huna", the Hawaiian spiritual magic, was where it all began for me ... it brought me where I am.

But something else happened: Before driving to the lake, I got my mom to the tobacco shop so that she could buy her newspapers. And suddenly, a huge (!) brown **butterfly** rose right in front of my parked car. I heard a thumping sound, and I got out and saw the insect on top of my car. Then it fluttered to the ground, and was there, so helpless. It was gorgeous! SO BEAUTIFUL! It would surely be run over by cars, I thought, so I picked it up and put it in a little box carefully, took it with me and let it out in the garden.

Then I took mom into my apartment for a little while as I had to finalize some work ... and when we left, I was so sad to find the butterfly ***dead*** right in front of my feet! It was so strange, because I had felt it being so alive just an hour earlier, with it crawling on my arm, kind of clawing his way up my skin, it even pinched a little, then it fluttered around and onto my pants. I put it in the shade, hoping for the best. So now it is dead. It's in a little box on the window sill, and I took pictures of it. It gives me such a strange feeling, and a butterfly is a sign of transformation. So is some death impending? Or is it just a message and a greeting from "the dead"? I would really prefer the latter. Really. I couldn't handle any death right now, please. The butterfly is a very rare – and I have never ever seen anything like this anywhere! Ever! **– Japanese Oak Silk Spinner**, ***a Japanese Silk Moth*** or Antheraea yamamai. Why did it die ... practically in front of me?





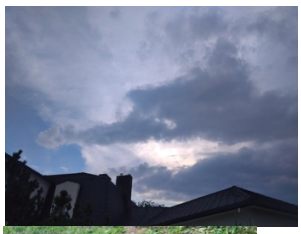
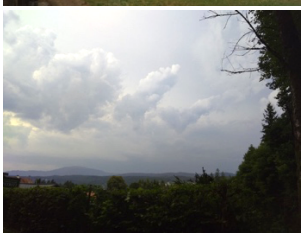
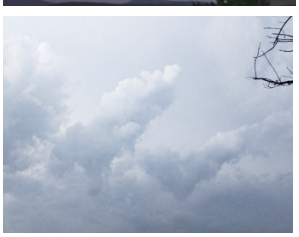
First, I let it rest right next to beautiful Verbena. Then I let it flutter for the last time – I saw, where it landed. But very shortly after that, it was gone. Maybe some Magpie got him. Or he was just playing dead? And flew off? Possible?

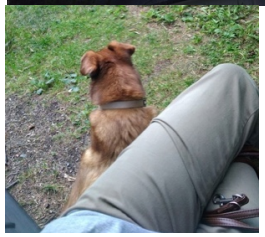
Also … ***on July 11 I found that white silk ribbon*** in front of the house where I live! *And that butterfly was cultivated for making silk fibres,* as the cocoons they produce consist of silk threades!

Wow ... what a combination of stuff today.
Talked to my brother Peter again, asking him to put something into my hand if we are in contact. And immediately, an old-fashioned looking ***key*** was there!

I'm at a loss regarding my father, really am. But then: The pot plant out on the window sill surprised me with bringing forth a wondrous double bright red flowering wonder! They may even be three flowers.

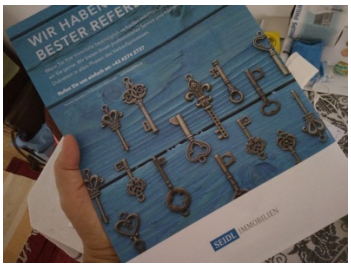
July 22, 2022 **– The Key!**
Yesterday I saw a strange series of "pointer clouds" ... and also penis clouds, as I took my mom and J for a walk along river Drau shore ...



Oh my little brother Peter, he is right here! I had asked him for a message yesterday, and he gave me *"an oldfashioned key"* in my hand.
And today I turned the local magazine that I had freshly received in the mail – and there was a whole ***array of an old-fashioned looking keys***! Wow! Talk about instant manifestation. I shared

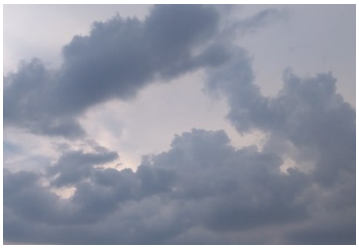
Blackberries with Peter in the forest today asking him for a message if he could receive the sensation and taste that I had projected to him. And immediately, something like a brown round cake without a frosting appeared on my hand.



Mom didn't eat yesterday, having talked to me directly on the phone about being about to eat, looking forward to it ... turned out she didn't even touch it. Nothing at all she did what she had said. I sometimes feel so distressed by having to put up with all her wishes ... like J has to lie outside on the path whilst she has two small garden areas where he could be, but no ..

I found a very exhausted small grasshopper on the floor and put it outside on a flower pot. It just fell down, but still kept moving. So I thought he might he thirsty and put drops of water onto it. And sure enough ... after a few hourse he was crawling around normally!

Also, amazing square Puka-cloud ... reminded me immediately of the filmmaking gesture of "framing". Took a walk with mom at Rosegg ... just a beautiful view every time.



(Later)
Swam at lake Saissersee with J, met Anni, a Tirolean woman with a golden retriever named Balu, and she stayed with me at the swimming spot where I am, turned out she is almost a neighbor of my father's, knows Sandy and the son of famous film producer Karl Spiehs, David – who wants to get back into film biz! Wow.
How odd.

I took J for a quiet walk last night, in the thunderstorm-brewing-hot-mood, and I found another ***white silk band*** – after I had been fretting that I had not photographed the big beautiful one that I had found a few days ago, before the encounter with the Japanes oak tree silk spinner moth!
So I couldn't help but think – thanks guys, I appreciate it!

July 23, 2022 – **Hui?**

Put another bag with a letter and a nutrition bottle on my father's garden gate ... and as I was driving later and thinking whether or not he would accept my plea for one more meeting, a car drove by me, and the license plate number read **"HUI 1". And "hui" means "meeting" in Hawaiian!**

Had lunch with mom, poor thing has to take antibiotics because of a borreliosis infection, and that's because I had made her go out in the forests several times ... and then I swam in lake Wörthersee ... and I think I had a very good connection with Edith and "Played" her as well as projected my swimming experience to her. In the water I held out a hand for an image if she had received that swimming energy, and I immediately had a kind of ***Cobalt-blue piece of ... well, something, like a rock, a mineral or even a large rough-cut gem*** in my hand. Like ***Lapis Lazuli***. Then I did the same with Bob, and I "saw" some kind of flat round thing, could be a piece of jewelry or some figurine or a golden, closed pocket watch or something that looked like it, something round and ornamented with a short chain or something attached ...

So ... I will finalize the submission to court regarding my father. I finalized the transcribing of the talks on the phone with him ... and I realized totally clearly, that my father is truly aggressiv, hateful, selfish and demented, as he keeps saying the same things over and over again. His attitudes towards me, the subtle everpresent insults, his reckless emotional brutality touched me deeply. I cannot ever see him as my father again. I know one thing, that I will not allow ever that the guy Picej will inherit what's rightfully mine, and also I will not allow for him to ever have power of attorney for my father: Last night I saw pictures of him I had never seen before. Yikes, he repelled me so much – I regret any positive statement I even did regarding him, I should not have tried to get my father to forgive Picejs bad behavior, but I should have really enforced their separation. Hopefully it is not too late.

July 24, 2022 Sunday – **The Cobalt-blue Duck! & The Water-Goddess!**

Oh it manifested. Edith did receive my swimming-messages, as she put a cobalt-blue piece of mineral in my hand. This morning I took Jacqui on our usual Sunday morning round-walk through the forests – but I felt like doing the route reverse. Had I not done that – I would not have seen the **Cobalt-blue duck** next to a house! What could be better than a duck in the material I received in my hand to let me know "Yes, when you share your swimming with me, I receive the energy!"

Danke, Edith. Thanks guys. The miracle keeps developing.

(Later)

Wow! On a whim while working on the submission regarding my father, I opened an online newspaper – and there was as news article about a possible "water goddess figure" that has been found in Germany! From the Hallstatt time – the era that mom and I visited during the recent visit to the Celtic village Frög, where the weird "Tiki" Noreia was that upset me to no end.

When I saw the image of that water goddess, I immediately flashed back to what Bob had "put in my hand" yesterday, something flat round, *"could be a piece of jewelry or some figurine or a golden, closed pocket watch or something that looked like it, something round and ornamented with a short chain or something attached ..."* Wow" That **water goddess** it was? I mean – I was in the water, too, when I received that! Like the cobalt blue duck from Edith!

WASSERGOTTHEIT?
Fast 3.000 Jahre alte einzigartige Statue gibt Rätsel auf
Vergleichbare Funde aus der Hallstattzeit waren den Forschenden bisher unbekannt

July 25, 2022 – **The Cake Manifested! Along with the plate!**

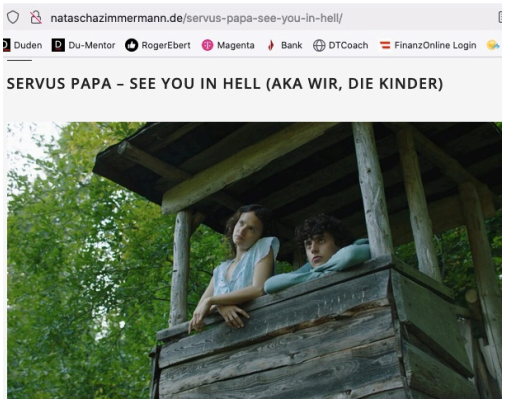
Oh my, it works every time. The disca are really here, and I'm able to communicate with them. Bob gave me a ***brown cake*** (Kuchen) without frosting in my hand ... and today, when I came home with mom around noon, the corridor smelled wonderfully of biscuit cake freshly baked! Just like the cake I saw would have smelled. My neighbor appeared and said yes, she is baking a Kuchen (but not the neighbor who usually gives me Kuchen, Gabi, but the other onw, Mrs. Hasse). I was thinking – wow, that counts! I did get the smell of the Kuchen I saw, this counts!

But two hours later, Mrs. Hasse rang my doorbell and gifted me with two pieces of that Kuchen! There it was! Bob had known it! Wow! Also, I found ***half a plate*** in the forest! Today! Yes!

And one more thing ... I have been so intensely in thoughts about my life with Bob ... and today, I ***had put my trash in the hallway*** ready to be taken outside ... and promptly I stumbed over it! And that's poignant because when *I had first entered „housie"*, the day I met Bob in May 2002, twenty years ago, ***I had immediately stumbled over his trash that he had put into the hallway of housie*** ready to be taken outside. Of course I noticed this right away, that's why I immediately took a photograph ... on those were the days. We often laughted about the trash indicent ... and I remember it like it was yesterday. Oh how often I would later put the trash in the hallway of housie ... my home. My love. My life. I feel so sad and full of longing so much ... sometimes I don't know how I should handle it. *(**Note**: Today, Sunday, August 14, as I am putting in this image, I am crying.)*

July 26, 2022

Somehow, I ended up reading film reviews or something ... and there is a film with the title ***"Servus Papa – See You In Hell",*** oh how fucking poignant in relation to my father that toxic old suffering man. The pinnacle: The image depicts a ***treehouse***!



July 27, 2022

One of many "Hawaii-area-code"/"BOB"-license plate number right in the neighborhood!

The image of Jacqui I put here even though it's from to days later ... just because. With his "Schafi", little sheep, and "Mousie".

And something fun, may mean nothing: Mom likes the watch the swallows from my kitchen window, and the song "Wenn die Schwalben heimwärts ziehen", "When the swallows move homeward" has been a topic for CH and me for a while ... and today, a box with ***swallows*** showed up on the path where I walk a lot ... And *the number on that house* get me everytime ... "***221***" was the number next to the other entrance of housie, where my main room was ....

July 28, 2022 – **The Mo'o & the Song**

Yesterday, I received a letter from a lawyer representing my father and Picej, and they accused me of "stalking" and of badmouthing my father and threatened legal actions. It broke something in me for good. I went online and contacted the first lawyer specialized in inheritance laws and made an appointment for this morning! So I talked with Julia K., a lovely redhead about the situation with my father and that I am looking for way to stall the advancement of Picejs influence and to have the adult care court take a look at my father and the relationship with that guy. She was so understanding and told me what she is seeing: I am exhausted and running in a circle hoping for the impossible, and that I must give things out of my hands. She offered to check with my insurance what the coverage is, and she made very constructive suggestions and wants to take things off my shoulders – and is aware of my financial situation. I am guessing she does not need my money, she can get it from wealthy clients.

So there. A new beginning. Just like the horoscope announced.

Today then I received back the little bottle of nutrition fluid that I had put into my father's mailbox – by mail, but from Picej's area, not from my father's. That worries me.

I sent all the materials I have to the lawyer, will be curious to hear from her.

Driving to Villach to the appointment with the lawyer, I switched on the radio – hadn't done it in a long time. And right then, a refrain was sung by a male voice that sounded "black": **"I can love, I can feel, in the darkness of the night, let me be your guiding light". *It was like Bob was sitting right next to me.*** Yes, he can love, and he can feel ... I wish he was here as a mortal. And next week it will be four years that I saw him standing there on the stoop, a dying man.

The refrain was repeated a couple of times, then the song was over. Radio off.

I took my mom to what I had thought was a line dance event, but it turned out to be only a line dance exercise at the local sports ground. Still, I got her to wash her hair and get out of the house. She was visibly exhausted and had a hard time, it got so hot suddenly. The line dance teacher had two fascinating tattoos on her leg: A **salamander** and a **Plumeria** flower, and that is, of course, Hawaiian combination. And I was wondering about the "mo'o", which is a dragon too in old Hawaiian lore, and whether that dance teacher had something to do with Hawaii ... and just then, as I was driving, a car crossed me at the round-about, with the license plate number "**MOO**" and a three letter number!

The events of today kind of let me know that I am exactly in the right spot at the right time. I have been doing everything right.

My application for a very small subvention for preparing a film was denied today.

So there.

A new beginning for sure.

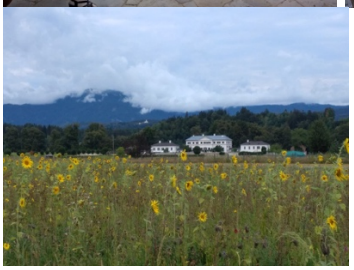
Went for a swim and saw a huge dragon in the sky, with a winding body ... the mother of all Mo'o greeted me.

July 29, 2022

Amazing shark cloud ... too late with the camera, though.

July 30, 2022 **– Hula Palu & Time Synchronicity: the Shepherd Dog!**
Wow!

Mom enjoyed our walk at Rosegg so much she wanted to walk further than normal, check out another street, and we ended up at Drauhof, a place where a friend of mine once lived and where I used to work some ten years ago briefly. There was a strange ***stone***, too, a stone lying down, being kind of propped up ... oh how similar to Bob Stone when he was dying ...

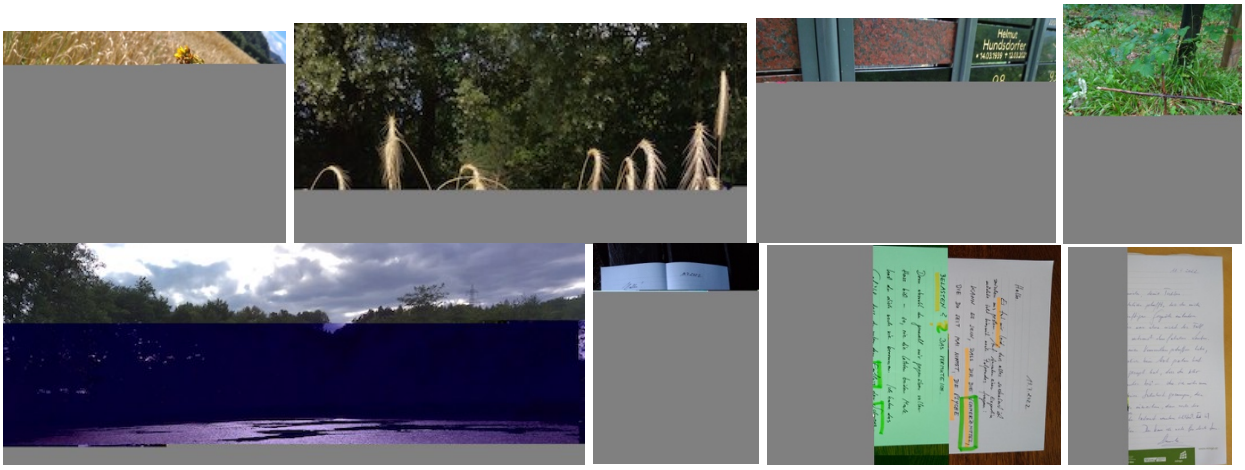


We also walked by a dog training meadow – and a young ***Belgian Shepherd dog*** was being trained, a puppy.

So later today, just now, as ***I started to name several pictures*** I had taken for this c. d. – I ended up with a picture of the peace *forest burial ground* in Velden of a few weeks ago – and there I had taken a picture of – ***a young Shepherd dog!*** What are the odds!

Also, during an almost-nap (couldn't sleep) a male face appeared in front of my inner eyes, of a man I don't know, have never seen but who felt so close to me and – dear to me, too! Dark hair, kind of round or square face, strange.

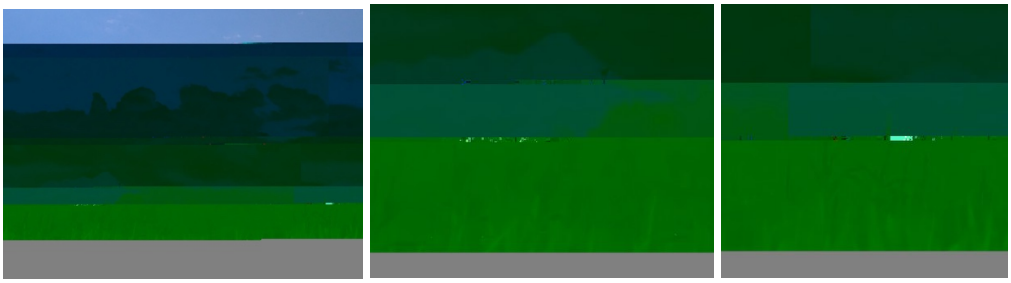
Stranglier, even: I found that **several images had glitches** or there was nothing on them at all, but it seems to be just a copying error.



Weirdly, there were eve glitches in the images of the letters I had written to my father, and of one only “Hallo” and the date remained.

Somehow that situation and new experience feels so much like “Bob” that I have decided to pay special attention. I feel it has to do with the situation with my father ... there are “glitches”, but it’s not on the picture itself but has to do with a process related to it ... so this resonates, somehow. I think some insight is about to come.

There is one image that I think is ***the coolest glitch of them all:*** It shows a landscape with tiny bright **specks** in it ... and that’s the kind of spec that appears in front of my inner eye at times when I’m in a near sleep state and very close to Bob. And in one of Stewart White’s books Betty describes how the discarnates see the incarnates – most of them like a dark mass, but ever again ***bright specls lighting up as seen from the beyond.***



I am facing the situation that my insurance told me that I am not supposed to choose a lawyer myself but they would suggest certain ones. Right! Fuck them! Lawyers in Velden, where I live? No. I already have one lawyer. And it’s going to be expensive. But I was right to take that step. I will not withdraw. I must imua regarding my freedom and career!

I’m so glad that my mom is getting better and better mentally. And she enjoys snacking at my place, that’s great.

(Later)

Just came across a picture with a glitch featuring my mom ... and landscape ... so strange, it’s like a shift of dimensions? Is that a tech message, too? At my mom’s place, the clouds did some amazing interacting with Gerlitzen mountain .... Meanwhile, Jacqui is resting in the heat ...

(Later)

How odd ... The other day, I met Austrian Rock Star **Andreas Gabalier** in the Spar store, while shopping with mom. He said loudly "Grüß Gott" to us, and I turned around and greeted back, recognizing him. Then I met him in an aisle again and asked him if he was who I thought he was, and we chatted briefly. Just now I felt the urge to google him, and there it was: He wrote a song with the title "**Hulapalu**". I mean – "**Hula Palu**"! In the song it has nothing to do with Hawaii, about what "hula" mean is clear, and "palu", I checked on wehewehe.org, means "to lick", and also some fish based relish. When the "u" is emphasized, it means "influenza".

palu
1. vt. To lick, lap. (Nah. 22.4.) ho'o.palu To cause to lick, to lick. (Perhaps PPN palu.)

2. n. A relish made of head or stomach of fish, with kukui relish, garlic, chili pepper chumming. See *ku'i palu* and ex., *'u'u.* Kā palu, a bailer with palu bait in it [said dep of octopus liver bait [not worth anything at all]. (PPN palu.)

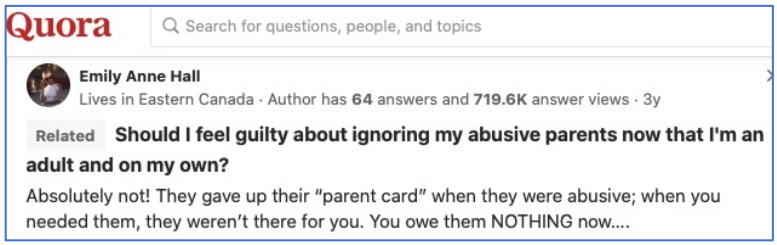
3. Same as palupalu.

Oh geez ... so suddenly a Hawaii greeting, out of the blue.

I meant to go to an event tonight, didn't feel well, though, decided to check out a plant online, "*Goldenrod*" which is about to bloom everywhere, very healing for the kidneys ... and suddenly I'm facing my Hawaii past again. And the plants on my kitchen window sill give me joy by prospering.

I was very much "on Maui" this afternoon taking a swim and facing big waves from a boat ... I closed my eyes and imagined to be on Maui. During my almost nap I felt Bob so close and was so intensely in housie ... and now, suddenly "Hula Palu".

Okay, I get it. I am being seen and observed. I have got stuff to do in this life I said to myself today. But what about my films? What to do? I turned to online blogs to find some consolation by reading about other people's troubles with caring for their parents, and there was something I just needed to read: No, I don't owe my parents anything. I will help them to my abilities, though.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Related **Should I feel guilty about ignoring my abusive parents now that I'm an adult and on my own?**

Absolutely not! They gave up their "parent card" when they were abusive; when you needed them, they weren't there for you. You owe them NOTHING now....

July 31, 2022

*(**Note**: Found out only later that this was the day of Christoph's death ... but among my imagery collection is this amazing view of the area where I walk nearly every day.)*

August 2, 2022 – **250-8030**

Bob's phonenumber! Manifested! I had seen ***two cars with only the number*** "**250**" on the license plate plus some letters, and then, today, there it came right at me at the roundabout: "**8030**"! I immediately reacted, saying **"Bob calling"!** Oh wow. I know why. I have been in mega stress about my mom, who is just mean to me and rejective as soon she is better. My patience is so thin, and what life do I still have left? The clouds "***puzzled***" me in their way of fitting together so perfectly. I just was a little late photographing.

And as if the "250" was teased, too, "B" for Bob and "X" for "hug".

August 3, 2022

Lovely colorful stone with a Jesus-text in the middle of the forest: "*I stay with you till the world's end".* And right where I walk nearly every day: a round stone on a rock.

Mom showed her ugly face to me, being just mean and negative about anything I said. Then it came to the new washing machine, where I have been bending over backwards to get her owe, talk about explaining, convincing, explaining some more: And she seriously said she would not allow me to use the machine, too. So I will have to keep using the washing salon in Villach. What a fucking bitch. I talked to her very quietly that I will not forgive her for that and may go for a caretaker who will visit her instead of me. And she will pay for it. It never occurs to her to give me anything. She gives tips to every idiot who cuts the lawn, but never shows appreciation for me. Done with that. I do Driving and thinking about that stuff, of **course "910", "911" and "222"** keep showing up everywhere on license plates, with varying letters, and all can stand for meaningful abbreviations.

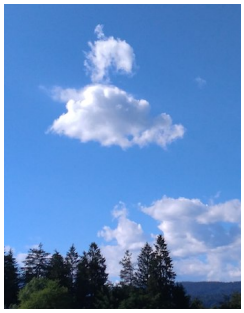
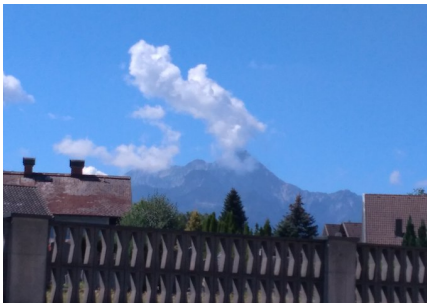
Bob knows that I am struggling.

I made a wonderful apricot cake today, but then I noticed that the fruit juice I had used was moldy, and I had to throw everything away. How odd.

Also, walking with J through the forest and thinking about Bob intensely, I think, even talking to him, a **fir twig dropped** right next to me, like a stone, from high up, even brushing my arm! I literally jumped – and said: "Good one! Perfect timing!" Mind you: No branches or anything dropping anywhere aroud! Just that twig! Just next to my left, even touching me!

Had to take legal action about my father's state of mind and caretaking through a lawyer ... okay, I learned a lot, especially about what a lawyer really costs and the difference between what they say and what they do. It is, what it is. I don't even want to go into it, but I will say that I was so trusting and idiotic, it's just embarrassing. But I am also tired on a very deep emotional level, and I learned a lot. My father will be visited by someone who will make sure he is sane and safe. And then ... I don't know. He and Picej had a lawyer send me a letter accusing me of stalking for trying to communicate, and that was it for me.

More amazing occurrences of "910", "911" and "222" with very interesting letters, but I can't memorize them or photograph them while driving ... Saw "**250 802**" today!

A turtle cloud? I thought about dead Christoph standing there. And before that: a hook. And of course the puffing volcano Mittagskogel ...

<u>August 4, 2022</u>

Got the washing machine, my mom was so helpless at the bank, that it was ridiculous. In the store she was normal and even funny. She doesn't need me to be there when the guys install the new washer today, fine with me. I shall take Jacqui to Forest lake, where I have not been in a long time. It will be our holiday afternoon. Took a walk with CH last night and the night before, she is really trying to get away from her alcoholic boyfriend. But her way of being kind of aloof a lot while talking because of the antidepressants she takes and her not remembering stuff is kind of stressful for me.

A man was found half dead in the block where she lives, the neighbor house, that is, and now he is at the hospital, and his cat is alone in a totally dirty apartment. CH and I went to check on the cat today – the apartment is entirely dirty and full of feces. Yuck.

CH also told me that she had heard, that the wife of the doctor who treats my father, Stanitznig, whose father had just died, had left him and moved out with the kids! Oh shit for my father, because she was the only one, he had always said, who had cared for him, and he had even said to me that she "was to him like a daughter"! Wow, what an asshole, I thought. So now ... well, no more daughter anywhere.

Plus **Christoph**, the relative of mine with whom my mom and I had chatted with on July 9 after decades on the Eurospar parking lot, **has died!** He, a heavy alcoholic and pills taker, had supposedly suffered an epileptic fit and died soon after. Well, that is for sure strange. Just before CH told me that, I had seen his mother, Dorli, who I had met on a bike just two weeks ago, walk along the edge of the forest along the road, and I had though how strange that I see her twice ... and just a few hours later I learned that her son had died.

Oh well.

It gave me another idea how miserable some people's lives are, that guy, Werner, took care of his parents for a long time, and nobody can take care of him, because also his brother is exhausted and sick. So it's mainly CH who tries to help him and takes care of the cat! She has such a good heart.

I appreciate that. People in the block would just not give a shit, the cat alone – so what? Oh all those shitheads. I am so sensitive to misbehaviour right now, including my mother's. Dementia, yes. But she is clear enough to get a grip when I speak out. Yes, I know I must be more patient, she is only now finding back to a normal mind. But I also must takt care of my own mental help more.

That's why Bob is "calling" ... it is like that for me, when I see ***his phonenumber 250-8030*** in real life. I hear his voice saying it so clearly. Sometimes, just before falling asleep, I feel him so close ... last night I saw the face of a woman I don't know emerge from the dark ... she said something, but I couldn't hear anything. I know he is nudging me. Or ***patting me on the shoulder?*** The shoulder that hurts like hell sometimes at night?

Also – driving to my mom and just thinking about the "**8030**" that I saw a day ago – literally JUST thinking about it, a foreign car came at me, at the roundabout again, and the license plate number read a mere **"250**"!
Good one, Bob!

It is so fucking hot. It reminds me of Hawaii. I do not like that. I cannot recall the days of August and summer in 2018 when I was with Bob last. I cannot do that to myself. It's hard to bear even writing about it, I feel tears, a lot of them. And despair. A lot of it.

Went to **forest lake**, for the first time in two years ... the water was weird, I did not even go in! Jacqui swam in a kind of clear spot, but I could not make myself ... we walked around like so many times when we went there during the two years we drove between Griffen and Velden. Revisited the big stone ... Time goes by. Fast.

Shared some „Grießpudding" (millet?) with Bob and Edith and my brother Peter …

August 5, 2022

Wanted to end this chapter with first of August, but oh well. Only now finished sizing the remaining pics, will put them in tomorrow, again Saturday.

While ***sizing one of the glitch images*** I wanted to click it on again, but ***the image didn't show anymore!*** *And another one had a different form of glitch all of a sudden!*

Wow, that is about the oddest thing I have experienced in digital terms since decades ago, one of my first usages of a computer at all – I touched it, and the display went reverse, the whites black and the blacks white ... and no technician knew why. And now this: I screenshot it, of course. Not sure what to think about it.

August 6, 2022 **– 222, 808, 910, JO**

No, I don't want to think back to four years ago ... the day before I saw Bob again after four years, a dying man. But Bob seems to want to remind me ... I have seen the strangest mass of clearly Maui-related license plate numbers ever, in a short time. I drove swimming to the lake Wörthersee before picking up mom for a shopping tour and then a snack at my place and then back to her.

"808" = BOB in four variations. Then "222 FK", then "222 FI", then "910" with some letters, and then "808 B" and "911" with something and another "222", it was like a fireworks of reminders that Maui is still there.

Just have to think of that weird thing tonight where I had to get into an elevator in my car and was taken way way below the ocean floor ... and somehow there was a Julia-my-niece-type of woman and a young man I used to know, and somehow they were between threatening and needing my help, and they also had to take that elevator deep deep below, and we kind of met, me coming up, they going down and the other way around ... it was so weird ... I had to do stuff down there, but what?

So driving back home in a dreary weather mood, I thought of Bob so intensely, and a car came right at me at the roundabout, and the license plate number was, I kid you not – and remember, Bob knew me as Dani but also as "Jo": "**JO JOOOO1**". Seriously. So what the hell does that mean? I said out loud that I really feel spoken to.

Drove through the street where my father lives several times in the last days, did not see him. My wish that he would come to his senses will probably not be fulfilled. But should I live, I will not ever allow that person Picej to ever fucking ever live there or own the place. Ever. EVER. Fuck no. "222 FK" I read as "Fuck 222", and "222" stands for fun. So the translation of this is a German saying, "Schluss mit lustig", which means "Let's get serious now", with the meaning "Let's get down to busniess now, no fucking around anymore." literally translated: "Stop funny", or: "222 FK". Okay. I shall. But what?

(Later)

Playfully ***imagined*** being interviewed as a "medium" relating to this c. d., and I received a thick oval-round **pink-ish soap-bar** as an "evidential" message from a disca related to the interviewer (who I did not imagine at all). Just felt the urge to write it down, as the imaginary interviewer said that his relative had slipped on a ***soap bar*** and had come to death that way. Wow.

That was so weird. I just kind of "fell" into this imaginary scene, I really didn't intend to imagine anything, as I am working on putting the remaining images into this chapter of the c. d. to then finalize part 8 and send the entire c. d. in its version until now to several important people.

Also interesting: A ***cloud*** that seemed to mimick the ***antenna*** that I was seeing in the foreground!

Also found a golden cone icecream paper today, not sure what this means.

August 7, 2022 – **Anniversary + Greetings: Amazing Time Synchronicity**

Oh here it is. The 21st anniversary of Kimba's death and the forth anniversary of me having met Bob again after not seeing him for four years, and finding him to be a dying man.

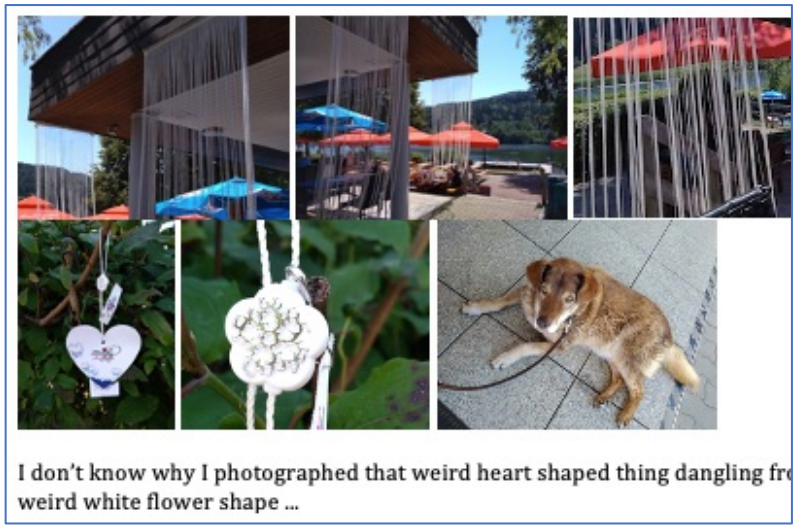
So this morning, Sunday, I took J for a walk down "dog beach" at Auen, a few kilometers from where I live. It had rained all night and it was cool, so no people there, where normally all is full. It was so Maui-like, with the water and the waves ... I didn't even want to think about it much.

So I turned around – and saw a very strange flower drawing on a bench. I was going to walk by but photographed it.

Then I drove a little further to my swimming spot and swam, with Jacqui watching, and a man, a nice German tourist, swimming closeby too.

Then I talked to my mom, and I told her I was coming to pick her up soon, but first wanted to do some work. And after reading shit online about accidents and murders I did make myself go back to putting images into this c. d. ... and there it was: Images for July 20 that I had ignored yesterday, for

some reason, because they read "*flower*" and I thought it couldn't be so important to add those flowers to the date where the amazing "white tassles" manifestation had happened. But when I opened the ***"white flower" images*** – I suddenly knew why I had felt compelled to photograph it back then – and why I had to photograph the ***white flower drawing*** this morning. Just see for yourself ...



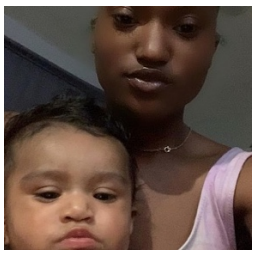
I don't know why I photographed that weird heart shaped thing dangling fr
weird white flower shape ...

(July 20 entry)

And today's flower drawing:

(Later)

Very strangely, something that looks like ***the pink-ish soap bar*** appeared today – the purse of a woman killed in a horrific car crash in LA on LaBrea Avenue a few days ago, a story I discovered yesterday and was reading up on fanatically last night. One of the victims, pregnant, died along with her one-year old baby boy and her boyfriend and three others, because a black nurse from Texas had been face-timing a fight between them while driving ... the ***pink purse she carries*** in an image is just like what I "saw" in my imaginary interview!



Just a day before I had read an article about a young woman who had head on collided with a family van and a father, mother and their four kids all died in that accident, while the causing driver survived! Same thing on LaBrea! Jesus Christ, and others live a hundred years and still complain !

August 8, 2022 – **L'AN 4 & Pulling the Fishing Line**

Oh my. I have been trying to not think about the day four years ago ... when I woke up in my beloved housie finding every piece of my things in the bathroom and even in the kitchen on the same spot where I had left it ... and Bob was a dying man. The feeling of home and alienation from

the place, that it was "Bob's place" again, the way it had been when I had met Bob in May 2002, was back so strongly tonight ... it felt suffocating.

I drove to Villach with my mom today – and then broke out in full frustration when she again insisted I could not use her washing machine. She turns all stubborn and weird and won't talk anymore, won't explain herself ... and I was furious.

Back home I kind of relaxed and realized that the control over her washing machine is one of the few things left for her to control ... so well. I'm the asshole. She shall do what she wants with the machine.

I made a soup, brought it to her in the evening, and we ate together.

Then I drove to the North shore of ***lake Wörthersee for an evening swim*** ... and it was grand.

Sometime during the day I took a walk with Jacqui and saw an interesting plant that was totally sticking out from the brush on the forest edge ...

I was so intensely "on Maui" that looking out South over the water I could nearly see **Bob doing his goofy "pulling in the fishing line" on the beach** like he had done so often playing *"Pulling Dani out of the waves on shore"*. It was so bittersweet ... and I turned around to swim to the shore, and there it was, I barely trusted my eyes: **A young boy was pulling in a fishing line!** Right there, were my stuff was lying on a bench! This has never happened before in that place, nobody ever fishes there! And as I swam closer to the shore, the boy kept throwing the fishing line in my direction (!) and pulling it back in!

I was nearly numbed.

That is no coincidence. That was a greeting.

I feel excited and numb at the same time. Who to share this with? Who could appreciate the gravity of this experience on this very day?

You, as you are reading this.

On the highway, I tried to listen to some music, but it was so dramatic, I had to switch it off right away. I missed Bob so much that it felt suffocating yet again ... and I thought that it had been four years that I had returned to Bob and my beloved home for the last time! Then I asked Bob how it is for him, four years, that I lived in this mortal body in my real, and he in his ... and just then, a van overtook me – and the license plate number read "**LAN 4**". And "**l'an**" in French means "**the year**"! Since I speak French, I immediately read ***"the year four" – after 2018 and after losing Bob, that is!***

This was really really baffling, it was like back in the day when I was driving between Griffen and Velden so much, and the license plate numbers and the tunnel impressions were such grand message carriers! ***And what timing, that today, as I had just chosen on a whim to use the highway, I got a very clear and immediate message!***

Just when I left the swimming spot, two young people hand in hand walked directly by me, and the spoke ***French*** with each other! Wow! It was like ***"Yes, l'an is French for year"! And not any number with the year – but four, 4! Four fucking years with Bob being a disca. I almost wrote "being dead". I felt him so close today ... while swimming, too ... But I was also so heartbroken – like this morning, waking up, that I had to take Hawthorn twice because of my aching heart – that I could not dwell at all.***

Driving home a car came with "**JO 18 GZ**", and yes, 2018 was the year, and I am Jo, and I am "gazing" back. This is how I choose to read it, anyway.

My life on Maui with Bob ... the "me" of back then ... I sometimes long for it so much that it hurts, and then it feels so alien, so strange, as if it has never happened and was only a dream.

Driving off this morning a "**250 DD**" came right at me ... and I almost heard Bob's voice saying his own phone number, "250-8030", like he had done so many times, leaving people messages.

I miss Bob so much.

Sitting in my car today I felt his loss so hard and so intensely, that I the whole reality felt weird and unreal suddenly. It was almost a flash of anticipation, as if I was about to fly to Maui and be with him again in just a day or so.

Something else: I am always wary about deer on the streets, I do not like to drive fast, but in certain places other drivers just stick to my tail lights when I want to drive moderately because of possible deer crossing. And this evening, as I was exiting the highway driving towards the lake, **a deer stood right in front of me – on the highway!** I drove towards it slowly, and it simply climbed back up the hill and disappeared in the brush! Wow! I had been joking with Bob a lot when I was watching the deer buck who munches good stuff right in front of my window, and I watch him and say "Oh deer!" like Bob would have said it.

Took a walk with CH and Pauli and Jacqui in the evening ... told her a bit about that day four years ago. It was good to mention it. I also had the feeling of *"Holy shit, four years already, I must imua!"* At my mom's place there was a strange thing lying in the hallway: a silver ball with a white feather attached to it. If it's still there tomorrow, I shall take it. It felt like it was for me.

Just googled my dead relative Christoph earlier, as tomorrow is his funeral ... and I see him right there, smiling into the window of my mother's car chatting with my mother and me ... and a few days later he would die. So he did a kind of dissertation for being a "Dipl.-Ing.", a title in Austria, about the use of Haflinger horses in Austria's military. An interesting theme, I got to say. It does feel odd to know that he is "over there" now too. He feels close. I remember him from my childhood. He was born in 1971, and I in 1964 ... and now he is a disca. Right after saying hi after decades and decades ... although I had seen him walking up the street all the time, mostly barely able to walk or otherwise in a visibly intoxicated state. He was supposedly mentally very ill. I met his mom Dorli on a bike a few days after that meeting. Also hadn't seen her in decades. Can't do funeral, though. I don't believe in the ritual of "laying a person to rest". That, to me, is almost an insult to that person. Their remains are being buried in the ground. That is all. The person lives on. Happily ever after.

Also ... I notice that huge ***Thuja tree,*** the "tree of life" on the cemetery where Christoph now lies, today ... took mom there for a walk in the area, which was nice ...

(Later)

Oh geez. Right after writing those last words, I felt compelled to open the news website one more time before going to be. Big headline: ***Olivia Newton-John has died today.*** "Dead at 73", what a shameful statement. And so not true – given what "dead" means for most people. Of cancer, of

course, she died, that she had been battling for a while. Have fun now, Olivia without that wreck of a mortal machine you were tied to! Keep singing!

August 10, 2022 – **The Teaching of the Bird**

Visited my mom and saw something odd lying in the hallway: a small décor silver ball with a long white bird's feather attached to it. I didn't have my phone with me, so couldn't photograph it. I did think that this looked to strange to not be of significance.

I got to say that in the past days I have often visited the ***website*** of the woman who had helped me raise the magpie Poldi back in Griffen last year, Michaela, and I had admired ***her work of rescuing those small regular birds***, as every life truly counts.

I did think about that when I saw that white feather thing ... the feather was like the one depicted, but there was an ornamented silver ball on top, and it had a white silk or similar material ribbon with a loop.

So later, after shopping and dropping mom off again I headed on a whim to the northshore swimming spot near Töschling, whilst usually I swim at the south spot near Auen. And as I drove through Velden, suddenly I saw a bird sit in the middle of the street. I was not sure if it was alive at all, because it did not move, but it was clearly "sitting" there, with his head, beak and tail feathers visible. Immediately I took a turn into the gasstation that was right there intending to turn around and pick up that bird so that it wouldn't be run over. But then it happened: I suddenly imagined the bird being badly injured and dying and me being helpless, and I felt immensely nauseous and weak and fully distressed all of a sudden. In the few seconds that I drove through the gas station I had a million thoughts, like I couldn't or maybe shouldn't try to "rescue" an animal that is beyong rescue, and I said out loud "You cannot intervene and rescue every creature", and I felt so miserable – that I drove on! But I didn't have one quiet moment after that. I kept thinking that maybe people had walked by and picked it up, or someone had stopped ...

I did go for a swim, but I kept looking at the sky, and the clouds seemed to form a huge bird shape! It ws not imagined, there were wings and a sharp beak! And I was thinking the whole time that if the bird had been still alive and terrified, I should have taken it from the street! I cut my swim short, hurried to dry off and rushed back along the highway. I had prepared a small container and a cloth to pick up the bird and ***said to myself that if by some miracle it was still alive, I would pick it up.***

So I drove off the highway, kind of hopeful ... but then: The bus was coming at me, and it had been driving right there, where the bird was. And my heart sank. I drove on and did not see the

bird, was already full of optmism that someone had rescued it ... when I drove by a spot where it was, so flat, that barely anything was left of its little body. The bus tires had probably rolled of over it and killed it instantly in case it had still been alive.

August 11, 2022

Took mom for a walk to the Wernberg lake and along river Drau ... very interesting sky lines ... mom likes to watch the sky.

August 12, 2022

"250 EZ" appeared as a license plate number ... and it always startles me seeing Bob's phone number in parts.

Took a walk with CH in the forest with Jacqui and Pauli, and we talked about the bird incident, and CH also said that maybe it was some kind of exercise in decision making. I had decided literally from my gut as I had felt so nauseous that I could not make myself go get that bird. Maybe I would have prolongued its suffering. But maybe I could have rescued it.

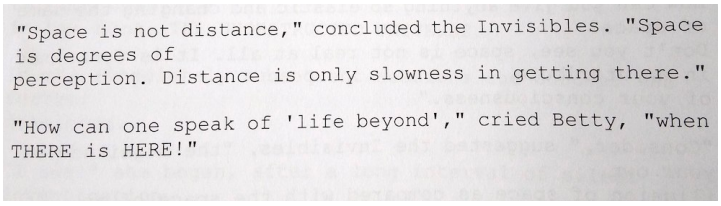
I will never know. And that's how it is with all things: We always have other options for our actions. But which ones to choose? The only measure is the gut feeling and being spontaneous. And even if in hindsight it was doubtful that it was right, at the very moment there is only our prompt intuition and impulse to lead us.

CH asked me why I had to leave Bob alone back then when I returned to Austria to get the medication. I told her about the meds I had to get here and send him, and that Jacqui had to be picked up from the caretaker ... and so much more. But when she first asked me I did feel the strand pang of regret that I hadn't stayed. So many things I could have done differently in my time with Bob. But I did do what I did.

Same thing now about my mother and my father. I must do what feels right for me and not try to think "for" them and what would be right for them. There is no merit in trying to make decisions for others without first making the decisions for our own good. Only from that comes truth and meaningful advancement.

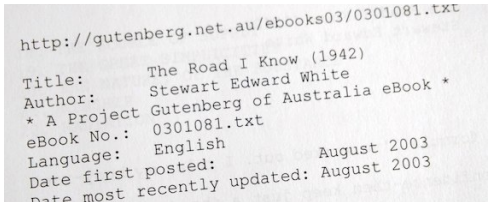
My panicky kind of feelings and my anger make me so weak and miserable. That is not the way I want to feel. Part of it is also about holding back towards my mom when she misbehaves in her dementia and when I feel it being so wrong that I have to be there for her all the time when she was not there for me at all and even expressed her resentment and even hatred towards me for decades. I have to express myself, I have learned, be true to myself. Not in an angry way, but I must sit her down and talk to her quietly and express exactly what I am thinking and how I am feeling. That's the path towards the peace of all our souls.

One more bird in the "beyond" now ... and yet, reading in Stewart White's book "The Road I Know" I just came across Betty stating that ***there is no beyond.*** There is always here, one Universe. Just different states of beings in different dimensions.



"Space is not distance," concluded the Invisibles. "Space is degrees of
perception. Distance is only slowness in getting there."

"How can one speak of 'life beyond'," cried Betty, "when THERE is HERE!"



http://gutenberg.net.au/ebooks03/0301081.txt

Title: The Road I Know (1942)
Author: Stewart Edward White
* A Project Gutenberg of Australia eBook *
eBook No.: 0301081.txt
Language: English
Date first posted: August 2003
Date most recently updated: August 2003

Duly noted.

August 13, 2022 – **Christoph & the Horses & Pearls – the ultimate communication**

Took a rather unplanned walk with my mom and Jacqui this noon around ***Rosegg*** castle ... it was kind of rain-y mood. And right away, on the – unusual! – path that we took, a couple with a boy in a stroller came towards us. And sure enough: The boy was holding ***two toy plastic horses in hands, one with a light mane!***

The interesting – or rather baffling! – thing about this: I had found out online, that my relative Christoph, who died on July 31, had chosen the theme "Haflinger horses and their use at the military" as his "doctorate" thesis, to attain the title of "Diplom-Ingenieur". And I had intended to get some toy Haflinger horse somewhere and put on his grave. Just where to get such a horse, I had been pondering the last days. And today – ***two of such toy horses were held right into my face*** when that boy in the stroller waved them at us in walking by!

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Gewählte Diplomarbeit / Masterarbeit:

Christoph Schumi
(1999): Haflingerpferde im Militäreinsatz.
Diplomarbeit / Masterarbeit, BOKU-Universität für Bodenkultur.

Datenquelle: ZID Abstracts

Abstract:
Trotz überwiegender Motorisierung verwendet das österreichische Bundesheer(ÖBH) Noch immer Pferde für den Transport von Verpflegung,Waffen und Gerät. Speziell im hochalpinen Gelände, wo der Einsatz von Fahrzeugen nicht mehr möglich ist und bei widrigen Witterungsverhältnissen, wenn Fluggeräte nicht eingesetzt werden können, ist das Pferd der nach wie vor der Garant dafür, daß das benötigte Material wohlbehalten zur kämpfenden Truppe gelangt. Das ÖBH vertaut dabei auf den Haflinger, einer Pferderasse die im Gebirge beheimatet ist und aufgrund ihrer guten Exterieur- wie auch Interieureigenschaften bestens dazu geeignet ist. Es gibt derzeit beim ÖBH 180 Pferde. Die Tiere werden nach Ankauf und Aufzucht mit 3 Jahren als Tragtiere, Reittiere und zum Zug ausgebildet und danach auf die einzelnen Tragtierstaffeln aufgeteilt. Dort versehen sie ihren Dienst als Tragtiere und werden auch als Reittiere zum Abreiten von Grenzabschnitten im Rahmen des "Assistenzeinstzes zur Grenzsicherung" im Burgenland eingesetzt. Die Tiere können aufgrund ihrer angeborenen Leistungswilligkeit und Robustheit die an sie gestellten Aufgaben ohne Probleme bewältigen.

Beurteilende(r): Haiger Alfred

This is not a coincidence, needless to say!

(Later)
The Ultimate Greeting: Pearls!
Oh wow, it happened again.

It's that numb and over-excited feeling that must remain locked up inside of me because – share with whom? And yet ... I wish for you who reads this to get it, what happened:

I dropped off mom and decided to go for a swim on the northshore again. This time I didn't want to drive through Velden to avoid the spot with the dead bird. So I drove up the highway.

On the way, I had such a strong ***Bob-feeling of his presence***, that I started to sing to him, "You're the disca, and I'm the inca, so go fuck yourself", expressing my welling-up sense of loss and loneliness. I had the feeling that Bob was sitting next to me, so I reached out to put my had on his bare knee. Oh I know exactly how his knees felt. I pulled my hand back and felt like a total idiot. I even had a slight panicky feeling and said that to Bob. I said ***"If you are right here with me, why don't you put your disca hand on my forehead, Stoneman, right now!"*** Then I waited for a few moments, and a *sizzling* feeling was to be felt on my forehead. "I feel sizzling, Stoneman", I said, "but it can be just imagination or just the effect of me paying attention to my forehead.

But ... if you have really just put your disca hand on my forehand, you got to give me a proof of this." I stretched out my right hand towards the passenger seat, where Bob was "sitting", for him to put something into my hand, but while I even did that and *looked to my left,* as there were several cars ready to overtake me, as I was not that fast, immediately a whole bunch of "**pearls**" appeared in my inner vision, right there, on the street. Round shapes that looked like pearls, very clearly depicting pearls. And I said ***"Okay, Stoneman, I saw pearls, right away. Pearls registered."*** I was kind of content and drove on.

And right then I saw the cars in front of me braking – a big traffic jam ahead. So I slowed down, too – to a stop, and put on the emergency flashing, because the cars behind me did probably not see that I was not only slowing down, but standing. And sure enough, the one right behind me could not brake in time and had to do a risky overtaking-maneuver, because the one behind him was also already on the overtaking-lane.

And after the first car had passed by me and was slowing down to a stop too, the second one slowed down right next to me – **and it was a car covered with – pearls!** See for yourself.

Pearls ... and little moons inside of them. MOONS! And then let this experience sink it.

I was so baffled, that I was again numb. I also looked at the fruits that I had just picked in front of the house where I now live and that looked like pearls, too.

Plus I saw this "Firewolf" car ...

I drove off the highway and went swimming, and when in the water, I tried to "play" Bob to share the swimming experience with him. I had the thought that the only medium where disca can't really go, is water. I have never had that thought before. So I said it out loud. And then I said "So, Bob are you here with me, too?" And I projected the swimming experience towards him. And then I turned around – and a **wild duck** was right in front of me, opened its beak and said ***"Quak, quak!"*** right into my face! It was almost a bit spooky, as that duck swam towards me as I swam backwards gazing at it. It looked a bit different than the usual wild duck, it had a brown "scarf" around its neck. (It definitely did not have a green head like the usual ducks on the lake, whilst the females don't have a band around their neck at all, it looked more like the middle one on the second image.)

"Bob, are you using that duck?!" I asked, and the duck said – again: while looking at me directly! – ***"Quak, quak!"*** It was so funny to see its beak move and that little face turn to me. So I had to laugh and *said "Bob, are you possessing that duck? So duck yourself!"* And I could almost hear Bob laughing. That would have been his kind of humor.

It was quite amazing.

But it was not all. On the highway, after managing to photograph that pearls-car, I said to Bob that if he was able to give me the "pearls impression" right before it appeared in my reality he would also be able to give me the ***lottery numbers that way?*** I was just totally open for communication in that moment on the highway to receive the "pearls", but I always am, because that ritual with opening my palm and asking for an image, puts me in a "different" kind of "space" for just a few moments, and that's when I receive the imagery. I feel that it is different than my other inner images, but I could not really explain, how. It's "alien" in a way, with some urging feel to it ... not unpleasant but connected to a tiny bit of stress maybe. So that I can tell the difference between those images and others, that I make up or recall or something.

So on the way back home, right after driving off from the swimming spot, I felt compelled to switch on the ***car radio***, which I barely ever do. I still have a hard time listening to music, especially English language. I wish I had heard Bob sing much more than I had ... so I switched it on, and someone (Bruno Mars, I googled just now, the song "***Count On Me***") sang right then:

We'll find out what we're made of
When we are called to help our friends in need

You can count on me like ***one, two, three***
I'll be there

And I know when I need it, I can count on you like ***four, three, two***
And you'll be there
'Cause that's what friends are supposed to do, oh, yeah …

What are the odds that I hear that when I was just talking to Bob about lottery numbers? No odds. This is how disca and inca communicate.

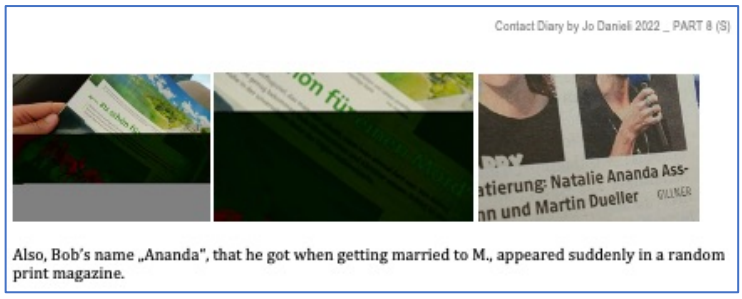
So are those my lottery numbers?

I can "hear" from the lyrics "1 23 4 32", and while pondering after the "pearls" experience standing in the traffic jam, I let a Polish car get in line before my car, and there was a "45" on the license plate. And when I drove towards Velden after the swim and I was thinking about those numbers I had just heard, a car came towards me with "777" on the license plate. And right after that car, another car with "7777". So I am thinking now, "alright, 7 it is." And I'll play.

(Later**) The Hafling Horse!**

Oh geez! The day is not over yet! I thought I'd put some images into this c. d. before heading for my mom – as she called, having forgotten that we don't even have a dinner appointment today. But for the first time she said that the evening is so long for her ... so I shall go.

So I put in images on July 6 – and it was a newspaper scrap with Bob's name "Ananda" on it ... that I first didn't even want to photograph.

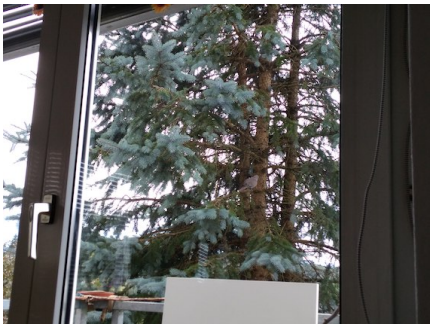


Also, Bob's name „Ananda", that he got when getting married to M., appeared suddenly in a random print magazine.

But today I saw it in the image folder and thought, oh well, it's so rare, that name, anywhere, and I occurred here, in Carinthia, and I noticed it, so it must have relevance. I put it right next to the *glitch cases of a photo of a magazine feature* about some rural area that I just didn't recall why I photographed it in the first place. I had not found the original .. but just now I opened a image doc with the name "Ausflugsziel", which means "excursion destination" (probable for mom and me, features Bohinj at Triglav mountain national park) – and that was the missing original of the glitch image! *But the most fascinating aspect of it is this:* It pictures **"Haflinger" horses!**

The horses I was looking for in a store just hours earlier ... the horses my dead relative Christoph had written about ...! And here it is. This is a greeting from ... I hesitate to say "the beyond", but it's the most clear, and Betty White will forgive me for it, as I know that all the disca are right here. There is only one Universe.

Plus ... there is a couple of brown pigeons in the tree in front of my living room window ... and the two guys are already comfortable drinking the water I put out there and snacking the corn flakes ... they sometimes sit there and do their loud "Gru Gru" sounds ... as if they were chatting me up.



August 14, 2022 – **The Pearls, again**

Last night I read in Anne Heche's book **"Call Me Crazy"** at archive.org, because the actress had died the day before after a self-made car crash. And there were very interesting things she wrote that I could so relate to ... I also can't help thinking about what a life this woman had.

Page 109
"So there's a place that's called hell and there's a place that's called heaven and they are both concrete, tangible places. Heaven is built with gold and pearls and hell is built with flames and they are both real, they are not metaphors for our state of mind. Is that what you're telling me?"

I was stunned to read about the "***Pearls***" that were just such a big topic yesterday, and about having to express one's feelings, which is so important in the relations with my mothre, and the thoughts about what it is like to be in heaven and what mortal life is for ... Maybe not that important, but I noticed it: One of my first jobs was at Procter & Gamble, and that's where I realized what I was capable for, there, in the marketing department where I wrote whole reports for much older colleagues who had come straight from the university, had a degree, earned four times as much as I did and yet couldn't get out a straight sentence let alone organize their thoughts enough to write reports. All that came back when I read about P & G ... On purpose?

Page 182
"She may be, but what's important is that she's driving you crazy. You need to confront her about your feelings when you're having them and not keep them inside because you're afraid to hurt her feelings. You don't need to take care of her, Anne. You need to take care of you."

often wondered why she didn't say that one of her purposes was to love her children, or herself But she never did. She was here to love Jesus, she explained, so that she could get into heaven and be with God. When I asked her what heaven was, she matter-of-factly described a place where there were streets of gold and gates of pearls. It sounded a bit gaudy to me.

Page 114
John explained that the lady with the hat who had come to see me was a Procter & Gamble talent scout, and Another World was a P&G show as was As the World Turns.

Abused as a child, total ignorance by her mother, never the right partner, but at least she got to have children. Then she still seemed to suffer and took to drugs, and this cause her to get into her

car one day and drive like crazy, which lead to her death. Her most famous film is “Six days seven nights”, and that’s how long she lived after her car crash.

Something just showed up:

When our neighbor Werner died a few days ago – after likely lying helpless next to his bed for days, I spontaneously reached out for him and asked for a message ... and a ***bunch of violet flowers or petals*** appeared right away on my hand. I told CH about it, but of course she doesn’t really react to that ... “What does that mean?” was the question even I have told her many times about how that works with the imagery and the manifestations ... well. Just now when I decided to first put in the remaining images for this c. d. and only then visit my mom, today, Sunday ... I came across those wonderful purple flower petals that I nursed a little while back: The ***orchids from June 14***! There! This is for you; Werner, who I never met.

Walking on ... I found a beautiful ***orchid*** bloom, just the bloom ... and I have been stunned just looking at it ... what nature has come up with in that amazing creature ...

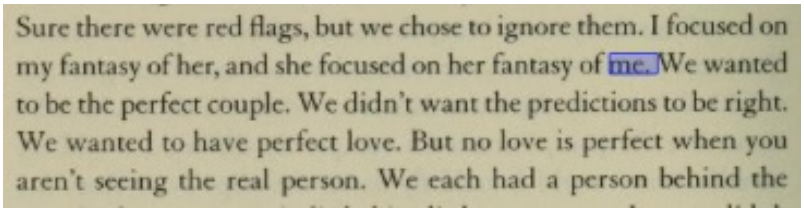
(Later)

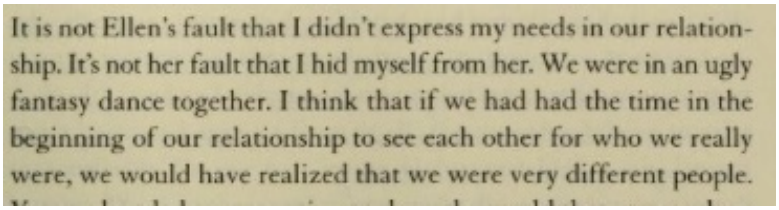
Oh geez. I have been wanting to close this chapter – and now I shall do it. Spent the afternoon with mom, also at lake Saissersee, then went for coffee and cake. And on the way back home, a big camper van drove right onto the street in front of me, and its license plate number was „**1 EXX 911**“. That struck me, because on *9/11 2018 I left Bob and Maui to never return* (so far), so I „exited“. And right after that, a car came towards me with the license plate number „**808 DO“.** So „***BOB DO*** …“ Do what?

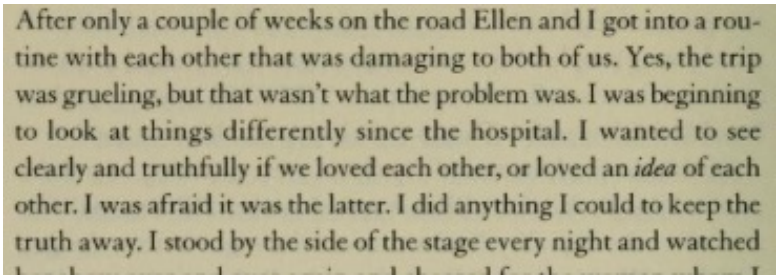
I guess I’ll see.

(Later)

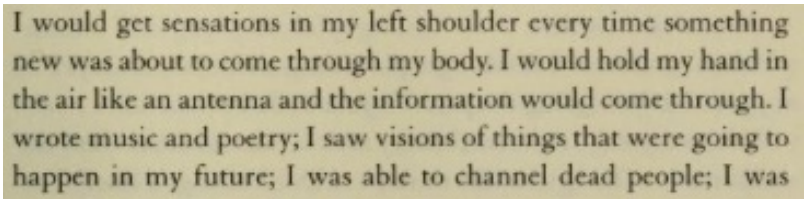
I felt inspired to read ***Anne Heche’s book „Call Me Crazy***“ on archive.org some more … and I found a lot of interesting sections … her „crazy“ experience is full of aspects that I do not find crazy at all. And things I can relate … like about her relationship … not being truthful in so many ways …

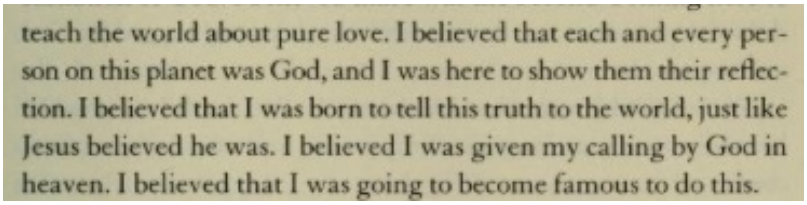

Sure there were red flags, but we chose to ignore them. I focused on my fantasy of her, and she focused on her fantasy of me. We wanted to be the perfect couple. We didn't want the predictions to be right. We wanted to have perfect love. But no love is perfect when you aren't seeing the real person. We each had a person behind the

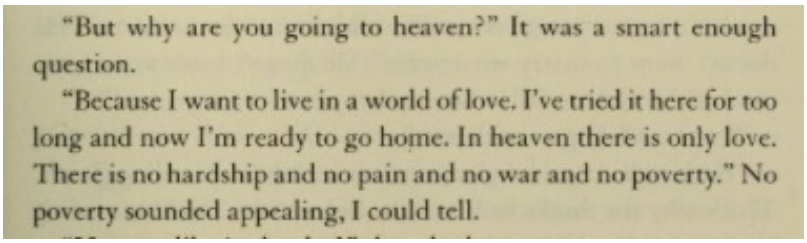

It is not Ellen's fault that I didn't express my needs in our relationship. It's not her fault that I hid myself from her. We were in an ugly fantasy dance together. I think that if we had had the time in the beginning of our relationship to see each other for who we really were, we would have realized that we were very different people.


After only a couple of weeks on the road Ellen and I got into a routine with each other that was damaging to both of us. Yes, the trip was grueling, but that wasn't what the problem was. I was beginning to look at things differently since the hospital. I wanted to see clearly and truthfully if we loved each other, or loved an *idea* of each other. I was afraid it was the latter. I did anything I could to keep the truth away. I stood by the side of the stage every night and watched

She got upset by her mother so many times, too … oh her story has so many parallels to mine in terms of her mom not being interested in her as a person and in her story ever … I still love my mom and want to be here for her, but yet, Anne's writings express what I wouldn't … Including things that I am describing in this contact diary even …


I would get sensations in my left shoulder every time something new was about to come through my body. I would hold my hand in the air like an antenna and the information would come through. I wrote music and poetry; I saw visions of things that were going to happen in my future; I was able to channel dead people; I was

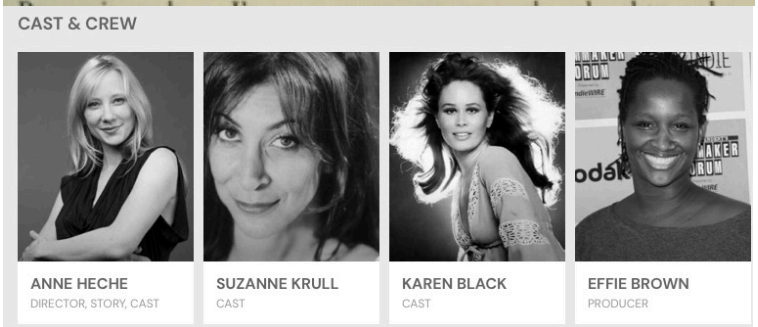

teach the world about pure love. I believed that each and every person on this planet was God, and I was here to show them their reflection. I believed that I was born to tell this truth to the world, just like Jesus believed he was. I believed I was given my calling by God in heaven. I believed that I was going to become famous to do this.

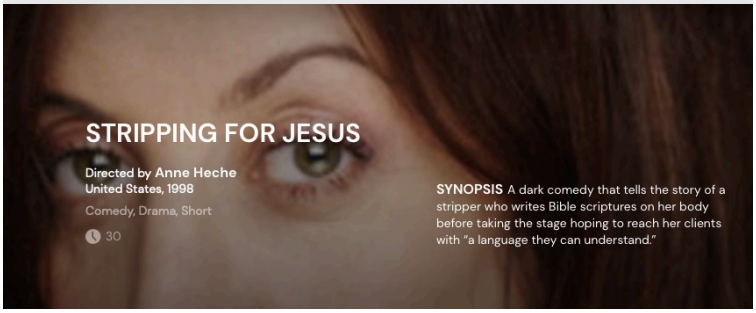

"But why are you going to heaven?" It was a smart enough question.

"Because I want to live in a world of love. I've tried it here for too long and now I'm ready to go home. In heaven there is only love. There is no hardship and no pain and no war and no poverty." No poverty sounded appealing, I could tell.

There was even a section where she was inventing a language … like it's a main aspect of my film „Making of Barricades". And like I did with this project, she had done with „Stripping for Jesus". Oh my, I can relate to her story, I can.

Volcano overshot by a week, the week I was supposed to shoot *Stripping*. Because we had all of our locations locked in and paid for, I had to start shooting the day *Volcano* wrapped. We had shot all night. I finished work at 5 A.M. and started shooting *Stripping* an hour later. I was the director, the star, and the coproducer. I sank every penny I had into the movie. It was *my* story. My life as I saw it, and I was determined to make it as good as possible. We had six days to shoot, and despite fires taking out our locations and camera crews not showing up and a drunken actor not knowing his lines and no money to pay anybody—we did it. And we had fun. Effie




STRIPPING FOR JESUS
Directed by Anne Heche
United States, 1998
Comedy, Drama, Short
30
SYNOPSIS A dark comedy that tells the story of a stripper who writes Bible scriptures on her body before taking the stage hoping to reach her clients with "a language they can understand."

I needed normal, and I needed it bad. Feeling like I was superhuman was fun but becoming worrisome. I threw myself into editing and adopted a new mantra concerning the Celestia of it all: *Pretend that you're normal, Anne. Pretend she's not here, and she will disappear.*

"Anne, this is Bob. Bob, Anne. Anne, Dustin. Dustin—"

Her well-wishing … how sweet, how incredibly sweet:

I'm so corny at heart. I want the best for everybody. I really do. I wish there was no pain, but I know it's out there. I wish there was only love, but I know there's hate. I know we have shields and armor to protect ourselves because the journey is hard. I give you all my love and support on your journey. I hope you find happiness and love and peace because it is your right to have it. You are children of humanity and you deserve to have all your needs met with honor, respect, and care.

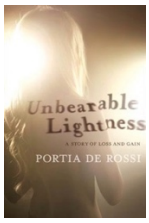
So I am wishing you love. Love that embraces you for who you are. Love that sees all of you and asks no sacrifice. Love that you can accept because you have loved yourself first.

Walking J before nightfall I talked to Anne asking if I could reach her … through Bob or somehow? And I asked for something to be put into my hand. First there was some kind of box with

a diagonal black and white division pattern on the side. And then, as I doubted this, I got a red watering can. Well.

August 15, 2022

The black and white diagonal pattern … maybe I came across it already when I read up on Anne some more and then about her ex-partner Ellen today and her wife Portia.



Maybe.

August 16, 2022 – **Uncle & Aunt Visit**

Surprise lunch with my uncle Hansi (Johann) and aunt Heidi (Heidelinde) at „Falle“, the restaurant at Lind, where my mom lives, with my mother and Jacqui. It was shocking to see my uncle struggling with Parkinson’s disease, and I was really wondering how my mother felt seein him like that. My aunt Heidi had be so sick just recently that we didn’t even know if she’d leave the hospital again. But she did, and she was so cheerful and normal like she had always been. I did not have much contact with them all my life, even though Hansi is my godfather. Seeing his body machine fail in strange ways … how odd, how a person can change when the soul gets ready to free itself. How Bob had changed …

They are spending holidays at lake Turnersee, and I intend on driving there for a visit with my mother on Saturday.

(Later)

Just got the feeling, that the ***„purple flowers“*** that I „got“ from Werner on my hand manifested. I took a walk with CH tonight and we talked about a dying man she knows and who just stopped eating and drinking. So I felt compelled to read up on „fasting for death“, „Sterbefasten“, the deliberate end of eating and drinking. And I got to an article about life in hospice until death. And there it suddenly is: A shrine of stars with names of people who died there. Many of them – the purple or rather violet (in my language: violett) and the kind of messy arrangement that I „saw“ in my hand.

END PART 8 CONTACT DIARY “Naupaka Bunny” © Jo Danieli 2022